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THE

SATIRES

OF

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ΠΙΔΑΚΟΣ ΕΞ ΙΕΡΗΣ ΟΛΙΓΗ ΛΙΒΑΣ.

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THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL.

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SATIRE VII.

Argument.

THIS Satire contains an animated account of the general discouragement under which Literature laboured at Rome. Beginning with Poetry (of which several interesting circumstances are introduced) it proceeds with great regularity through the various departments of History, Law, Oratory, Rhetoric, and Grammar: interspersing many curious anecdotes, and enlivening each different head with such satirical, humourous, and sentimental remarks, as naturally flow from the subject.

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SATIRE VII.

TO TELESINUS.

v. 1—6.

YES, all the hopes of learning, 'tis confest,
And all the patronage, on CÆSAR rest:
For he alone the drooping Nine regards—
Now, when our best and most illustrious bards,
Drop their ungrateful studies, and aspire
Baths, bagnios, what they can, for bread, to hire;

VER. 2. *And all the patronage on* CÆSAR *rest:*] There have been many disputes among the learned concerning the Cæsar, who is here styled the sole patron of the arts. Grangæus will have it to be Trajan, and warns his readers to be careful how they understand it of Domitian. Britannicus does the same; and quotes a very apposite passage from the Panegyrics of Pliny in support of his opinion. Some will have it to be Nerva; who, though a poet himself, was little disposed to patronize poetry in others; and others, again, Nero. Lubin, however, and Grævius, *et quorum melior sententia*, understand it of Domitian; of which, indeed, I have not the slightest doubt.

This excellent prince, it appears, had once an idea of contesting the empire with his father: finding the armies, however, averse from his designs, he retired from all public business, and, with a specious appearance of content, lived

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With humbled views, a life of toil embrace,
And deem a cryer's business no disgrace;

in a kind of solitude; pretending that poetry, and literary pursuits in general were his only passion.* This mask he continued to wear during the reign of Titus; and whether habit had begot a kind of nature, or that he thought it dangerous to lay aside the hypocrite too soon, I know not; but from one or other of these causes, he certainly patronized the arts at his accession: Quintilian, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Martial, &c. tasted of his bounty, and sang his praises with more gratitude, perhaps, than truth.

This Satire must have been written in the early part of Domitian's reign. Like the fifth and sixth (both of which were somewhat posterior to it) it has few political allusions, and, with the exception of the short passage, for which our author is supposed to have suffered, might have been published under the most inquisitorial tyranny.

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* The attachment of the emperor to Minerva, is frequently noticed by Juvenal's contemporaries. Thus Martial, in that most detestable medley of flattery and impiety, (lib. IX. iv.)

"Pallada prætereo; res agit illa tuas."

Whether the goddess took as much pleasure in him, as he professed to do in her, I cannot say; but according to the custom of the emperors in selecting some favourite deity for their especial worship, he made choice, as I have said, of Minerva. In Reger's Numismata, a Pallas frequently accompanies Domitian on the reverse of his coins: and on one of them (Tab. XXXII. 4,) he appears in the act of sacrificing to her, with his head veiled, in the usual manner. There is little doubt, I think, but that these representations allude to some former attachment of his to the cause of literature: at all events, this strengthens the opinion I have hazarded above, that, the poet means to speak of the early part of Domitian's reign.

That he afterwards changed his sentiments, and fell suddenly upon the men of letters is certain: but this may readily be accounted for, from the nature of the man, which was at once crafty and violent. Thus he is represented by Xiphil. in the beginning of Lib. LXVII.

Δομιτιανος δε ην μεν και θρασυς και οργιλος, ην δε και σκαιθυμος και κρυψινους· ωστε αφ' εκατερων των μεν το προθετες, των δε το δολιον εχων, πολλα μεν ως σκηπτος οξεως εμπιπτων τισιν, εφυμαινετο, πολλα δε και εκ παρασκευης εκακουργει.

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Since Clio, driven by hunger from the shade,
Mixes in crowds, and bustles for a trade.
And truly, if (the bard's too frequent curse)
No coin be found in thy Pierian purse,
'Twere not ill done to copy, for the nonce,
Machæra, and turn auctioneer at once.
Hie, my poetic friend; in accents loud,
Commend thy precious lumber to the crowd,
Tubs, presses, chests, joint-stools; swell with the praise
Of Œdipus and Tereus, the damn'd plays
Of Faustus, Paccius, and such sots as these!
Better do so, than haunt the courts, and deal
In oaths and informations, for a meal:

In giving "one honest line" of praise to Domitian, Juvenal, probably meant to stimulate him to extend his patronage. I am persuaded he did not think very ill of him at this time, and that he augured happily for the future. Nor is it certain, but that the anguish he felt at finding his predictions falsified, and his "sole patron of literature" changed, in a few years, into a ferocious and bloody persecutor of all the arts, might have exasperated his resentment, and produced that superior hatred, with which he pursues his memory.

VER. 19. *Of Faustus, Paccius, &c.*] For Paccius some copies have Bacchus. It signifies little which we read, for nothing is known of either. Their works luckily followed—it may be, preceded, them; or, according to the happy expression of a lady, lamenting the premature fate of her infant,

"Their babes, which ne'er received the gift of breath,
"Did pass before them, through the gates of death!

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Leave that resource to Cappadocian knights,
To Gallo-Greeks, and such new-fangled wights
As want, or infamy has chas'd from home,
And driven, in bare-foot multitudes, to Rome.
But come, my youths:—the genuine sons of rhyme,
Who in sweet numbers couch the true sublime,
Shall, from this hour, no more their fate accuse,
Or stoop to pains unworthy of the Muse.
Come then, my youths; your tuneful labours ply,
Secure of favour; lo! the imperial eye
Looks round, attentive, on each rising bard,
For worth to praise, for genius to reward.
But if for other patronage you look,
And therefore write, and therefore swell your book,

VER. 22. *Leave that resource to Cappadocian knights, &c.*] Who has not heard of the three kappas?

——————τρια καππα κακιστα,
Κρητες, Καππαδοκες, Κιλικες.

There is a curious circumstance respecting the Cappadocians mentioned by the old scholiast on Persius. It is nothing to the purpose for which it is there produced; but it serves well enough to illustrate the passage before us. *Hoc dicit, quia Cappadoces dicerentur habere studium naturale ad falsa testimonia proferenda; qui nutriti in tormentis à pueritia—cum in pœna perdurarent, ad perjuria se bene venundarent.* The same character, according to Cicero, might be justly given of all the people of Lesser Asia. It is singular, however, that with such numbers contending for the preference of selling their evidence, any of them should get rich.

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Quick, call for wood, and let the flames devour
The hapless produce of the studious hour:
Or lock it up, to moths and worms a prey,
And break your pens, and fling your ink away:—
Or pour it rather o'er your epic flights,
Your battles, sieges, (fruits of sleepless nights;)
Pour it, mistaken men, who rack your brains
In garrets, cocklofts, for heroic strains;
Who toil and sweat to purchase mere renown,
And a starv'd statue, with an ivy crown!
Here bound your expectations: for the great,
Grown covetous, have wisely learn'd of late,
To praise, and only praise, the high wrought strain,
As boys, the bird of Juno's glittering train.

VER. 45. *And a starv'd statue, with an ivy crown!*] I do not know whether the starved statue with which Juvenal threatens his poet, alludes to the custom of erecting statues to all such as distinguished themselves; or to the busts of celebrated writers, which were sometimes placed, together with their works, in the temple of the Palatine Apollo.

The old scholiast is pleased, but without knowing it, to be witty at the poor poet's expense. *Imagine macrâ*, he thus explains, *corpore exili propter vigilias; quia poetæ sic pinguntur quasi ad summam maciem nimio labore (et inedia,* he should have added) *confecti.* But Juvenal had no such "lenten stuff" in his thoughts; he merely meant to say that his poet was in the condition of one described by Aristophanes,—

Στεφανον μεν εχων, διψη δ' απολωλως.

VER. 48. *To praise, and only praise, &c.*] This is prettily imitated by Spenser in the Shepherd's Calendar. What signifies it, says he, to receive no other recompense than applause?

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Meanwhile those vigorous years, so fit to bear
The toils of agriculture, commerce, war,
Spent in this idle trade, decline apace,
And age, unthought of, stares you in the face:
Then you look round, and finding, to your cost,
Nought but sweet strains, and nakedness to boast,
You curse the Muses, but yourselves the most.
Hear now what sneaking ways our patrons find
To save their darling gold;—they pay in kind!

" So praisen babes the peacock's spotted train
" And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
" But who rewards him e'er the more, forthy,
" Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?"

VER. 57. *Hear now what sneaking ways, &c.*]

" Discite pro numeris numeros sperare, poetæ,
" Mutare est animus carmina, non emere." *Vet. Epig.*

There is a very good story told by Macrobius, which will not be much out of the way here. A Greek poet had presented Augustus Cæsar with many little compliments, in hopes of some trifling remuneration. The emperor who found them worth nothing, took no notice of the poor man; but as he persisted in offering him his complimentary verses, composed himself an epigram in praise of the poet; and when he next waited on him with his customary panegyric, presented his own to him with amazing gravity. The man took, and read it with apparent satisfaction; then putting his hand into his pocket, he deliberately drew out two farthings, and gave them to the Emperor, saying, ω κατα την τυχην, ω σεβαστε· εἰ πλειονα εἰχον, πλειονα αν καὶ εδιδουν. "This is not equal to the demands of your situation, Sire; but 'tis all I have: If I had more I would give it to you." Augustus, who was not an ill-natured man, could not stand

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Verses, compos'd in every Muse's spite,
To the starv'd bard they, in their turn, recite;
And if they yield to Homer, let him know
'Tis—that he liv'd a thousand years ago.
But, if inspir'd with genuine love of fame,
A dry rehearsal, only, be your aim,
The generous miser will not fail to lend
His house, his castle rather, to a friend,
Where every door, secur'd by iron plates,
Is watch'd, like a beleagur'd city's gates.
Nay, he will do e'en more; dispose with care
His clients and his freedmen, here and there,
Through the throng'd benches to support your cause,
And rouse the tardy audience to applause:—
But will not spare one farthing, to defray
The numerous charges of this glorious day,

this; he burst into a fit of laughter, and, as Macrobius says, made the poet a handsome present.

The Bufo of Pope is shadowed out in part from this animated passage:

> "Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
> "He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
> "To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
> "And others, harder still! he paid in kind."

VER. 73. *But will not spare one farthing, &c.*] I have little doubt but that if we were better acquainted with the literary history of Juvenal's time, we should find most of his allusions to be founded on fact. I could almost venture to affirm, that in the little narrative here produced, he had Saleius Bassus in view:—at

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The rostrum, where with so much pride you sat,
The beams, and scaffolds, and I know not what.
Still we persist; plough the light sand, and sow
Seed after seed, where none can ever grow:
Nay, should we, conscious of our fruitless pain,
Strive to escape, we strive, alas! in vain;
Long habit, and the thirst of praise, beset
And close us in the inextricable net.
Th' insatiate itch of scribbling, hateful pest!
Creeps, like a tetter, through the human breast,
Nor knows, nor hopes a cure; since years, which chill
All other passions, fire this growing ill.
But HE, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime,
Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fus'd from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refined,
And stamp'd with all the god-head in his mind;
He whom I feel, but have not power to paint,
Springs from a breast impatient of restraint,

least, many of the circumstances correspond with what Tacitus delivers of him in the Dial. *de Oratoribus: Versus Basso domi nascuntur pulchri quidem et jucundi, quorum tamen hic exitus est, ut cum toto anno, per omnes dies, magna noctium parte, unum librum extudit, rogare ultro et ambire cogatur, ut sint qui dignentur audire: et ne id quidem gratis, nam et* domum mutuatur, *et auditorium extruit, et subsellia conducit, etc.* §. 9.

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And free from every care; a breast that loves
The Muses' haunts, clear springs, and shady groves.
Never, no never, did he wildly rave,
And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave,
Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies:
No; the wine circled briskly through the veins
Of Horace, when he pour'd his dithyrambic strains!
What room for fancy, say; unless the mind,
And all its thoughts, to poetry resign'd,
Be hurried with resistless force along,
By the two kindred Powers of wine and song!

VER. 103. *What room for fancy, say; &c.*] Spenser had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote the following noble lines:

" The vaunted lays a vacant head demand;
" Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
" Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.
" Who ever casts to compass weighty prize,
" Let pour in lavish cups, and generous meat,
" For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise;
" And when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
" The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.
" Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage,
" O if my temples were distain'd with wine:—
" How I would rear the Muse on stately stage,
" And teach her tread aloft in buskins fine,
" With quaint Bellona in her equipage!" *Ecl.* x.

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O! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
Impetuous, uncontroll'd, not one distrest
About a rug at night, to paint th' abodes,
The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of Gods;
And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook,
And wither'd the Rutulian with a look.—

VER. 109. ——————— *to paint th' abodes,*
The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods;] In these and the following lines Juvenal alludes to various passages in Virgil, but chiefly to these two:

"Jam summas arces Tritonia (respice) Pallas
"Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone sæva.
"Ipse pater Danais animos viresque secundas
"Sufficit; ipse deos in Dardana suscitat arma.—
"Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
"Numina magna Deûm."

"Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras.
"At Juveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus;
"Diriguêre oculi: tot Erinnys sibilat hydris,
"Tantaque se facies aperit:" &c.

These are good specimens of the sublime, especially the first; yet I cannot but think our author might have found in the compass of Latin poetry, something more to his purpose; but he was evidently partial to Virgil: no great impeachment to his taste, by the way. Horace had a quotation from Ennius of much force and sublimity; and Lucretius (who had also his Mæcenas) would have supplied him, I think, with examples of greater fire and animation than those he has selected: but Lucretius was doomed to misfortune: his contemporaries neither saw his beauties, nor his defects; and succeeding writers, if they did not entirely neglect, plundered him, and were silent. His philosophy ruined his poetry in the eyes of the Romans.

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Those snakes, had Virgil no Mæcenas found,
Had dropt, in listless length, upon the ground;
And the loud trump, that rous'd the world to arms,
Languish'd in silence, guiltless of alarms.
Yet we expect from Lappa's tragic rage,
Such scenes as graced of old the Athenian stage:
Though he, poor man! from hand to mouth be fed,
And driv'n to pawn his furniture for bread!
When Numitor is ask'd to serve a friend,
" He cannot, he is poor:" yet he can send
Rich presents to his mistress; he can buy
Tame lions, and find means to keep them high:
What then? the beasts are still the lightest charge;
For your starv'd bards have maws so devilish large!
Stretch'd in his marble palace at his ease,
Lucan may write, and only ask your praise;
But what is this, if this be all you give,
To Bassus and Serranus? they must live!

VER. 130. *To Bassus and Serranus? &c.*] Bassus is spoken of in the Dial. de Orat. (see note on v. 73,) as a most excellent poet (*absolutissimum poetam*, §, 5,) and a worthy man. I take him to be the person alluded to in v. 86; as Quintilian, after observing that he had a fervid genius, adds, that the warmth of it was not repressed by age, *nec ipsum (ingenium) senectus maturavit*. Tacitus, who was evidently attached to him, introduces him again (§. 9,) to shew that, notwithstanding his acknowledged merit, he was scandalously neglected. Once, indeed, it appears from the same authority, he received a present of five hundred sesterces from Vespasian, (a prodigious effort of generosity in that fru-

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When Statius fix'd a morning to recite
His Thebaid to the town, with what delight

gal prince,) and this was sufficient to make Domitian neglect him; for he was not over fond of imitating his father.

I can find nothing of Serranus, but that he was very much in debt to one Afer. Mart. *Lib.* IV. 37.

VER. 131. *When Statius, &c.*] "Juvenal," says Doctor Warton, (Pope's Works, Vol. IV. p. 202,) "in a well known passage, laughs at Statius reciting his Thebaid!" This is (at best) hastily said; but something to the same effect, has been asserted by others. Gevartius observes, in his notes on Statius, that Martial and this poet were on ill terms: this, I am afraid, is too true: now, says Henninius, as Juvenal was extremely attached to Martial, it is probable that he took up the quarrel, and gave his enemy a rub *in transitu*. I doubt this extreme attachment: that they were friends is certain; but surely not sufficiently so, to induce either of them to embrace the unjust prejudices of the other. Afterwards, indeed, the gross flattery which Statius continued to heap upon Domitian might, and probably did, contribute to alienate our author from him; but at the time this Satire was written, and when there is reason to suppose that Statius himself was no great favourite, he could have had no possible cause for his displeasure. On the most careful perusal of the passage, I can see nothing like a tendency to laughter, but rather to pity. Public recitation, if not highly honourable, was yet exceedingly common; and, if the short history of our author's life may be credited, was frequently practiced by himself.

If there be any thing which can be construed into a sneer in any part of this passage, (which yet I do not suspect) it may be levelled at the singular fondness of Statius for reciting; joined, as it seems to me, with a certain degree of vanity at the respectability of his audiences, and the effect his poetry usually had upon them. In the Epicedion on his father, he say very beautifully,

"Qualis eras, LATIOS quoties ego carmine PATRES
"Mulcerem, felixque tui spectator adesses
"Muneris: heu quali confusus gaudia fletu
"Vota, piosque metus inter, lætumque pudorem!
"Quam tuus ille dies, qua non mihi gloria major." *Syl.* v. 215.

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They flock'd to hear! with what fond rapture hung
On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue!
Yet, while the seats crack'd with a general peal
Of boisterous praise, the bard had lack'd a meal,
Unless with Paris he had better sped,
And truck'd a virgin tragedy for bread.

and in the Protrepticon to young Crispinus, where he laments that he shall not have him at his readings, &c.

" Hei mihi! sed cœtus solitos si forte ciebo,
" Et mea ROMULEI venient ad carmina PATRES,
" Tu deeris, Crispine, mihi, cuneosque per omnes
" Te meus absentem circumspectabit Achilles."

For *cœtus* some copies have *quæstus*; because, says Gronovius, *Papinius exercitatione* (read *recitatione*) *poematum victum quærebat.* I suppose he was encouraged to these frequent rehearsals by the sweetness of his voice; which is noticed, as we see, by Juvenal, and again by the old scholiast. *Est enim*, as he truly observes, *et poema (Thebaïs) ipsum delectabile, et ipse dicitur bonam vocem habuisse.*

VER. 137. *Unless with Paris he had better sped, &c.*] For Paris, see Sat. VI. v. 94. He here appears as the dispenser of the imperial favours; but such is the capricious nature of tyranny, and so unsteady is the tenure of its attachment, that not long after the publication of this Satire, he was seized and put to death in a fit of jealousy, by the very man over whom his influence was at this moment unbounded!

It is probable that Domitian, with the usual versatility of tyrants, repented of the fact as soon as he had committed it; for Martial has a very good epitaph on Paris, which he would not have ventured to write if the emperor's displeasure had continued. It is in his eleventh book; which, though published after Domitian's death, was principally composed, I believe, during his reign.

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Mirror of men! he gives, with liberal hands,
To needy poets, honours and commands;

VER. 139. ———— *he gives, with liberal hands,*
To needy poets, honours and commands;] *Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro;* he adorns the poets' fingers with semestral gold; in other words, makes them military tribunes for six months. Kennet says, these tribunes had the honour of wearing a gold ring* in the same manner as the knights; and because their office was extremely desired, to encourage as many as possible, their command lasted but half a year. Rom. Ant. p. 195.

What Kennet (or rather Lipsius, from whom he took it,) means by the concluding part of the paragraph, I cannot tell. A permission to wear a gold ring for six months, seems to hold out no mighty "encouragement" either to poets or soldiers: indeed, if the thing were so "extremely desirable," much would not be necessary, for what was to become of them, on their descent from their temporary elevation? To be plain, I have long suspected that Lipsius, whose general accuracy, and learning I chearfully acknowledge, spoke without sufficient consideration, in this place.

I wish there were any authority for supposing that the *aurum semestre* alluded to a division of quantity, and not of duration: the permission to wear it, might then confer an honorary, or brevet rank, (a real command, I am convinced, it never could,) which should give the possessor a claim to something like half-pay. Or, if this be not allowed, it might entitle him to certain privileges and immunities, which, though less than these conferred by the *jus trium liberorum*, might yet be very advantageous: I have said *less*, because this favour could only be granted by the emperors; whereas the other, was bestowed by generals, præfects, &c. Thus Pliny entreats Sossius (one of Trajan's lieutenants) to confer this honour on the nephew of his friend C. Nepos. *C. Calvisium rogo semestri tribunatu splendidiorem et sibi, et avunculo suo facias.* Lib. IV. Epist. iv. And in another place, he transfers a tribuneship, which he had obtained for Suetonius, at the historian's own request, to one of his relations. Lib. III. 8.

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* That the military tribunes wore gold rings, is clear enough: the only question is, whether, as Kennet says, *(loc. cit.)* these rings were what Juvenal calls the *aurum semestre*.

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Behold! an ACTOR's patronage affords
A surer means of rising, than a LORD's!
And wilt thou still on Camerinus wait,
And Bareas? wilt thou still frequent the great?
Ah! rather to the Player thyself betake,
And, at one lucky stroke, thy fortune make.

Lord Orrery observes on this with some surprise, that Suetonius is "usually drawn as a philosopher rather than a soldier." He is so—and this seems to confirm what I have just advanced, that the *aurum semestre*, though sufficiently lucrative perhaps, required no actual service.

I have already hinted that I know no authority for my supposition. The reader, therefore, will kindly receive what is urged, as nothing more than an attempt to examine, or rather to induce those who are competent to the task, to examine a custom, hitherto taken on credit, and which still appears, to me at least, in want of explanation.

VER. 145. *Ah! rather to the Player, &c.*] This is the famous passage for which, according to the ancient critics, Juvenal was sent into banishment. Certainly,

"It stands on record that in Richard's times,
"A man was hanged for very honest rhymes."

and there is no physical impossibility in the way of a man's being banished for a similar offence. But does there not appear something like a contradiction in those learned gentlemen? They agree that our author was sent into exile by Domitian; and yet they differ about the emperor under whom this Satire was written! What is equally strange, they must allow, that if he was punished for the line in question, it could only be by Domitian, and yet this is the only work in which he is mentioned with kindness!

I am no advocate either for the gratitude, or the consistency of that prince; I have other reasons for disbelieving the popular tale; these I have already given in the life of the Author, and to these I refer the reader.

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Yet envy not the man that earns hard bread
By tragedy: the Muses' friends are fled;
Mæcenas, Proculeius, Fabius, gone;
And Lentulus, and Cotta,—every one!

Doctor Warton, in his excellent edition of Pope, (so, it seems, we must call it,) says that Juvenal was "banished for commending the Agave of Statius;" for commending the Agave of Statius! well.....

VER. 147. *Yet envy not the man, &c.*] The protection of Paris, and such as he, does not gratify the manly mind of Juvenal; he feelingly regrets the want of those whose favourable opinion might be received with pride, and whose bounty might be accepted without dishonour.

The patrons he has enumerated were, indeed, "the Muses' friends," and such as they have seldom had to boast. The name of Mæcenas, is but another word for generosity. Proculeius and Lentulus, were little less celebrated for their unbounded liberality; while Fabius and Cotta joined to this, the rarer quality of fidelity in distress: they were both the affectionate friends of Ovid, and that too, at a time when their friendship was as valuable to him, as dangerous to themselves; when he was an exile, and in disgrace!

I have sometimes wondered why Juvenal never mentions Pliny. He had here an opportunity of doing it; and Pliny was certainly a generous, and in some cases a munificent man. It may be, that he thought there was more of vanity than of genuine kindness in the favours he conferred; and there is certainly some reason for such an opinion. In one of his letters he mentions his kindness to Martial, but in a way that shews he was thinking more of himself than of the poet. The whole account is degrading, and has always mortified me in the perusal. It was not so that Lentulus and Cotta shewed their love of genius!

Spenser has an allusion to these lines:

"But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in clay,
"And great Augustus long ago is dead,
"And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
"That matter made for poets on to play!"

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THEN worth was cherish'd, then the bard might toil,
Secure of favour, o'er the midnight oil;
Then all December's revelries refuse,
And give the festive moments to the Muse.
So fare the tuneful race. The HISTORIANS' pains
Are, doubtless, recompens'd by ampler gains.
More time, more study they require, and pile
Page upon page, heedless of bulk the while;
Till, fact conjoin'd to fact, with toil intense,
The work is clos'd at many a ream's expense.
Say now, what harvest was there ever found,
What golden crops, from this long-labour'd ground?
None: 'tis a thriftless soil; and a dull scribe
Gets more, by copying briefs, than all the tribe.
True; but the breed is slothful, fond of ease,
And solitude: then tell me, if you please,
What gain the LAWYER'S active life affords,
His sacks of papers, and his war of words?
Heavens! how he bellows in our tortur'd ears;
But then, then chiefly, when the client hears,
Or one, (more anxious than his fellows) come
To prove the credit of a doubtful sum,
Twitches his elbow:—then his passions rise!
Then forth he puffs th' immeasurable lies

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From his swoll'n lungs! then the white foam appears,
And, drivelling down his beard, his vest besmears!
Take now the balance, and the profits weigh—
And first, th' accumulated fortunes lay
Of five-score lawyers there; then, place me here,
The riches of a favourite charioteer,
And see which sinks! "The generals take their place;"
Thou, my poor Ajax, rising with pale face,
Stepp'st forth to plead a trembling client's cause,
Before Judge Jolthead—learned in the laws.
Now stretch thy throat, unhappy man! now raise
Thy voice, that, when thou'rt hoarse, a bunch of bays,
Stuck in thy garret-window, may declare
What a victorious pleader nestles there!
O glorious hour! but what's thy fee, meanwhile?
A rope of shrivell'd onions from the Nile,
A rusty ham, a jar of broken sprats,
And wine, the refuse of our country vats;
Five flaggons for four causes! if thou hold,
Though this indeed be rare, a piece of gold;

VER. 181. ——————— "*The generals take their place;*"] A humourous parody on Ovid.

"Considêre duces, et vulgi stante corona,
"Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax."

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The brethren, as *per contract*, on thee fall,
And share the prize, sollicitors and all.
Whate'er he asks, Æmilius may command;
Though more of law be ours; but then, there stand
Four stately steeds, conspicuous from afar,
Before his gate; stands too a brazen car;
And the great pleader, balancing his spear,
On a fierce charger that scarce treads on air,

VER. 196. *And share the prize, sollicitors, &c.*] It appears from the Orator of Cicero, (lib. 1. 45, and 59,) that in his time these sollicitors *(pragmatici)* were confined to Greece. The Roman *causidici*, or advocates, when they were ignorant of the law, used at that time to apply to the learned men of rank, such as the Scævolæ, &c. But under the successors of Augustus, there was not the same encouragement (nor indeed security) for these great men to study that science: the orators were, therefore, obliged of course to adopt the Grecian method. *Neque ego*, says Quint. lib. XII. c. iii. *eum nostri moris ignarus, oblitusve eorum qui velut ad Arculas sedent, et tela agentibus subministrant; neque idem Græcos quoque nescio factitare, unde nomen his Pragmaticorum datum est.*

VER. 201. *And the great pleader, balancing his spear,*
On a fierce charger, &c.] This vagary of Æmilius (choosing, though a man of peace, to be represented on a war-horse) seems to have taken mightily at Rome, most probably from its absurdity, and to have had a number of imitators. Martial, in an attack upon an unfortunate pedagogue for interrupting his sleep, can think of nothing to compare the noise of his school to, but the sledges of the smiths forging war-horses for the lawyers:

"Tam grave percussis incudibus æra resultant,
"Causidicum medio cum faber aptat equo."

We learn from the sequel, that it did not succeed much with his imitators; and, indeed, it seldom happens that any but the author of a joke, profits by it.

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Looks round with wary eye, in act to throw,
And seems to meditate no common blow.
Seduced by this example, Matho sought
By the same arts to rise, and thus was brought
To want; and thus Tongillus, who was borne
To bathe (with oil in a capacious horn)
By a long, draggled-train; or swept in state,
To every auction, villas, slaves, or plate;
And, trading on the credit of his dress,
Cheapen'd whate'er he saw, though pennyless.—
And some, indeed, have risen by tricks like these:
Purple and violet, swell a lawyer's fees;
Bustle and shew above his means, conduce
To business, and profusion is of use:
But 'tis a general failing; Rome confounds
The wealthiest,—prodigal beyond all bounds.

VER. 205. ——— *Matho, &c.*] *Matho deficit.* This Dryden translates,

"With arts like these *rich* Matho when he speaks
"Attracts all fees, and little lawyers breaks."

For this he was indebted to Lubin, who corrects himself, indeed, a few lines after; this, however, Dryden did not read far enough to see. I should not have noticed the blunder, had it not materially interfered with the date of this Satire. It appears that Matho, disgusted with his ill-success as a lawyer, gave it up entirely, and betook himself to the trade of an informer. In this, unfortunately, he succeeded but too well; and when Juvenal wrote his first Satire, which was consequently many years after the present, he was become wealthy, arrogant, and luxurious. See Sat. 1. v. 50.

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Could our old pleaders visit earth again,
Tully himself would scarce a brief obtain,
Unless his robe were purple, and a stone,
Diamond, or jasper, on his finger shone.
The wary plaintiff, ere a fee he gives,
Inquires at what expense his counsel lives;
" Has he eight slaves, ten followers; chairs to wait,
" And clients to precede his march in state?"
This Paulus knows full well, and therefore hires
A ring to plead in; therefore, too, acquires
More briefs than Cossus:—preference not unsound;
For how should eloquence in rags be found?

VER. 228. *A ring to plead in; &c.*] This " hired ring" seems to have answered even better than the war-horse of Æmilius; for Paulus, in procéss of time, grew into great practice, and consequently great riches. Our author's friend Martial had the misfortune to be under his patronage which, like that of many other *parvenus*, was so burdensome, that the poet, in a fit of spleen, threatens to shake it off entirely:

——————— te post mille labores
" Paule, negat lasso janitor esse domi:
" Exitus hic operis vani, togulæque madentis;
" Vix tanti Paulum mane videre fuit.
" Semper inhumanos habet officiosus amicos:
" Rex, nisi dormieris, non potes esse meus." *Lib.* v. 23.

Among all the evils of clientage, I perceive that Martial deprecates none so bitterly as the being obliged to attend the levees of the great before day. Juvenal seems to have thought with his friend on this subject.

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Who trusts poor Cossus with a cause of state?
When does he, to avert a culprit's fate,
Produce a weeping mother? or who heeds
How close he argues, and how well he pleads?
Unhappy drudge;—but, Cossus! thou art wrong:
Wouldst thou procure subsistence by thy tongue;
Renounce the town, and instantly withdraw
To Gaul; or Afric, the dry nurse of law.
But Vectius, O that adamantine frame!
Has op'd a RHETORIC SCHOOL of no mean fame,
Where boys, in long succession, rave and storm
At tyranny, through many a crowded form.—
The exercise, he lately, sitting, read,
Standing, distracts his miserable head,

VER. 238. *To Gaul; or Afric, &c.*] "Gaul and Africa," Madan says, "were remarkable at that time for encouraging eloquence; and had *great* lawyers who got *large* fees!" For this precious piece of information, he refers to Dryden's notes, which are beneath the notice of a school-boy. That Gaul and Africa were noted for litigiousness is certain, and to this Juvenal alludes; but he was far from imagining there were great lawyers, or great fees, I believe, to be found in either country.

VER. 243. *The exercise, &c.*] Juvenal has omitted one evil which attended this unfortunate race: besides having their heads distracted with these constant declamations, they were sometimes liable to lose them altogether: and Domitian actually put one of them to death for a rhetorical flourish about tyranny, which was produced in his school. Dio tells the story, and says the name of the poor wretch was Maternus. Our author, perhaps, did not consider this as an additional calamity in the lives of such men.

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And every day, and every hour, affords
The self-same subject, in the self-same words,
Till, like hash'd cabbage serv'd for each repast,
The repetition kills the wretch at last.
Where the main jet of every question lies,
And whence the chief objection may arise,
All wish to learn; but none th' expense will pay.
" Th' expense!" exclaims the scholar, " do you say?
Why, what know I?" there go the master pains,
Because, forsooth, the Arcadian brute lacks brains!
And yet this oaf, every sixth morn prepares
To split my head with Hannibal's affairs;
While he debates at large, " whether 'twere right
" To take advantage of the general fright,
" And march to Rome; or, by the storm alarm'd,
" And all the elements against him arm'd,
" The dangerous expedition to delay,
" And lead his harrass'd troops some other way."
Sick of the theme that still returns, and still,
Th' exhausted master cries, ask what you will,

VER. 254. ——— *the Arcadian brute, &c.*] *i. e.* ass. *Arcadico juveni; hoc est,* says Britannicus, *tardo et asinino: NAM in Arcadiâ OPTIMI progenerantur!* Though this seems an odd kind of deduction, the reader, I believe, must acquiesce in it; unless he choose to subscribe to the opinion of Lubin, who says it is a mule; which, besides being as stupid as an ass, is, as he very gravely asserts, an ungrateful brute, *nam ubi matris ubera ad satietatem usque auxit, in eam calcem rejicit, percutitque!*

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I'll give it, so you on the sire prevail,
To hear as oft, the booby's tedious tale.
Thus Vectius fares: his brethren, wiser far,
Have shut up school, and taken to the bar;
Adieu the idle fooleries of Greece;
The soporific drug, the golden fleece,
The faithless husband, and the abandon'd wife,
And Æson, coddled to new light and life,
A long adieu! on more productive themes,
On actual crimes, the sophist now declaims:
Thou too, my friend, would'st thou my counsel hear,
Should'st free thyself from this ungrateful care;
Lest all be lost, and thou reduc'd, poor sage,
To want e'en bread, in thy declining age:—
Bread still the lawyer earns; but tell me yet,
What your Chrysogonus, and Pollio get,
The chief of rhetoricians, though they teach
Our youth of quality, the ART OF SPEECH?

VER. 282. *Our youth of quality, the* ART OF SPEECH?] This "Art of Speech" was written by Theodorus Gardareus, a man of great eminence in rhetoric, who flourished in the reign of Tiberius. Britannicus and others will have Chrysogonus and Pollio mentioned in the preceding line, to be music-masters. True it is, that there were two professors of these names at Rome about this period; but they were not likely to be much acquainted with the works of Theodorus. I have little doubt but that the translation gives the true sense of the author. Dryden follows Britannicus.

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Oh, no! the great pursue a nobler end,—
Five thousand on a bagnio they expend;
More on a portico, where, when it lours,
They ride, and bid defiance to the showers.
What! shall they tarry till the sky be clear,
Or splash their mule so sleek? no, rather here,
Here rather, let them ride; for here the beast
May keep its hoofs unsullied, at the least.
Yet more; on columns of enormous size,
They bid a spacious eating-room arise,
Which fronts the east, wide opening to the day,
Ere yet the sun emit too warm a ray.
Expensive these! but cost whate'er they will,
Sewers must be hir'd, and cooks of taste and skill.—
'Midst this extravagance, that knows no bounds,
Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds
For all his pains: there's no possession, none,
That costs a sire so little as a son.
Whence has Quintilian, then, his vast estate?
Urge not an instance of peculiar fate:

VER. 301. *Whence has Quintilian, then, &c.*] For Quintilian, see Sat. VI. v. 127. Juvenal here considers him as a *rich* man, while Pliny, in a letter which does equal honour to himself and his master, (for such Quintilian was,) talks of his *moderate* fortune. The cause of this difference should probably be sought in the different circumstances of the two writers. What appeared immense to Juvenal, might be far from seeming so, to so wealthy a man as Pliny.

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Perhaps, by luck. The lucky, I admit,
Have all advantages; beauty, and wit,
And wisdom, and high-blood: the lucky, too,
May take at will the senatorial shoe;
Be first-rate speakers, pleaders, every thing;
And, though they croak like frogs, be thought to sing.
O, there's a difference, friend, beneath what sign
We spring to light, or kindly, or malign!
Fortune is all. Fortune can, if she please,
Make kings of pedants, and, with equal ease,

It is pleasant, however, to know that this amiable and virtuous character experienced nothing of the neglect and poverty, which overwhelmed so many of his unfortunate brethren.

VER. 306. *May take at will the senatorial shoe;*] The shoes of senators differed from those of the people, in various ways; but chiefly in colour, shape, and ornament. The colour, Middleton says, in his Treatise on the Rom. Sen. was invariably black, while others wore them of any colour, according to their fancies; the form was somewhat like a short boot, reaching nearly to the middle of the leg, as they are sometimes seen in statues, and bas-reliefs; and the appropriate and peculiar ornament was a figure of a half-moon sewed upon the fore-part, near the instep. Plutarch, in his Quest. Roman. proposes several reasons for this emblem; and more may be found in the commentators on Juvenal. It is probable, after all, however, that it had no kind of reference to the moon, but was merely designed to express the letter C, as the numerical sign of a hundred, the original number of the senators.

Cicero tells a pleasant story of a man who during the confusion that followed the death of Cæsar, got into the senate merely by changing his shoes. *Est etiam quidam senator voluntarius lectus ipse a se. Apertam curiam vidit post Cæsaris necem, mutavit calceos, pater conscriptus repentè est factus!* Phillip. XIII. 13.

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Pedants of kings: for what, my Vectius, say,
Were Tullus and Ventidius? what were they,
But great examples of the secret power
Of stars, presiding o'er the natal hour;
Of stars, whose unrespective smiles, or frowns,
Give captives triumphs, and dependants crowns!
He, then, is lucky; yet a coal-black swan
Is easier found, than such another man:

VER. 311. ——————— *Fortune can, if she please,*
Make kings of pedants, &c.] Though Juvenal could scarcely mean to be understood literally, yet something very like this, *fies de consule rhetor*, happened about the time he wrote. Valerius Licinianus, a most eloquent speaker, as Pliny tells us, was expelled the senate on suspicion of an incestuous commerce with the vestal Cornelia (Sat. IV.) and driven into Sicily; where he set up a school for teaching rhetoric. His opening speech bears a wonderful similarity to the passage above. "*Quos tibi, Fortuna, ludos facis? Facis enim ex professoribus senatores, ex senatoribus professores!*" A sentence, says Pliny, so full of bitterness and gall, that I am almost persuaded he turned rhetoric-master for the sole purpose of uttering it. The other hemistich, *fies de rhetore consul*, though originally, perhaps, pronounced at random, a succeeding age saw literally fulfilled in the person of Ausonius, who, from a professor of rhetoric, was advanced by Gratian to the consulship, in the year CCCLXXIX.

VER. 314. —— *Tullius and Ventidius?*] He means Servius Tullius, whom he afterwards (Sat. VIII.) calls the last good king of Rome, and who was said to be born of a servant. Ventidius ran through a greater variety of fortune. He was taken prisoner when an infant, together with his mother, by Pompeius Strabo; (father of Pompey the Great;) became an errand-boy, next a waggoner, then a muleteer, a soldier, centurion, general, tribune of the people, prætor, and, in the same year, pontiff and consul. He obtained, too, a splendid triumph over the Parthians, to which Juvenal more particularly alludes; and thus, says Stapylton "he who formerly lay in prison as a captive, at last filled the Capitol with his trophies:" finally, he was honoured with a public funeral.

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Hence many a rhetorician counts his gains,
And execrates, too late, his fruitless pains.
Witness Thrasymachus, thy end; and thine,
Charinas:—and thou saw'st him, Athens pine!
Thou saw'st him! and would'st nought but bane bestow;
The only charity thou seem'st to know!
O, peaceful may our great forefathers rest,
And lightly lie the turf upon their breast;
Sweet-smelling crocus scatter odours round,
And everlasting sun-shine deck the ground!
They honour'd tutors, now a slighted race,
And gave them all a parent's power and place.
Achilles, grown a man, the lyre essay'd
On his paternal hills, and, while he play'd,

VER. 323. *Witness, Thrasymachus, thy end; and thine,*
Charinas:—] Thrasymachus taught rhetoric, the old commentators say, at Athens. Want of encouragement forced him to shut up his school, and want of every thing else, probably, drove him to suicide.

Charinas taught rhetoric in the same city, and with the same ill success: he left it, therefore, and came to Rome. It appears from Dio, that he might almost as well have followed the example of Thrasymachus, and hanged himself where he was:—for he had scarce opened his school, ere he provoked the suspicion of Caligula by a declamation against tyranny, and was either sent into banishment immediately, or poisoned! The Charinas mentioned by Tacitus in his annals, I take to be a different person.

Madan, and some others, refer the *hunc inopem* of our author to Socrates. The general allusion, indeed, in the bitter sarcasm on Athens, is to him; but the words apply immediately to Charinas.

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With trembling ey'd the rod;—and yet the tail
Of the good Centaur, hardly then could fail
To raise a smile: such reverence now is rare,
And boys with bibs strike Ruffus on his chair;

VER. 333. *Achilles, grown a man, &c.*] Thus Ovid, very prettily:

" Phillyrides puerum citharæ perfecit Achillem,
" Atque animos placidâ contudit arte feros.
" Qui toties socios, toties exterruit hostes;
" Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.
" Quas Hector sensurus erat, poscente magistro,
" Verberibus jussas præbuit ille manus."

De Art. Aman. lib. I. 10.

VER. 337. ———— *such reverence now is rare,*
And boys with bibs strike Ruffus in his chair;] This was a complaint of long standing. Plautus has a remark on the subject, which, if it has lost nothing in passing through my hands, will be allowed to possess some force, as well as humour.

" Nam olim populi prius honorem capiebat suffragio,
" Quam magistri desinebat esse dicto obediens, &c. &c."

Bacchides, Act. III. *Sc.* iii.

Time was, a tutor was obey'd, and fear'd,
Till youth grew fit for office: now, alas!
Let him but chide a child of seven years old,
And the brat flings his tablets at his head—
You hasten to his father, and complain:
And what redress? aha! old Bumbrusher,
You see my boy here can defend himself,
So touch him, at your peril. Thus aveng'd,
You hang your ears in silence, and sneak home,
With your crack'd pate beplaister'd, and bepatch'd,
Like an old paper lantern!—

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Fastidious Ruffus, who, with critic rage,
Arraign'd the purity of Tully's page.
Enough of these. Let the last wretched band,
The poor GRAMMARIANS, say what liberal hand
Rewards their toil: let learn'd Palæmon tell,
Who proffers what his skill deserves so well.
Yet from this pittance, whatsoe'er it be,
(Less, surely, than a rhetorician's fee,)
The usher snips off something for his pains,
And the purveyor nibbles what remains.
Courage, Palæmon! be not over nice,
But suffer some abatement in your price;
As those who deal in rugs, will ask you high,
And sink by pence, and half-pence, 'till you buy.
Yes, suffer this; while something's left to pay
Thy rising, hours before the break of day,
When e'en the labouring poor their slumbers take,
And not a weaver, not a smith's awake:

VER. 343. ——— *let learn'd Palæmon tell, &c.*] Palæmon, "a poor grammarian, but of great esteem." Dryden. If he really was poor, it was in consequence of his extravagance, for he had a very handsome income. Suetonius represents him as an arrogant, luxurious, and profligate pedant, rendered infamous by vice of every kind, and to whom no youth could with safety be trusted; though he allows his grammatical knowledge to have been very extraordinary. He had been long dead, however, when this Satire was written, being mentioned for the last time under Claudius. Juvenal merely gives his name to some excellent grammarian of his own time, in allusion to his celebrity in the art. See Sat. VI. v. 670.

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While something's left, to pay thee for the stench
Of smouldering lamps, thick hung on every bench,
Where ropy vapours Virgil's pages soil,
And Horace looks one blot, all soot and oil.
Even then, the salary thus reduc'd, thus small,
Without a law-suit, rarely comes at all.
Add yet, ye parents, add to their disgrace,
And heap new hardships on this wretched race.
Make it a point that all, and every part,
Of their own science, be possess'd by heart;
That general history with our own, they blend,
And have all authors at their finger's end:
That they may still inform you, should you meet,
And ask them at the bath, or in the street,
Who nurs'd Anchises; from what country came
Archim'rus' step-mother, and what her name;

VER. 371. *Who nurs'd Anchises; &c.*] This absurd curiosity about things which, Seneca well observes, it is more profitable to be ignorant of than to know, was but too common among the ancients. A. Gellius, in one of his best chapters, (lib. XIV. cap. vi.) gives us many pleasant instances of it, to which the learned translator has added more. Diogenes, I have somewhere read, used to reprove the grammarians, because they were solicitous to know what evils Ulysses suffered, while they were negligent of their own: the censure of Juvenal, however, falls rather on those who exacted such miserable *minutiæ* of them; in particular, he seems to allude to an anecdote recorded of Tiberius, (Suetonius, §. LXX.) who used to harrass these poor men, by inquiring who was Hecuba's mother, what the Sirens used to sing, &c. &c.

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How long Acestes flourish'd, and, in short,
With how much wine Æneas left his court.
Make it a point too, that, like ductile clay,
They mould the tender mind, and, day by day,
Bring out the form of virtue; that they prove
A father to the youths, in care and love;
And watch that no obscenities prevail.—
And trust me, friend, e'en Argus' self might fail,
The busy hands of school-boys to espy,
And the lewd fires that twinkle in their eye.
Yes, make all this a point; and, having found
The man you seek, say—when the year comes round,
We'll give thee for thy twelve-month's toil and pains,
As much....as in an hour a fencer gains!

It is impossible to suppress a smile at the perverse industry of the more modern critics, in hunting out what Juvenal represents as puzzling those of his own time. The nurse of Anchises, and the step-mother of Archimorus, are now no longer secrets.

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SATIRE VIII.

Argument.

IN this Satire, in which Juvenal puts on a most serious and impressive air, he demonstrates that distinction is merely personal; that though we may derive rank, and titles from our ancestors, yet if we degenerate from the virtues by which *they* obtained them, we cannot be considered as truly noble. This is the great object of the Satire: it branches out, however, into many collateral topics; the first of which is, the profligacy of the young nobility; from this, he passes, by an easy transition, to the miserable state of the provinces, which were usually placed under their management, and which they plundered and harrassed without mercy. This part of his Satire is treated with a freedom of thought, and an elevation of language, worthy of the best times of the Republic: and from this, he returns once more to the main subject of the Satire, the state of debasement into which the descendants of the first families had voluntarily sunk: he severely lashes their meanness, cowardice, and base prostitution of every kind; vices which he sets in the strongest light, by contrasting them with the opposite virtues, to be found in persons of the lowest station and the humblest descent.

Considered as a whole, this is a very fine performance. If we are inclined to examine it with severity, we may perhaps discover a triteness in the instances produced towards the conclusion. Cicero and Marius are somewhat too hacknied, to give zest to a

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subject like this; but perhaps the poet was willing to sacrifice novelty to notoriety; and fancied his examples would be more effectual in proportion as they were more generally recognized and allowed.

An expression in line fifty-one of the original *(domitique Batavi)* has been supposed to allude to Domitian. As it appears from Tacitus, Silius Italicus, and Suetonius, that he was really engaged in an expedition against those people in his youth, I am induced to embrace this opinion. In this case, I should fix on a very early period for the production of this Satire: and indeed the detailed history of Nero's enormities shews it to have been written while they were yet fresh in the author's mind; probably before the death of Vespasian.

Pliny has a letter upon this very subject, which is every way worthy of him. The reader who turns to it, must not expect to find the force and dignity of Juvenal, though he will meet with much of his good sense and humanity. It is that to his friend Maximus. Lib. VIII. Epist. XXIV.

If the works of Epicharmus were extant in our Author's time, he might, as it should seem from what has reached us, have found some hints for this Satire in one of his comedies.

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SATIRE VIII.

TO PONTICUS.

v. 1—8.

"YOUR ancient house!" no more.—I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display
Of smoaky ancestors, in wax or clay;
Æmilius mounted on his car sublime,
Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,
Corvinus dwindled to a shapeless bust,
And high-born Galba crumbling into dust.

VER. 3. *No, Ponticus;—&c.*] Of the young nobleman to whom this Satire is addressed, nothing is known but the name: as Juvenal took an interest in his conduct, he had probably some sparks of worth. We do not find that he afterwards distinguished himself; let us hope, then, that his virtues were greater than his talents, and that, if he did not add to his family honours, the poet's admonitions prevented him, at least, from tarnishing, or contemning them.

The illustrious names which follow, and history can boast of none more truly so, are familiar to every reader.

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What boots it, on the LINEAL TREE to trace,
Through many a branch, the founders of our race,
Time-honoured chiefs; if, in their sight, we give
A loose to vice, and like low villains live?
Say, what avails it, that, on either hand
The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
Waste the long night at dice, before their face?
If, staggering, to a drowsy bed they creep,
At that prime hour when, starting from their sleep,
Those chiefs the signal of the fight unfurl'd,
And drew their legions forth, and won the world?
Why should yon Fabius, of the Herculean name,
Vaunt, with such arrogance, his House's claim

VER. 14. *The stern Numantii, &c.*] By the Numantii, he means Scipio Africanus, (the conqueror of Numantia,) and the immediate descendants and relatives of that great man.

VER. 21. *Why should yon Fabius, &c.*] The Fabian family pretended to derive their origin from Hercules; and for this reason, were entrusted with the service of the altar, erected to that hero, in the *Forum Boarium*, or ox-market. This altar, which Juvenal calls *magna*, but which was more commonly called *maxima*, seems to have been regarded with great veneration; and the Fabii were, probably, not a little vain of their exclusive right to minister at it. They were very far, however, from being as tenacious of the virtues, as of the privileges of their family; for one of them was interdicted, for his riotous excesses, from the use of the Fabian estate, by the father of Pompey the Great; and his descendants, if we may trust our author's account of them, added to his extravagance, every other vice.

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To the GREAT ALTAR? if, with anxious care,
From his soft limbs he pumice every hair,
And shame his rough-hewn sires? if greedy, vain,
If a vile trafficker in secret bane,
He blast his wretched family with a bust,
For public justice...to reduce to dust?

VER. 27. ——————————— *a bust*

For public justice—to reduce to dust?] The busts and statues of such as had been guilty of any notorious crime, were sometimes delivered up to the common executioner to be destroyed, that they might not disgrace the name, by being carried with the rest, in the funeral processions of the family. This might have operated as a very powerful preventive of vice, had it not, like many other salutary customs, been perverted by the emperors, and their favourites, to the purposes of private hatred and revenge. Motions were sometimes made in the senate, for breaking the busts of such as were obnoxious to the tyrant of the day; and even so early as the reign of Tiberius, we find it was not considered safe in the splendid funeral of Junia, the wife of Cassius, to bring out, amongst the numerous busts of her illustrious family, either that of her husband, or her brother.

De Foe, in a poem which I yet remember to have read with pleasure, has compressed this, and the following idea, into a few lines pregnant with good sense. I quote from memory, for I have not seen the book since I was at school:

"Could but our fathers break the bonds of fate,
"And see their offspring thus degenerate;
"How they contend for birth and names unknown,
"And build on others actions, not their own,
"They'd burn their titles, and their tombs deface,
"And disavow the vile, degenerate race:
"For fame of families is all a cheat,
"'Tis personal virtue only, makes us great."

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Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine,
In wax or stone; yet, take this truth from me,
"VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY."
Be then what Drusus, Cossus, Paulus were;—
The bright examples of their lives prefer
To all your statues; nay, to all the state,
Chairs, fasces, lictors, of your consulate.
No slave to birth, the virtues I require,
Inherent, not reflected from the sire,
Must aggrandize the son: dare to be just,
Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust;
These praises hear, at least deserve to hear,
I grant your claim, and recognize the peer.
Hail! from whatever stock you draw your birth,
The son of Cossus, or the son of Earth,
All hail! in you, exulting Rome espies,
Her guardian power, her great Palladium rise;
And shouts like Egypt, when her priests have found
A new Osiris, for the old one drown'd.

VER. 47. *And shouts like Ægypt, &c.*] This is no place to enter into the mythology of Egypt: it will be sufficient, for the understanding of this passage, to remark, that Osiris was worshipped in that country, under the figure of a live ox, which he was supposed to animate. When the animal grew old, and consequently unfit for the residence of the divinity, he was thought to quit it, and migrate into a younger body of the same species. Just as the Tartars, with

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But, who shall call him great, that founds his claim
To title, only on a father's fame?
Preposterous thought!...so, with a taunting smile,
The dwarf an Atlas, Moor a swan, we style;
The crook-back'd runt, Europa; and the hound,
Broken with age, blind, toothless, and unsound,
That listless lies, and licks the lamps for food,
Lord of the chase, and tyrant of the wood!
You, too, beware, lest Satire's piercing eye
The slave of guilt through grandeur's blaze espy,
And, drawing from your crimes some sounding name,
Declare at once your greatness, and your shame.

infinitely more good sense, are taught to believe that their Lama migrates from one human body to another. The deserted ox was drowned with much ceremonious sorrow; and then, those melancholy maniacs, his priests, attended by an immense concourse of people, dispersed themselves over the country, wailing and lamenting, in quest of the favoured individual which Osiris had selected to dwell in. This the priests were supposed to know by some sacred marks, and this they always took care to find in due time: the lamentations of the people were then changed into songs of joy; they conducted him with great pomp to the shrine of his predecessor, shouting and calling to the inhabitants as they passed, "We have found him, we have found him! come, and let us rejoice together."

All the rites of the Egyptians were of a gloomy cast. I should be inclined to give this as one of the causes of the singular attachment of the women to them, wherever they were introduced. This, however, by the way. We have seen in the sixth Satire, in what manner the priests of Isis ran up and down the streets of Rome, howling and lamenting for Osiris: this was a paltry imitation of their native ceremonies; to the clamorous termination of which Juvenal here alludes.

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Ask you for whom this picture I design?
Plautus! thy birth and folly make it thine.
Thou vaunt'st thy pedigree, on every side
To noble and imperial blood allied;
As if thy honours by thyself were won,
And thou hadst some illustrious action done,
To make the world believe thee Julia's heir,
And not the offspring of some easy fair,
Who, shivering in the wind, near yon dead wall,
Plies her vile labour, and is all to all.
"Away," thou criest, "ye slaves of humblest birth,
"Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth,
"Whose fathers who shall tell! my ancient line
"Descends from Cecrops." Man of blood divine,

VER. 62. *Plautus!* &c.] The commentators will have this to be the Rubellius Plautus mentioned by Tacitus, in the life of Nero; but the account there given of him, (*ipse placita majorum colebat, habitu severo, casta et secreta domo,* &c. *Ann.* XIV. 22,) agrees but ill with the description of our author. If it be he, however, it must be confessed that he had some grounds for his pride; for he was descended from Julia, the sister of Cæsar; and thus as nearly related to the throne as Nero. Indeed, there was more than once a design on foot for removing that monster, and putting Rubellius in his place. After all, I am disposed to think, both from what is said above, and from the date of this Satire, that the person here meant, was a son of this Plautus, for we learn from the account of his assassination by Nero, that he left several children.

Here is the maternal line of the family, as it is given by Lipsius: Julia (Cæsar's sister), Atia, Octavia, Antonia, Julia, the mother of Rubellius Plautus, and, as I suppose, the grand-mother of the vain and insolent young nobleman, here introduced.

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Long mayst thou know the secret sweets which spring
In breasts affined to so remote a king!—
Yet know, amidst those "dregs of Rome," thy scorn,
Names may be found whom arts and arms adorn:
Some skill'd to plead a noble blockhead's cause,
And solve the deep ænigmas of the laws;
Others that, great in war, to conquest fly,
And spread our fame beneath the polar sky;
While thou, in mean inglorious pleasure lost,
With "Cecrops! Cecrops!" all thou hast to boast,
Art a full-brother to the cross-way stone,
Which clowns have chipp'd the head of Hermes on:
For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block
Is form'd of flesh and blood, and their's of rock.
Say, of dumb animals who vaunts the blood,
Unless their courage, or their strength be good?—

VER. 85. *Art a full-brother to the cross-way stone, &c.*] The figures here described were termes, rough hewn square stones set upright, and surmounted with a head of Hermes, or Mercury. They were anciently placed at the turning of streets, and in cross and intricate roads for the direction of passengers: for which purpose they were furnished with an appendage, which, though those good old times saw nothing extraordinary in it, might, perhaps, be thought a little singular at present. The honour of serving as a direction-post, was allotted to Hermes, as the old critics say, on account of his name, ἀπὸ τῦ ἑρμηνεύειν, to shew, or explain: it is much more probable, however, that it was in reference to some obscure idea of his being the same deity as Sol, or the sun.

VER. 89. *Say, of dumb animals, &c.*] Hall, who has imitated some parts of

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'Tis thus we praise the horse, that mocks our eyes,
While, to the goal, with lightning's speed, he flies;
Whom many a well-earn'd palm and trophy grace,
And the Cirque hails, unrivall'd in the race.
Yes, they are noble, spring from what they will,
Whose foot-steps in the dust are foremost still;
While Hirpine's stock are to the market led,
If victory light but rarely on their head:
For no respect to pedigree is paid,
No honour to their sire's illustrious shade;
Truck'd for a song, they drag the cumbrous wain,
With shoulders bare, and bleeding from the chain;
Or take, with some blind ass in concert found,
At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round.
That Rome may, therefore, thee, not thine, admire,
Exert thyself, Rubellius, and acquire

this Satire very closely, though not in his best manner, has been rather successful here:

" Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
" Thy brute beasts' worth by their dams' qualities?
" Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
" Only because a Jennet did him breed?—
" The whiles thou see'st some of thy stallion race,
" Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
" Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
" Or dragging frothy barrels at their tayle?"

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Some individual praise thy name to grace,
Besides the deeds that dignified thy race,
And won those honours which, with pain, we see,
Are rank, and worth, and every thing to thee.
THIS for the youth, whom Rumour brands as vain,
And insolently boastful of his strain;
Perhaps with truth:—for rarely do we see,
A modest sense in those of his degree.

VER. 105. *That Rome may, therefore, thee, not thine admire, &c.*] Hall again,

"And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;
"No thank to thee, by whom their name decays;
"By virtue got they it, and valorous deed,
"Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured."

These are fine lines, but they are much surpassed in beauty by the following, with which I shall, for the present, conclude my extracts from this admirable writer:

"Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own,
"Brag of his lands, if they are not foregone;
"Brag of thine own good deeds; for they are thine,
"More than his life, or lands, or golden line."

Lib. IV. *Sat.* iii.

VER. 113. ——— *rarely do we see,*
A modest sense in those of his degree.]

"Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illa
"Fortuna."———

Juvenal seems to have had Phædrus in his thoughts here, (lib. I. fab. vii.) but what is the meaning of the passage? Holyday turns it in this manner,

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But trust me, Ponticus, 'twould grieve thy friend,
To see thee so on others' worth depend,

" For almost *common sense* is hardly found
" In such great state,"———

which, though barbarously expressed, is clearly what Phædrus means by *sensus communis:* whether Juvenal does so too, may reasonably admit of a doubt.

Stepney, who translated this Satire, follows Holyday. Dryden probably revised the version published under his name, we may conclude therefore, that he did not object to this interpretation. Indeed, we are not left to probability in the matter, for in the preface to All for Love, he quotes the original, and evidently understands it of common sense.

The words had, however, another meaning, which is more likely to be that of Juvenal. *Communis hominum sensus*, is used by Cicero for a polite intercourse between man and man; by Horace, for suavity of manners; by Seneca, for a proper regard for the decencies of life; and by others for all these, which are but various modifications of the same thing, and which together constitute what we call courteousness, or good breeding. This too, I am persuaded, is the meaning of the phrase in Quintilian. *Sensus ipsum, qui communis dicitur, ubi discet, cum se a congressu,—segregarit? Lib.* i. c. ii. §. 20. The learned Spalding thinks with our translators; and approves Dusaulx for rendering the words of Juvenal, *Ils ont rarement le sens commun. Sensus ergo communis*, he adds, *hîc est notitia eorum quæ nosse sentire homines solent, &c. Quint. Vol.* i. *p.* 45. But Quintilian is speaking of the advantages of a public education for boys; one of which is, that true civility, that *sensus communis* which society only can teach, by shewing the necessity of condescension, and mutual forbearance.

The emperor Marcus Aurelius, seems to have found a good word for it: he calls it κοινονημοσυνη, and a better commentary on Juvenal cannot be hoped for, than the learned Salmasius furnishes, in his explanation of it. Κοινονημοσυνην *eleganter vocat modestam illam, moderatam, usitatam et ordinariam, ut ita dicam, hominis mentem quæ in commune quodammodo consulit, nec omnia ad commodum suum refert; respectumque etiam habet eorum cum quibus versatur, modestè modicèque de se sentiens. At contra, inflati et superbi omnes se sibi tantum suisque commodis natos arbitrantur, et præ se cæteros contemnunt et negligunt: et hi sunt qui sensum communem non habere rectè dici possunt.* In Jul. Capitol. notæ.

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As to neglect thy own.' Get thee a name;
'Tis dangerous building on another's fame,
Lest the foundation sink, and, sinking, cast
Thy baseless pile in ruins on the waste.—
So, straggling on the ground, the frail vine tries
To clasp the elm she dropt from, fails—and dies!
Be brave, be just; and when thy country's laws
Call thee to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Phalaris place his bull before thine eye,
And frowning, dictate to thy lips a lie,
Think it the height of baseness, breath to choose
Ere honour, and LIFE'S END FOR LIFE TO LOSE.
LIFE! I recall the word; can he be said
To live, who merits death? No, he is dead;
Though Gauran oysters load his sumptuous board,
And o'er his dripping limbs, all Cosmo's sweets be pour'd.
Mark! when the province (meed of service past)
Long wish'd, and long expected, comes at last;

Mr. Ireland thinks that *illa fortuna*, (which I have translated, those of his degree) though certainly not meant to exclude the nobility at large, was principally intended to characterise the Imperial House. I do not think this unlikely, when the hatred which Juvenal bore to it, is taken into consideration; and that the reflection comes immediately after the winding up of the climax of insolence, *plenumque Nerone propinquo*.

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Restrain thy wrath, thy avarice restrain,
Fling on each wild desire the curbing rein,
And pity our allies: all Asia grieves,
Her blood, her marrow, drain'd by legal thieves.
Revere the laws, obey the parent state;
Observe what rich rewards the good await,
What punishments the bad: how Tutor sped,
While Rome's whole thunder rattled round his head.
And yet what boots it, that one spoiler bleed,
If still a worse, and still a worse succeed;
If neither fear, nor shame controul their theft,
And Pansa seize the little Natta left?
Haste then, Cherippus, while 'tis yet thy own,
Look for a chapman for thy tatter'd gown;
Go, sell it, and say nought; 'tis honest craft;
Thou could'st not keep the hatchet;—save the haft.

VER. 147. *Haste then, Cherippus, &c.*] This is exceedingly well explained by the old scholiast. Of what advantage is it to thee, Cherippus, (one of the poor Cilicians who had been first robbed by Tutor, and then by Pansa and Natta) to complain, since when one rapacious ruler is removed, another still more so, is sent in his stead? Better to sell the few trifles thou hast, before a new governor comes to devour what the former spared. "Intending," as Holyday justly remarks, "that if he did thus turn his small goods into money, he might happily the better conceal it." His next idea, that by *furor est post omnia perdere naulum*, is meant, "never take a passage to Rome, lest thou spend the little left thee, in vain upon thy waftage;" though he thinks it the best interpretation of the passage, is certainly wrong. It is merely a proverbial expression, and means, save what thou canst in the wreck of thy fortunes, or, as I have rendered it by a corresponding English proverb, do not throw the haft after the hatchet.

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Not such the cries of old; not such the stroke,
When first the nations bow'd beneath our yoke.
Wealth, then, was theirs, unenvied and unsought;
Then all had pictures by Parrhasius wrought,
Busts, that from Myro did their form receive,
And ivory, taught by Phidias' skill to live:
On every side a Polyclete you view'd,
And scarce a board without a Mentor stood.
These Antony and Dolabella fir'd
With most rapacious frenzy, these inspir'd
The sacrilegious Verres:—so, for Rome
They shipp'd their secret spoils; so they brought home
More plunder from our friends, in peace, obtain'd,
Than from our foes, in war, was ever gain'd!
Now all is gone! the stallion made a prey,
The few brood-mares and oxen swept away,
The Lares,—if the household shrine possess'd
One little god that pleas'd above the rest;—
Mean spoils indeed! but such were now their best.

VER. 161. *The sacrilegious Verres, &c.*] He calls Verres sacrilegious, in allusion to one of the charges brought against him by Cicero. *Siculos jam ne Deos quidem in suis urbibus, ad quos confugerent, habere; quod eorum simulacra sanctissima C. Verres ex delubris sanctissimis sustulisset.* It is not unpleasing to reflect, that Verres fell a sacrifice at last to the detestable rapacity for which he is here stigmatized; being proscribed by a greater plunderer, M. Antony, for the sake of his Sicilian rarities, which no persuasions could induce him to surrender.

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Perhaps thou scorn'st, and may'st securely scorn,
The essenc'd Greek, whom arts, not arms, adorn:
Soft limbs, and spirits by refinement broke,
Would feebly struggle with th' oppressive yoke.
But spare the Gaul, the fierce Illyrian spare,
And the rough Spaniard, terrible in war,
Spare too the Africk hinds, whose ceaseless pain
Fills our wide granaries with autumnal grain,
And pampers Rome, while weightier cares engage
Her precious hours—the Circus and the Stage!
For, shouldst thou rifle them, what share of spoil
Would recompense thy execrable toil,
When Greedy Marius fleec'd them all, so late,
And bare, and bleeding, left the hapless state!

The other two, C. Antony, governor of Achaia, and Dolabella, proconsul of Asia, were both prosecuted by the senate, and condemned for extortion.

VER. 182. *When greedy Marius fleec'd them all, so late, &c.*] For Marius, see Sat. I. v. 82. In his translation of Pliny's Letters, Lord Orrery has introduced a singular observation respecting the fate of this man.

He is speaking of the trial of Cæcilius Classicus, who escaped from the punishment that hung over him, by a voluntary death. He then adverts to the lenity exhibited in the case of Marius, and adds. "In these two trials we may perceive the different influence which the two emperors, Domitian and Trajan, had over the senate. Under the *tyranny* of the first, the laws were not put in execution against Marius; under the *golden age* of the latter, Classicus and his abettors were punished in the amplest manner, and according to law." Vol. I. p. 207.

Well and wisely singeth that ancient bard of Warwickshire:

"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
"'Tis not the devil's crest!"

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But chief the brave, and wretched;—hold thou there;
Nor tempt too far the madness of despair:
For, shouldst thou all their little treasures drain,
Helmets, and shields, and swords, would still remain;
THE PLUNDER'D NE'ER WANT ARMS. What I foretell
Is no trite apothegm, but, mark me well,
True as a Sibyl's leaf, fix'd as an oracle.
If men of worth the posts beneath thee hold,
If no spruce favourite barter law for gold;
If no inherent stain thy wife disgrace,
Nor, harpy-like, she flit from place to place,

Certainly not; let us call the age of Trajan "golden," and all injustice shall be wiped away from it. Who would imagine after this, that the two trials took place in the same reign, and, probably, within a few months of each other! Yet so it was: the compliment to Trajan, therefore, is as unjust, as the attack on Domitian; who, heaven knows it, little needed to be saddled with the offences of his successors!

VER. 193. *If no inherent stain thy wife disgrace, &c.*] The avarice and rapacity of the women who followed their husbands to their governments, had long, ere this, become a serious subject of complaint. Before the time of Augustus, the women rarely, if ever, went abroad: that uxorious emperor took Livia with him in most of his expeditions, and his example seems to have had a pernicious effect; for in the succeeding reign, the custom was grown so common, and so oppressive to the provinces, that Severus Cæcina made a motion in the senate, *ne quem magistratum, cui provincia obvenisset, uxor comitaretur.* Tacitus, who gives his speech at some length, contents himself with observing, that the senate did not meet the question fairly; out of compliment perhaps to Drusus, who opposed it; and who, instead of answering Cæcina's objections, had

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A curs'd Celæno, ever on the watch,
And ever furious, all she sees to snatch;
Then choose what race thou wilt: derive thy birth
From Picus, or those elder sons of earth,
That shook the throne of heaven; call him thy sire,
Who first inform'd our clay with living fire;
Or single from the songs of ancient days,
What tale may suit thee, and what parent please.
But if wild passions rage without controul,
And into guilt precipitate thy soul,
Into rank pride, and lust; if thy stern eyes
Can view the lictors mangle our allies,
And ply the deed of death, athirst for gore,
Till their tir'd arms lift the dull'd ax no more;
Then, every honour by thy father won,
Indignant to be borne by such a son,
Will to his blood oppose thy daring claim,
And light a torch, to blaze upon thy shame.

recourse to the *argumentum ad hominem*. "*Se quoque in Illyricum profectum; et si ita conducat, alias ad gentes iturum, haud semper æquo animo, si ab uxore carissimâ divelleretur.*" *Ann. Lib.* III. 34.

As the proconsuls could not be prevented from taking their wives with them, it seemed but just that they should be answerable for their peculations, &c.; and this principle was recognized by the senate. *Proficisci autem proconsulem melius est sine uxore; sed et cum uxore patest, dummodo sciat, senatum, Cotta et Messala Coss. censuisse futurum, ut si quid uxores eorum, quid ad officia proficiscuntur, deliquerint, ab ipsis ratio et vindicta exigatur.*

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For vice is still more criminal, and base,
As he, who sins, is high in power or place.
SEE! by his great progenitors' remains
Fat Damasippus sweeps, with loosen'd reins:
Good Consul! he no pride of office feels,
But humbly stoops to clog his headlong wheels.
"What then! is't not by night?" the hero cries.
But the MOON sees! but the STARS stretch their eyes
Intentive on thy shame! a moment wait,
Till Damasippus quits his cumbrous state;
Then, proud the experienced driver to display,
He'll mount his chariot, in the face of day,

VER. 213. *For vice is still, &c.*] This idea is finely exemplified by Beaumont and Fletcher,

"The sins the great do, people view through optics
"Which shew 'em ten times more than common vices,
"And sometimes multiply them." *Thiery and Theodoret.*

After this, there follow in the original, four lines which by some accident have been shuffled out of their place, and which I cannot re-instate to my satisfaction. Some have supposed they relate to Fabius, mentioned in the beginning of this Satire, in that case, they would come in after the thirtieth line; but I have not ventured to insert them. Here is the translation:

Say, what's thy birth to me—if thou incline
Thy lips to perjury in the very shrine
Thy pious fathers rear'd, and in the sight
Of their triumphal statues? If, by night,
Thou steal abroad disguis'd, that none may see
Thy lewd amours; say, what's thy birth to me?

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Whirl, with bold front, his grave associate by,
And jerk his whip, to catch the senior's eye:
Unyoke his wearied steeds, and, to requite
Their service, feed and litter them at night.
Meanwhile, 'tis all he can, what time he stands
At Jove's high altar, as the law commands,
And offers sheep and oxen, he forswears
The eternal king, and gives his silent prayers
To stable deities, whose forms divine
Our ostlers o'er their stinking cribs enshrine,
Hippona, and the rest!—this for the day:
At night, to his old haunts he slips away;

VER. 235. *Hippona, &c.*] This strange goddess "which," as Holyday observes, "the lamentable devotion of the heathens did raise to themselves," is frequently mentioned by the ancient writers.

It is not known with what rites she was worshipped, but Apuleius says he saw her image prettily adorned with fresh-gathered roses. Juvenal speaks of her with great contempt, in which he is followed by the early Christians, who rally the heathens with equal spirit and success, on their devotion to so odious and contemptible an object. It should be mentioned, however, that though they placed her "over their stinking cribs," as Juvenal calls them, they did not presume to introduce her into heaven; which, considering the liberty they sometimes took, is a notable instance of forbearance:

"Nemo Cloacinæ aut Eponæ super astra deabus,
"Dat solium, quamvis olidam persolvat acerram,"

Pruden. Apotheos. 265.

Upon which Fulgentius remarks, *Vertumnum, Priapum, et deam stabulorum (quam Apuleius Hiponem alii Hipponam nuncupant) inter semonas deos numerari,*

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Where, while the host, bedrenched with liquid sweets,
With many a courteous phrase his entrance greets,
And many a smile; the hostess nimbly moves,
And gets the flaggon ready, which he loves.
Here some, perhaps, my growing warmth may blame,
And say, "in youth's wild hours we did the same."
I grant we did; but then we stopp'd in time,
Nor hugg'd our darling faults beyond our prime.
O friends! be folly's giddy reign concise,
And brief the hour ye consecrate to vice.
Some sins must, with the firstlings of the beard,
Be thrown aside; boys only should be spared.
Yet Damasippus still frequents the stews,
Still haunts the bagnios, now, that manlier views
Should urge him, ripe in vigour and in age,
The foes of Cæsar and the State t'engage;
On Tigris' banks in burnish'd arms to shine,
And sternly guard the Danube, or the Rhine.
"The East has risen" ho! let the troops repair
To Ostia, quick! "But where's the general? where?
Go search the nastiest tavern's nastiest hole,
There shall you find his honour, cheek by jole,

qui, tanquam cælo indigni, ob meriti paupertatem, cælitum numero nunquam adscripti fuerunt. Fulgentius might have learned from Ovid, that one of them at least was admitted amongst the gods, and that for no very extraordinary merit,—*sed de his satis.*

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With cut-throats, bargemen, vagabonds, thieves, slaves,
Hangmen, contractors "for base biers" and graves,
And Cybele's priests outstretch'd, a precious pack!
Midst their loose drums, and snoring on their back.
Here none are less, none greater, than the rest,
Here my lord gives and takes the scurvy jest;
Here all who can, round the same table sprawl,
And here one greasy tankard serves for all.
Blessings of birth! but Ponticus, a word:
Hadst thou a slave, like this degenerate lord,
What would'st thou do? send him, in chains, to till
Thy Lucan farm, or turn thy Tuscan mill.
But Troy's great sons dispense with being good,
And boldly sin by courtesy of blood;
Wink at each other's crimes, and look for fame
In what would tinge a cobler's cheek with shame.
What! have I wreak'd on such foul deeds my rage,
That worse should yet remain to blot my page;
Should, as I strike, with tenfold vigour grow,
And rise like Hydra's heads beneath my blow!

VER. 260. ——*contractors "for base biers"*] These contractors, *(fabri sandapilarum)* who figure in this worshipful society, were people employed in furnishing the biers, or rather perhaps hand-barrows, on which the bodies of such as were killed in the bloody sports of the amphitheatre, were removed to the place of interment. The scholiast has *sandaliorum*, but the common reading is right: base biers, is Holyday's version.

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Thou, Lateranus, now thy all is spent,
Art doom'd a squealing ghost to represent;
While Lentulus, thy brother in renown,
So well plays Laureole, the perjur'd clown,
Is crucified so well, that, for his pains,
I hold him worthy of....the death he feigns.
Nor must I not the thoughtless rabble blame,
Who, lost alike to decency and shame,
Sit with unblushing front, and calmly see
The hir'd patricians' low buffoonery;
Smile at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear
The cuffs resound from the Marmerci's ear.

VER. 282. *So well plays Laureole, &c.*] This slave, whose part was so well performed by this degenerate nobleman, was a principal character in a ballet, or drama of action, composed by Nævius. For a dance it must have been horrible enough in all conscience, since Laureolus (whose supposed crime was perjury) was not only crucified, but set upon by wild beasts, while in that dreadful situation.

Juvenal might have taken the hint of recommending Lentulus to a real cross, from what happened at Rome in his own time; for Martial tells us, that this ballet was truly, and, *bona fide*, performed in the amphitheatre, for the amusement of this detestable people. A malefactor (he does not seem to know for what crime) was actually nailed to a cross, while real bears, hungry Caledonian bears, were let loose to devour him!

" Nuda Caledonio sic viscera præbuit urso,
" Non falsâ pendens in cruce Laureolus.
" Vivebant laceri membris stillantibus artus,
" Inque omni nusquam corpore corpus erat."

De Spectac. Ep. vii.

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Who heeds how low they sell their blood, how high?
No Nero drives them now their fate to try:

VER. 289. *Smile at the Fabii's tricks, &c.*] Juvenal calls them (the Fabii) *planipedes;* buffoons of the lowest order; bare-footed Jack-puddings, who, smeared with soot, and dressed in sheep or goat skins, capered about the stage, in the intervals of the play, for the entertainment of the rabble. And this was done by the descendants of Fabius, and Marmercus! a dereliction of every honourable feeling, that more than justifies the indignation of our author. In his subsequent remark, too, on the conduct of the spectators, there is much good sense; since nothing is more certain, than that the people are degraded in the voluntary degradation of their superiors: a momentous truth, that seems to have escaped the observation of many princes, and many people of modern, as well as of ancient, times.

VER. 292. *No Nero drives them now, &c.*] Nero *compelled* four hundred senators, and six hundred knights, some of them of fair fortune, and character, to enter the lists as gladiators, encounterers of wild beasts, &c. *ad varia arenæ ministeria.* (Suet. Nero, §. 12.) To this circumstance Juvenal alludes. From the numbers here mentioned, a suspicion has arisen that the text is corrupt. and that for *quadringentos*, should be read *quadraginta;* this is probable enough, as the amount would, even then, sufficiently tax our credulity.

To do all justice, however, to this worthy prince, it should be observed that he merely perfected the system which was entered upon by his predecessors. Cæsar seems to have had the honour of striking it out; as there is no earlier instance of this scandalous prostitution, than that which occurs in the account of his life by Suetonius. *Munere in foro depugnavit Furius Leptinus, stirpe prætoriâ, et Q. Calpenus senator. Ludis D. Laberius eques Romanus mimum suum egit, &c. Cæsar.* 39. The exquisitely dignified and pathetic remonstrance of the knight, at being compelled to appear upon the stage, is still extant: the noblemen and senators, probably, submitted with a better grace, at least we hear of no complaints they made.

Augustus, who was extravagantly fond of the amusement of the Circus and Amphitheatre, appears to have extended the shameful practice. *In Circo aurigas, cursoresque, et confectores ferarum, et nonnunquam ex nobilissima juventute, produxit.* And again. *Ad scenicas quoque et gladiatorias operas, etiam equitibus Romanis ali-*

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Freely they come, and freely they expose
Their lives for hire, to grace the public shows.
But grant the worst: suppose the scaffold here,
And there the stage; on which would'st thou appear?
The first: for death I never so did dread,
As, in a stupid scene, to whine for bread;
Squat on my hams, in some blind nook to sit,
And watch my mistress, in a jealous fit.
But 'tis not wondrous, when the emperor tunes
A scurvy harp, the lords should turn buffoons;
The wonder is, they turn not Fencers too,
Secutors, Retiarians....AND THEY DO!
For lo! the last of all our ribald peers,
The worthless Gracchus, in the lists appears:

quando unus est. (Suet. Aug. 43.) This emperor, however, who had many pretensions to decency, and some to humanity, put a temporary stop to the shameful practice; which was afterwards revived, and continued through the succeeding reigns, till it reached, as has been just observed, its highest point under Nero.

VER. 303. *The wonder is, they turn not Fencers too,*
*Secutors, Retiarians....*AND THEY DO!
For lo! the last of all our ribald peers,
The worthless Gracchus, &c.] Our author here takes up the scandalous adventure of Gracchus, on which he had briefly touched in the second Satire. The reader who recollects the lines, may appreciate the horror with which Juvenal regarded the transaction; since he speaks of it as surpassing in infamy a crime at which universal nature revolts.

Mr. Ireland, who doubted whether the author was sincere in what he advanced, attributed (see v. I. p. 65,) his superior indignation at the transaction before

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No shield his arm, no sword his thigh invests,—
He spurns such weapons, he....spurns and detests;

us, to that spirit of aggravation which led him to treat whatever vice he happened to be satirizing, as the most enormous in the catalogue. I believed then, as I still do, that the poet "spoke as he thought, and really imagined this last action of Gracchus to be his worst."

Every sentence, every word that drops from Juvenal, proves him to have been a sturdy republican, a genuine, and unsophisticated patriot, who loved the honour and dignity of his country, above his life; and felt with the deepest anguish, every act which tended to debase her in the eyes of surrounding nations. I shall now produce one of the most striking passages in Dio; indeed, I might say, without fear of contradiction, in any historian extant, to show that this debasement was more effectually brought about by the gladiatorial pursuits of the young nobility, than by any other enormity whatever. In his sixty-first book, that writer observes that, amidst all the scandalous festivities and excesses of Nero, nothing appeared so truly flagitious and abominable, as the prostitution of the male and female nobility, who exhibited themselves in the Orchestra, Circus, and Amphitheatre, on a footing with the vilest of the rabble. The old and honorable families of the state, the Furii, the Fabii, the Porcii, and the Valerii, to whose ancestors temples and trophies had been erected by the public, voluntarily (at least for the greatest part) submitted to this degradation, in the presence of all Rome, and of an immense concourse of people from every part of the empire! These, probably, enjoyed, with the highest relish, a spectacle that amply revenged the conquest of their respective countries by the ancestors of those who now degraded themselves for their amusement. "As the sports and combats proceeded, the strangers pointed out to each other, the descendants of those great men—εδακτυλοδειχτευ γε αυτες αλληλοις, και ελεγον, Μακεδονες μεν; Ουτος εστιν ὁ του Παυλε εκγονος (Emilius Paulus;) Ἑλληνες δε, Ουλπος του Μομμιε (Lucius Mummius;) Σικελιωται, ἰδετε τον Κλαυδιον (Claudius Marcellus;) Επειρωται, ἰδετε τον Αππιον (Appius Claudius;) Ασιανοι, τον Λεκιον (Lucius Scipio);) Ἰβηρες, τον Πεπλιον (Publius Scipio;) Καρχηδονιοι, Αφρικανον (Scipio Africanus;) ΡΩΜΑΙΟΙ ΔΕ ΠΑΝΤΑΣ! c. i. §. 17.

It is more than probable, that Juvenal himself was present at these most humiliating scenes. As a spectator, we may conceive him to have watched the sig-

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Spurns e'en a casque, and impudently stands
With the poised net and trident in his hands,

nificant looks of the strangers, as their fingers moved from object to object; to have heard their whispers, to have noted their sneers!—Can it now be wondered at, that a man of his quick feelings, of his strong sensibility, should speak with indignation and horror, of actions, which were sure to spread the disgrace and ridicule of his country, as far as the wandering of the astonished visitants extended? Or, that he should think them superior in infamy to the most hateful vices; which, however they might implicate the character of individuals, brought no great degree of odium on the general reputation of Rome? I do not think it can. However this may be, the praise of consistency must, in the present case at least, be fully allowed him. In this very Satire, when he enumerates the crimes of Nero, he insinuates that it was not so much his multiplied murders, as his public exposure of himself on the stage (where he repeated his Troics), that exhausted the patience of mankind, and excited that general insurrection, which swept him from the earth!

Of this enough. It now only remains to add a few words, for the sake of the English reader, on the weapons, manner of fighting, &c. of these heroes of the amphitheatre.

Of the two combatants (who entered the lists) one was called Retiarius, and the other Mirmillo, or Secutor: the former was lightly drest in a tunic, or short coat, and furnished with a trident, or three-forked spear, and a net, *(rete,)* whence his name. The latter was armed with a helmet, shield, and short scimitar. They approached each other, the Secutor with his weapon raised, and the Retiarius with his protruded trident in his right hand, and his net open, and ready for casting, in his left. His object was to throw it over the head of his antagonist, and entangle him in such a manner, as to render him an easy prey. If he failed in his attempt, he had no resource but flight, for which the lightness of his dress was well adapted; and during which, he endeavoured to collect, and prepare his net for a second throw:—if the Secutor reached him before this was done, his fate was inevitable, unless he were saved by the interposition of the spectators, which sometimes happened.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to say whether one of these characters was looked upon as less respectable than the other, or not:—but Juvenal seems

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And waits the foe; anon a cast he tries,
But misses, and, in wild confusion, flies

to direct some of his indignation at Gracchus, for choosing the part of the Retiarius, instead of that of the Secutor: perhaps it was less dangerous; it was certainly more impudent, for it afforded no means of concealing the face; since we know, from Suetonius, that the drivelling Claudius took a cruel pleasure in putting the Retiarii to death upon particular occasions, that he might have the diabolical satisfaction of remarking the successive changes in their expiring countenances! Gracchus, however, seems to have been determined in his choice more by cowardice, than by impudence; as he did not merely rely upon being recognized by his features, which, as he was of one of the most distinguished families in Rome, could not but be well known; but was even mean enough to enter the lists in the magnificent hat and tunic of the Salii, or priests of Mars, of whom he was probably the chief.

It only remains to say a word of the Mirmillo. "He was so called," says Madan, after some of the commentators, "from μυρμηξ (*myrmex*) an ant;" a derivation that pleases him wonderfully, for he gives it again in the sequel. He was called so, however, from μορμυλος (*marmylus,*) a spotted fish, αιολος ιχθυς, (Oppian Halieut. lib. 1. 100,) a representation of which formed the crest of his helmet. Hence the chaunt of the Retiarius, mentioned by Festus: "I do not want to catch you, I only want to catch your *fish*; what are you afraid of?" This, as Stephano observes, is but a scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; but it had, apparently, as much music as wit in it.

Polyænus and Festus derive the origin of the Retiarius from Pittacus, one of the seven sages of Greece, who fought in this manner with Phyrno: ὑστερον δε εκ μονομαχιας προσκαλεσαμενος τον Φρυνωνα αλιευτικην αναλαβων ζωνην, ζυνεδραμε και τω μεν αμφιβληστρω περιεβαλε, τη τριαινη δε και τω ξιφιδιω εσφαξε και ανειλε. Lib. XIII. Here is sagacity with a witness! but the practice was undoubtedly very ancient, for Herodotus speaks of it as existing among the Persians.—"there are some of them," says he (the Sagartæ) "who, when they come to engage, cast a rope with a kind of gin at the end of it, on the enemy, and thus endeavour to entangle and draw him into their power." From these people, and their manner of fighting, came most probably the Greek word Σαργανη, a sort of coarse basket.

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Around the Cirque; and, anxious to be known,
Lifts his bare face, with many a piteous moan.
" 'Tis he! 'tis he! I know the Salian vest,
" Bedeck'd with golden fringe about the breast;
" Know too the Salian hat, from whose high crown
" The glittering ribands float redundant down.
" O spare him, spare!"—the brave Secutor heard,
And stopp'd the chase, and blush'd; for he preferr'd
Wounds, death itself, to the contemptuous sneer,
Of conquering such a hero! such a peer!
Were Nero, Seneca, propos'd for choice;
What wretch would hesitate to give his voice,

VER. 323. *Were Nero, Seneca, &c.*] Every one knows that Seneca was put to death by Nero, on a charge of being concerned in Piso's conspiracy, of which he was confessedly innocent. It was reported at Rome, Tacitus says, (Ann. xv. 65,) that the conspirators, after having made use of Piso to destroy Nero, intended to make away with Piso himself, (for what should we gain, said the chief of them, Subrius Flavius, by exchanging a harper for a tragedian? (alluding to Piso's having appeared on the stage,) and raise Seneca to the vacant seat. It is to this circumstance, which seems to have escaped the notice of the commentators, that Juvenal alludes: I must, however, be permitted to add, that if the conspirators really entertained such an idea, they were the weakest of men; for Seneca (to say nothing of his age and infirmities) was too unpopular to have held the undisturbed possession of the empire for a day.

With respect to Seneca, it is his fortune to have been " at the Fair of good names, and to have bought a reasonable commodity of them;" for, exclusive of our author, who evidently thought highly of him, and appears to have been a very diligent reader of his works, several ancient writers have been lavish in his praise: and, I have somewhere read (where, I do not now recollect,) that

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Had he the right of suffrage, (lost long since)
To the philosopher, before the prince?

St. Jerome put him into the catalogue of saints. Yet we shall look in vain into the history of his life for any extraordinary number of virtuous, or praise-worthy actions.

His first exploit was corrupting the daughter of Germanicus, for which he was driven into banishment; and I should judge, from the obtrusive and never-ending boasts of the magnanimity with which he endured it, that Ovid himself did not bear his exile much more impatiently than this impassible Stoic. He flattered Claudius, and still more grossly his favourite, Polybius, in order to obtain his recall; and as soon as he had succeeded, forgot the latter, and betrayed the former. He then joined the virtuous Nero, whom he took care to supply with a mistress, in his hatred of Agrippina, his great patroness; and when her son, not long afterwards, put her to death, he was more than suspected of drawing up the palliating account of it.

A better moralist than Seneca, hath said, "he who maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent." This was notoriously our philosopher's case. Dio attributes the insurrection of the Britons, in a great measure to his avarice and rapacity; and P. Suilius appears, from Tacitus, to have attacked him on this head, with a violence which no common arts of enriching himself, could have provoked. "By what system of ethics has this professor, in less than four years, amassed three hundred million sesterces? His snares are spread through all the city; last wills and testaments are his quarry, and the rich, who have no children, are his prey. He has overwhelmed Italy; the provinces are exhausted, and he is still unsatisfied!" Annal. XIII. 42.

His behaviour too, after he perceived the decline of Nero's favour was pusillanimous; and his affected resignation of his unbounded wealth, pitiful in the extreme. He did not, indeed, imitate the elder Brutus, for what Juvenal calls the time of bearded kings, was past; but he feigned himself sick, and infirm, and lived on spring water, and bread baked under his own eye. In a word, I can find little amiable in his life; and in his boasted death, scarcely any thing more than a fond and overweening anxiety, to make an exhibition of it.

His writings, where they are not too free, are, to me at least, excellent: it is pleasant to see so poor a pedant as Aulus Gellius, affect to treat them with contempt!

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Whose crimes, so much have they all crimes out-done,
Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.
" Orestes slew his mother." True; but know,
The same effects from different causes flow;
He slew her, to avenge his father's death,
High in the social hour deprived of breath;
Slew her at heaven's command....but, in his mood,
Poison'd no kindred, shed no consort's blood,
Buried no poniard in a sister's throat,
Sung on no public stage, no Troics wrote—

VER. 328. *Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.*] Parricides, by the Roman law, were sewn up in a sack, with these and other unfortunate creatures, and thrown into the nearest river, or the sea. See Sat. XIII.

It is scarcely possible to understand the next five and twenty lines, without a constant reference to the life of Nero, of whose more than bedlamite follies and crimes they contain an enumeration.

VER. 333. *Slew her at heaven's command:—*] A manifest allusion to this passage of the Electra.

Ω πατρῳον δωμα. σε γαρ ερχομαι
Δικῃ καθαρτης πρῳ θεων ωρμημενῳ.

In the comparison here instituted between the insane Orestes, and the sane Nero; if, as one of the commentators well observes, such a wretch can be called sane; the advantage is infinitely on the side of the former. They both murdered their mothers; but what was in Orestes an act of divine retribution, (since antiquity represents Clytemnestra as forewarned by heaven of the fate that awaited her, if she imbrued her hands in her husband's blood;) was in Nero an act of gratuitous cruelty; for Agrippina had done him no injury; nay, had been guilty of the greatest crimes to pave his way to the empire. Waving this, however,

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This topt his frantic crimes! this rouz'd mankind!
For what could Galba or Virginius find,
In the dire annals of his bloody reign,
That call'd for vengeance in a louder strain?
Lo here, the arts, the studies, that engage
Our matchless chief; proud, on a foreign stage,
To prostitute his voice for base renown,
And ravish from the Greeks their parsley crown!

says Juvenal, Orestes, mad as he was, did not poison his relations, (as Nero poisoned Domitia and Britannicus,) nor kill his sister, (as Nero killed Antonia,) nor murder his wife, (as Nero murdered Octavia,) nor appear upon the stage, (as Nero did in several places,) nor write verses on the burning of Troy. Here the poet suddenly breaks off the parallel for the sake of observing that, savage as the emperor's conduct was, he could not go beyond this last act of baseness. The commentators, not entering into the feelings of Juvenal, cannot conceive how this could "top," &c. Some of them, therefore, suppose that he alludes to Nero's recitation of his Troics while Rome was burning; which Suetonius and Xiphilinus, though with some variation in the circumstances, concur in affirming he did: *Hoc incendium è turri Mæcenatiana prospectans, lætusque flammæ, ut aiebat, pulchritudine, αλωσιν Ilii, in illo suo scenico habitu decantavit.* Nero 38. And Xiph: Νερων ες τε το ακρον τυ παλατιυ ανηλθη, και την σκευην την κιθαρωδικην λαβων, ἥστο αλωσιν, ὡς μεν αυτὸς ελεγεν, Ιλιὰδ, ὡς δε ἑωρατο, Ῥωμης. Lib. lxii. §. 18.

Others again imagine that the author alludes to the report of this profligate madman having set Rome on fire, (for the sake of illustrating his subject,) a circumstance which, whether true or not, was generally credited in our author's time; and with which, indeed, Nero was charged to his face by Subrius Flavius, who suffered with Seneca; and whose dying words Tacitus seems inclined, and to my thinking, not without reason, to prefer to those of the philosopher. Ann. xv. 67. But I am persuaded, (see v. 2. p. 65,) that the author meant to speak only of his reciting his poem in public, which we know he did at the Pentaetericon, and other festivals.

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Come then, great prince! great poet! come along,
Bring the rich trophies of thy deathless song,
To grace thy fathers' statues; bring forth all
Thy tragic properties, the sweeping pall
In which thou lov'd'st Antigonè to play,
And Menalippè; bring the masks, and lay
The whole before Domitius' feet; then bear
Thy conquering harp, prime object of thy care,
To the Colossus, and suspend it there!
Cethegus! Catiline! whose ancestors
Were nobler born, or higher rank'd, than yours?
Yet ye conspir'd, with more than Gallic hate,
To wrap in midnight flames his hapless state;
On men and gods your barbarous rage to pour,
And deluge Rome with her own children's gore:

VER. 345. *Come then, great prince!* &c.] "It were but an overplus (as Holyday observes,) to fill the reader with the base and scenical behaviour of Nero, both in Italy and Greece; the dishonour being as known as the empire he dishonoured: wherefore I leave him to the jeere of our satirist." I cannot help saying a word, however, on his singular choice of characters; the parts which he chiefly delighted to perform, would have suited Bottom to a miracle; they were truly "parts to tear a cat in:" being, exclusive of those enumerated by Juvenal, Hercules raving mad, Œdipus murdering his father, Orestes stabbing his mother, &c. &c.

With respect to Menalippe, the only piece on the list, whose subject is not known to every school-boy, Nero appears to have been directed to it solely by his love of the sciences. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, that Euripides wrote a play of the Wise Menalippe, της σοφης Μεναλιππης, of which this is the

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Horrors, that call'd indeed for vengeance dire,
For the pitch'd coat, and stake, and smouldering fire,

plot. The young lady, in spite of her wisdom, had an amour with Neptune, who got her with child of twins; these she contrived to hide in her father's cow-house, where he soon after found them. In the simplicity of his heart, good man, he took them for a monstrous production of one of his cows, and was about to commit them to the flames; when his wise daughter stept in, and by a long series of reasoning, convinced the poor old king that they were the natural produce of the animal, and thus fortunately saved them both. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, quoth my uncle Toby, but nothing to this." No, no, much-enduring as the frequenters of our theatres are, (and surely no ass was ever more patient,) they would fly out at such an heterogeneous jumble of dullness and absurdity as this. How an Athenian audience could listen to it, is to me inconceivable.

It is probable, that what the poet here affects to recommend to the emperor, is merely a recapitulation of what was actually done. There is no account, indeed, of his having laid his "tragic properties" at the feet of his fathers and grandfathers' (the Domitii's) statues, though the circumstance is far from being unlikely; but the suspension of his harp to the Colossus, is an historical fact: CITHARAM *autem*, (says Suetonius, Nero 12.) *a judicibus ad se delatam, adoravit, ferrique ad Augusti statuam jussit.* If the learned Casaubon had recollected Juvenal when he read this passage, he would not have altered *citharam* to *citharæ*, from an idea that a crown was more likely to be offered to Augustus than a harp. See his note on the passage, loc. cit.

There is still some doubt among the commentators, whether Nero might not have graced his own statue with this immortal instrument. Both Pliny and Suetonius say that he erected one of prodigious height and magnitude: but as this seems to have been of brass, and that mentioned by Juvenal, is expressly said to be of marble, I see no room for hesitation.

The fate of Nero's Colossus is worth noticing. After his death the senate, in a fit of virtuous resentment, which generally seized them at the accession of a new family, whipt off that prince's head from it, and put on one of Apollo: this preserved its situation until the reign of Commodus, who removed it in its turn, to make way for a head of himself! It must be confessed, that Apollo had got some how or other, into a very worshipful line; and it would perhaps,

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But Tully watch'd—your league in silence broke,
And crush'd your impious arms, without a stroke.
Yes, he, poor Arpine, of no rank at home,
And made, and hardly made, a knight at Rome,
Secur'd the trembling town, plac'd a firm guard
In every street, and toil'd in every ward:
And thus within the walls, in peace, obtain'd
More fame, more honour, than Augustus gain'd
At Actium, or Philippi, from a flood
Of patriot gore, and sword still drench'd with blood;
For Rome, free Rome, hail'd him, with loud acclaim,
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—glorious name!

have puzzled his godship, and all his oracles to boot, to determine precisely whether he derived most honour from his immediate successor or predecessor.

VER. 361. ——— *the pitch'd coat, and stake, &c.*] This was the punishment of incendiaries. I hope Juvenal meant this as a tacit kind of testimony to the innocence of the Christians, (at that time universally acknowledged) respecting the charge of setting fire to Rome; of which they were accused by Nero, and in consequence of it, put to death in great numbers. (see v. 1. p. 30.) He seems to say, you Catiline and Cethegus, who actually conspired to burn the city, really merit that dreadful punishment which was so unjustly inflicted upon the Christians,—*ausi quod* liceat *tunicâ punire molestâ!* For Tully, see Sat. x.

VER. 373. THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—] *Parens et Pater Patriæ.* The founder and father of his country. This honourable title was conferred on Cicero, after his detection and defeat of Catiline's conspiracy. There is a strong and characteristic trait of the stern republican in the epithet *libera*, (free,) which is not applied to Rome, as the critics think, on account of her recent delivery from the machinations of the conspirators; but rather to stigmatize her situ-

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Another Arpine, wont in youth to till,
For scanty hire, his bleak paternal hill,
Sick of the ungrateful toil, forsook his plough,
And join'd the legions, lowest of the low;
Where the centurions, when he wrought too slack,
Broke many a knotty vine-twig on his back.
And yet, when the fierce Cimbri threaten'd Rome
With swift, and scarcely evitable doom,
This man, in the dread hour, to save her rose,
And turn'd the impending ruin on her foes:
For which, while ravening birds devour'd the slain,
And their huge bones lay whitening on the plain,

ation under the emperors, where our author considered her, and justly, as in a state of slavery. The title of *Pater Patriæ* was given to Augustus, and afterwards, to several of his successors: but Cicero was the first, and indeed last, to whom it was given by FREE Rome; the only circumstance, in the manly and independent spirit of Juvenal, that made it of any estimation.

LIBERA is used with the same feelings in v. 325; *Libera si dentur*, &c. It must have been these flashes of uncontroulable indignation at the fallen state of his country, and not a sarcastic compliment to a favourite dancer, that occasioned his removal from Rome.

The *toga* of Cicero, and the *sword* of Augustus, are strikingly contrasted. It must be admitted, that this emperor was, at one period of his life, too lavish of human blood; but his clemency was more fatal, perhaps, to our author's cause, than his cruelty. Juvenal, however, was no compromiser; he hated Augustus, even worse than Sir William Jones, and, indeed, with somewhat more reason.

VER. 374. *Another Arpine*, &c.] I should have mentioned before, that Arpinum was a little town of the Volsci, situated in the north of what is now called

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His nobler colleague to his worth gave way,
And took, well pleas'd, the secondary bay.
The Decii were plebeians all:—they came
From a mean stock; and mean was still their name,
When they devoted, in the trying hours,
Their heads to Earth, and to the Infernal Powers;

the Campania Felice, and still retaining its ancient name. Speaking of this place, Valerius Maximus remarks, that it had the singular fortune of producing two of the greatest characters of the age, in a cultivator of literature, and a despiser of it; in a Cicero and a Marius.—With respect to the latter, Juvenal represents him as a labouring hind, or ploughman, in which he agrees with Plutarch, and others; Velleius, however, says he was born *equestri loco*, this is contrary to his own declaration; Lipsius, therefore, for *equestri* would read *agresti*, which is ingenious enough; but the error probably lies deeper.

VER. 386. *His nobler colleague, &c.*] This was Q. Catulus, a man of extraordinary merit, and one of the speakers in Cicero's Dial. de Orat. He does not appear to have gained much by his complacency to Marius; being afterwards barbarously put to death by the ferocious old man.

Some acquaintance with the earlier part of the Roman history is necessary to the understanding of the remainder of this Satire; of this the reader is presumed to be possessed. Were it otherwise, the illustration of every trivial event here mentioned, would be insufferably tedious, as I should be reduced to copy whole pages of what the commonest school-book will supply.

VER. 390. *When they devoted, &c.*] It was anciently supposed, that if the leader of an army would consent to DEVOTE, or sacrifice, himself to Earth and the infernal deities, the misfortunes which might otherwise befal his party would, by that pious and patriotic act, be transferred to his enemies. The form of devotement, which is very solemn and awful, is to be found in Livy; as is the story of the Decii, who, father, son, and grandson, all fell in this manner, glorious but mistaken sacrifices to the interests of their country.

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And, by those solemn acts, redeem'd from fate,
Confederates, legions, the whole Latian state:
More priz'd than all they sav'd, in heaven's just estimate.

The last good king of Rome a bondmaid bore;
And yet he dignified the crown he wore.

The Consul's sons, (e'en his, who set us free
From lawless lust, and pride, and tyranny,)
Who, while the recent storm yet shook the state,
And Tarquin thunder'd vengeance at the gate,
Should, to confirm the labours of their sire,
Have dar'd what Cocles, Mutius, might admire,
And she who mock'd the javelins whistling round,
And swam the Tiber, then the empire's bound;—

This was not, as the commentators fancy, a superstitious reverie peculiar to the Romans; it prevailed also in Greece, where it was, in better times, frequently acted upon, as the fate of Menœceus, Codrus, and others, sufficiently proves.

VER. 395. *The last good king of Rome a bondmaid bore.*] *Ancillâ natus;* Juvenal is sufficiently complaisant to the good king: for it appears from the best authorities, that he was not only born of a servant, but of a servant born of a servant; the lowest degree of servitude. Livy pleasantly makes him descended from a captive maid; so does Dryden in the passage before us: undoubtedly a princess in disguise:

"Regium certe genus, et penates
"Mœret iniquos!"

VER. 403. *And she who mock'd, &c.*] This was Clelia, one of the hostages who made her escape from Porsenna. Madan thinks that the slave mentioned

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The Consul's sons, leagued basely to betray
Their country to the Exiles' hated sway:
While a poor slave their dark designs disclos'd;
For which, when low on earth his head repos'd,
The grateful matrons wept him: while all Rome
Follow'd with execrations to the tomb,
The high-born pair; just forfeits of the laws,
And the first sacrifice to Freedom's cause.
I'd rather far Thersites gave thee birth,
So thou wert like Achilles, first in worth,
Than that Achilles should thy father be,
And in his derogate son a mere Thersites see.
And yet, how high soe'er thy pride may trace
The long-forgotten founders of thy race,
Still must the search with that Asylum end,
From whose polluted source we all descend.
Haste then, th' inquiry haste, secure to find
Thy sire some vagrant slave, some bankrupt hind,
Some—but I mark the kindling glow of shame,
And will not shock thee with a baser name.

in the next lines, was bewailed by the matrons "as the sad cause of their sons' death." He seems to have a very incompetent idea of the matrons of that early age: they bewailed him as one of their patrons; they bewailed him in short, as they did Brutus, and the other assertors of their liberty.

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SATIRE IX.

Argument.

NO part of Juvenal's works has given such offence as this Satire; in which, he is accused of speaking too openly of that most execrable practice, in which the ancients, to their eternal shame, so freely indulged.

Vice, as Pope has well observed,

> " Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
> " That to be hated, needs but to be seen;"

but we fear to strip her, and thus conceal half her enormity. Juvenal had no such apprehensions: he, therefore, exhibits her in all the deformity of nakedness, and the spectacle strikes us with disgust and horror. Far from him was the idea of corrupting the heart, of inflaming the passions, by a partial exposure of the profligacy he pretends to censure: no, his aim was direct, and his immediate purpose, to impress the minds of others with the same loathing he felt himself for a crime, which to name is to condemn.

This is no place to enter into the disputes respecting the propriety of his object: granting it, however, to be legitimate, he will be universally allowed to have pursued it with no ordinary degree of dexterity and success.

The Satire consists of a dialogue between himself and one Nævolus, an enfranchised slave; a poor wretch, who, from a kind of

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jester or dabbler in small wit for a meal, had become what is called a man of pleasure; and thence, by a regular gradation, a dependant of some wealthy debauchee (here named Virro,) who made him subservient to his unnatural passions: and in return, starved, insulted, hated, despised, and discarded him! This miserable object Juvenal rallies with infinite spirit, on his disconsolate appearance; and, by an affected ignorance of the cause, engages him to enter into a detailed account of his infamous life. The gravity with which this is done constitutes, in the opinion of Gibbon, the whole pleasantry of the Satire. Pleasantry is not the word. There is a loathsomeness in Nævolus's part of the dialogue, which, though admirably calculated for the end our author had in view, never yet excited one agreeable sensation; and, in that of Juvenal, a vein of keen and sarcastic ridicule, that may provoke indignation, but cannot create mirth. This, however, is far from being the only merit of the piece; it has many beautiful, and many moral passages, exclusive of the grand and important lesson, which, whether Juvenal meant it or not, it is our duty to gather from it; that a life of sin is a life of slavery, that those who embrace it for the sake of profit, are deluded in their expectations from day to day, till in age they sigh to be emancipated from that state of misery which they voluntarily adopted, and from which, while they view it with eyes of anguish and despair, they have no longer strength or resolution to fly: therefore, in the words of Divine Wisdom, "they shall eat of the fruits of their own way, and be filled with "their own devices."

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SATIRE IX.

v. 1—12.

JUV. WHAT all amort, good Nævolus! O say,
What means this shew of grief from day to day,
This copy of flay'd Marsyas? what dost thou
With such a length of face, and such a brow,
As Ravola wore, when his bedabbled beard
Was caught of late, where—all the world has heard?
Not Pollio look'd so rueful, so cast down,
What time he trudg'd through every street in town,
And proffering treble rate, found not one friend,
One usurer, indiscreet enough to lend.
But seriously, (for thine's a serious case,)
How came those sudden wrinkles in thy face?

VER. 3. *This copy of flay'd Marsyas?*] The story of Marsyas, who was overcome by Apollo in a musical contest, and afterwards flayed alive by him for his presumption, is known to every school-boy. Juvenal here alludes to a very celebrated statue of this baffled champion, which stood in the Forum, so that the comparison must have been sufficiently striking.

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I knew thee once, a gay light-hearted slave,
Contented with the little fortune gave;
A sprightly guest, of every table free,
And fam'd for modish wit and repartee.
Now all's revers'd: dejected is thy mien,
Thy locks are like a tangled thicket seen;
And every limb, once smooth'd with nicest care,
Rank with neglect, a shrubbery of hair!
What dost thou with that dull, dead, wither'd look,
Like some old debauchee, long ague-shook?
All is not well within; for still we find
The face the unerring index of the mind,
And as this feels or fancies joys or woes,
That pales with sorrow, or with rapture glows.
What must I think? too sure, the scene is chang'd,
And thou, from thy old course of life estrang'd:
For late, as I remember, at all haunts
Where dames of fashion flock to hire gallants,

VER. 7. *Not Pollio, &c.*] We find this liberal-hearted gentleman again in the eleventh Satire; but his circumstances do not seem to have improved in the interval, for he is there reduced to pawn his last article of value for a dinner.

VER. 23. ——————*for still we find*
The face the unerring index of the mind,] So Ovid, *in vultu pignora mentis habet:* and Achilles Tatius more fully. Ὁ γὰρ νοῦς ὅ μοι δοκεῖ λελεχθαι καλῶς εἶναι ἀόρατον· τὸ παρὰ ταῦτ' φαίνεται γὰρ ἀκριβῶς, ὡς ἐν κατοπτρῳ, ἐν τῷ προσώπῳ. Am. Clit. lib. VI.

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At Isis, and at Ganimede's abodes,
At Cybele's, dread mother of the gods,
Nay, at chaste Ceres, (for at shame they spurn,
And e'en her temples now to brothels turn,)
None was so fam'd: the favourites of the town,
Baffled alike in business and renown,
Murmuring retired; wives, daughters, were thy own,
And, if the truth must come, not they alone.

NÆV. Right: and to some this trade has answer'd yet:
But not to me; for what is all I get?

VER. 31. *At Isis, and at Ganimede's abodes,*
At Cybele's, &c.] This enumeration of temples consecrated to the purposes of debauchery, presents a frightful picture of the state of morals at Rome. It must be confessed, indeed, that the name of some of those deities, does not suggest the idea of much purity in their votaries: we need not, therefore, be greatly surprised at the use which was made of the temple of Ganimede, or of Cybele, or of Isis, who, as Ovid says, had made many women what she herself was to Jupiter: but that Ceres, the patroness of chastity, whose fillets it was unlawful for any suspected person to bind, or even to touch, that her temple should be prostituted to the same shameful purposes, sufficiently proves that the city must now have been in the last stage of depravity.

This horrible desecration did not escape the notice of the first Christians, who speak of it with an indignant freedom, not unworthy of Juvenal himself. *Ubi autem,* says Minucius Felix, *magis à sacerdotibus quam inter aras et delubra conducuntur stupra, tractantur lenocinia, adulteria meditantur? frequentiùs denique in edituorum cellulis quam in ipsis lupanaribus flagrans libido defungitur!* And Tertullian, whom he seems to have had in view, *Cæterum si adjiciam, quæ non minus conscientia omnium recognoscent, in templis adulteria componi, inter aras lenocinia tractari, in ipsis plerumque edituorum et sacerdotum tabernaculis, sub iisdem vittis, et apicibus, et purpuris, thure flagrante, libidinem expungi, &c.*

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A drugget cloak, to save my gown from rain,
Coarse in its texture, dingy in its grain,
And a few pieces of the "second vein!"
Fate governs all. Fate, with full power, presides
E'en o'er those parts which modest nature hides;
And little, if her genial influence fail,
Will vigour stead, or boundless powers avail.
Though Virro, gloating on thy naked charms,
Foam with desire, and woo thee to his arms,
With many a soothing, many a flattering phrase;—
For your curs'd pathics have such winning ways!
But mark this prodigy, this mass impure
Of lust and avarice! "Let's," he cries, "be sure:
I've given thee this, and this;—now count the sums,
(He counts, and woos the while,) look, love! it comes

VER. 43. ——————— *of the "second vein!"*] *Veneque secundæ, i. e.* says Grangæus, *quod nostri non amplius argentum vocant, sed* billon. Silver adulterated with brass below the standard; base metal, in short.

VER. 44. *Fate governs all.*] *Etiam,* says Farnaby, pleasantly enough, *etiam στωικιζει cinædus iste scarabæus!* He does so; and it is in character. I see no reason, therefore, to give these reflections, as some do, to Juvenal.

VER. 51. *For your curs'd pathics, &c.*] This verse, in the original, is parodied from a line in the Odyssey—αυτῳ γαρ αφελκεται ανδρα σιδηρῳ; which had, before this, been imitated, as Rigaltius observes, in the following epigram:

Μαγνης Ἡρακλειτῳ εμοι τοδε· φησι σιδηρον
Πετρῳ, πνευμα δ' εμον καλλει αφελκομενῳ.

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To five sestertia, five! now, look again,
And see how much it overpays thy pain."
" What! 'overpays?' " is it then nothing, pray,
To rake into the filth of yesterday?"—
" But thou, forsooth, art fair, and form'd for love,
And worthy of the cup and couch of Jove!"
Will they relieve a client, they who grudge
A doit to feed the miserable drudge
That toils in their disease?—behold, my friend,
The reverend youth, to whom we presents send
Upon the female calends, or the day
That gave him birth; in what a lady-way
He takes our favours, as he lies in state,
And sees adoring crouds besiege his gate!
Insatiate sparrow! whom does thy estate,
Thy numerous hills, thy numerous vales await;
Manors, which such a tract of land embrace,
That kites are tir'd within the unmeasur'd space?
For thee the purple vine luxuriant glows,
On Trifoline's plain, and on Misenus' brows;

VER. 66. *Upon the female calends, &c.*] He speaks of the Matronalia, a festival instituted in honour of the women, for their meritorious exertions in putting an end to the Sabine war. (See Sat. VI. v. 249.) It fell on the first of March, which, therefore, Juvenal elegantly calls the Female Calends. On this day, as well as on their birth-day, the ladies sat at home " in great solemnity," and received from their husbands, admirers, and friends, such presents as were peculiarly adapted to their sex. The satire here is obvious.

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And hollow Gaurus, from his fruitful hills,
Thy spacious vaults with generous nectar fills.
What were it then, a few poor roods to grant
To one so worn with letchery and want?
Sure yonder female, with the child she bred,
The dog their play-mate, and their little shed,
Had with more justice been conferr'd on me,
Than on a cymbal-beating debauchee.
" I'm troublesome;" you say, when I apply,
" And give, give, give! is my eternal cry."—
But house-rent due, solicits to be paid,
But my sole slave, importunate for bread,
Follows me, clamouring in as loud a tone
As Polyphemus, when his guest was flown.

VER. 88. ——— *clamouring in as loud a tone*
As Polyphemus, &c.

" ——— appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi
" Lata acies, postquam solers evasit Ulysses."

Postquam is the reading of Grangæus for *per quam*, and, as I think, the true one. Those who are curious to see how strangely men can wander on a plain subject, may turn to Holyday, who has collected the opinions of the critics on this passage. Rigaltius, the learned Rigaltius, as he calls him, supposes Nævolus to mean, that the eye of Polyphemus was so broad, that Ulysses escaped through it! This they all allow to be very foolish; but then they say, it is quite in character, and suitable to the stupidity of Nævolus. But Nævolus is not stupid: he appears to me to be a kind of rustic Polonius; with faculties, indeed, somewhat confused, and enfeebled by a long course of execrable

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Nor will this one suffice; my work's too great:
Another must be had, and both must eat.
What shall I say, when cold December blows,
And their bare limbs shrink at the driving snows,
What shall I say their drooping hearts to cheer?
"Be merry, boys, the spring will soon be here!"
But though my other merits you deny,
One yet you must allow—that had not I,
I, your devoted client, lent my aid,
Your wife had to this hour remain'd a maid.
You know what motives urg'd me to the deed,
And what you promis'd, could I but succeed:—
Oft in my arms the flying fair I caught,
And back to your cold bed reluctant brought,
E'en when she'd cancell'd all her former vows,
And now was signing to another spouse.
What pains it cost to set this matter right,
While you stood whimpering at the door all night,
I spare to tell:—a friend, like me, has tied
Full many a knot when ready to divide.

debauchery, but with a brain still "crammed with strange places of observation, the which he quotes."

To return to the original. There is, I fancy, no great violence done to the Latin idiom, in rendering *lata acies Polyphemi*, the broad-eyed Polyphemus: the rest is clear enough. Juvenal who frequently amuses himself with the hyperboles of Homer, has a little fling here, not much to the credit of his taste,

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Where will you turn you now, sir? whither fly?
What to my charges first, or last, reply?
Is it no merit, none, ungrateful! none
To give you thus a daughter, or a son,
Whom you may breed with credit at your board,
And prove yourself a man upon record?
Haste, with triumphal wreaths your gates adorn;
You're now a father, and no theme for scorn:
My care has ta'en the opprobrium from your name,
And stopt the babbling of malicious fame.
A parent's rights you now may proudly share,
Now thank my industry, be nam'd an heir;
Take now the whole bequest, and what beside;
From lucky windfalls, may in time betide;

perhaps at the bellowing of the Cyclops after his eye was put out:—and this is the whole purport of the comparison.

VER. 115. *And prove yourself a man upon record?*] He alludes to the public registers, in which parents were obliged to set down the names of their children, a few days after their births. These registers were kept in the temple of Saturn, where they were open to all; and as, besides births, they contained records of marriages, divorces, deaths, and other occurrences of the year, they were of singular use to the historian, antiquary, &c.

VER. 120. *A parent's rights, &c.*] This and the five following lines can only be understood by a reference to the *Lex Papia Poppæa*, (already mentioned in the sixth Satire,) which was introduced at the desire of Augustus, for the sake of extending the provisions of the *Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus*. By this law, it was provided, amongst other things; First, that persons living in a state

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With other blessings, if I but repeat
My pains, and make the number three complete."

JUV. Nay, thou hast reason to complain, I feel:
But what says Virro?

NÆV. Not a syllable;

of celibacy, should not succeed to an inheritance,* except in cases of very near relationship, unless they married in somewhat more than three months from the death of the testator. Second, that, if a married person had no child, a tenth part, and, in some cases, a much greater proportion of what was bequeathed him, should fall to the exchequer. Virro was no longer in this situation; he had a child, and was, therefore, capable of the "whole bequest." Third, that those who at Rome had "three children" lawfully born in wedlock, in the other parts of Italy four, and in the provinces five, should be intitled to various privileges and immunities; of which the principal were, an exemption from the trouble of wardship, a priority in bearing offices, and a treble proportion of grain on the customary distributions.

What Juvenal calls windfalls, were those unexpected legacies which were left a person on certain conditions, such as those of being married, having children, &c. (which were all settled by the same law,) and in default of which the whole went to the prince.

The avowed purpose of these and similar clauses, was to promote population, at a time when Italy had been thinned by a long succession of civil wars; and certainly they were well calculated to answer the end. They were, however, abused, like every other salutary regulation: and the most important of them, the *jus trium liberorum*, (or the privilege annexed to having three children,) was frequently granted not only to those who had no children, but even to those who were never married! If the reader wish for more, he may turn to the Excursus of Lipsius on the Ann. of Tacit. lib. III. c. 25; where he will find every thing that can be said on the subject.

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* Many of the Romans, says Plutarch, in a very striking passage, marry and beget children, not so much for the sake of having heirs, as to enable themselves to be the heirs of others! Ῥωμαιων πολλοι γαμουσι καὶ γιγνονται, ουχ' ἱνα κληρονομους ἐχωσιν, αλλ' ἱνα κληρονομειν δυνωνται.

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But while my wrongs and I unnoticed pass,
Hunts out some other drudge, some two-legg'd ass.
Enough:—and never, on your life, make known
The secret, I have told to you alone;
But let my injuries, undivulg'd, still rest
Within the closet chamber of your breast:
How the discovery might be borne, none knows—
And your smooth pathics are such fatal foes!
Virro, who trusts me still, may soon repent,
And hate me for the confidence he lent;
With fire and sword my wretched life pursue,
As if I'd blabb'd already all I knew.
Sad situation mine! for, in your ear,
The rich can never buy revenge too dear;

VER. 138. *With fire, &c.*] As I would have the reader pass as lightly over this Satire as possible, I have studiously avoided detaining him by notes, &c.; I cannot, however, resist the temptation of laying before him one short specimen of the perverse pruriency of the old critics. What I have translated "fire," is, in the original, *candelam apponere valvis*; a simple phrase, hardly possible to be misunderstood, for setting a house on fire: yet hear Domitius Calderinus; *apponere candelam valvis*, i. e. *produci, hoc supplicii genus notavit Catullus:*

"Ah, tum te miserum malique fati,
"Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,
"Percurrent raphanique, mugilesque!"

Patentem portam dixit Catullus, ut valvam Juvenalis. Upon which Britannicus remarks with surprising gravity; *domum accendere adhibitâ candelâ; hoc magis placet quam ut intelligas candelam per inferiora immissam: illud enim minime letale esset supplicium!*

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And—but enough: be cautious, I entreat,
And secret as the Athenian judgment-seat.
JUV. And dost thou seriously believe, fond swain,
The actions of the great unknown remain!
Poor Corydon! e'en beasts would silence break,
And stocks and stones, if servants did not, speak.
Bolt every door, stop every cranny tight,
Close every window, put out every light;
Let not a whisper reach th' attentive ear,
No noise, no motion; let no soul be near;
Yet all that pass'd at the cock's second crow,
The nearest vintner shall ere day-break know,
With what besides the cook's and carver's brain,
Subtly malicious, can in vengeance feign:
For thus they glory, with licentious tongue,
To quit the harsh command, and galling thong.
Though these be mute, some drunkard in the streets
Will pour out all he knows, to all he meets,
Force thee unwilling, the long tale to hear,
And with his stories drench thy hapless ear.

VER. 156. *For thus they glory, with licentious tongue, &c.*]

——————μαλα γ' εισοπλειν δοκω
Οταν καταφασωμοι λαθρα τω δεσποτη. *Ranæ, v. 737.*

and in allusion, I suppose, to this trick of the servants avenging themselves of their masters, with their licentious tongues, Menander calls them γλωσσασωιδας, *quod linguâ se tanquam scuto defendant.*

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Go now, and earnestly of these request,
To lock, like me, the secret in their breast;
Alas! they heed thee not, and will not sell
The dear, dear privilege to see and tell,
For more stol'n wine than late Saufeia bouz'd,
When, for the people's safety, she—carouz'd.
LIVE VIRTUOUSLY—thus many a reason cries,
But chiefly this, that so thou may'st despise
Thy servants' tongues; for, take this truth from me,
'Tis the bad slave's worst part; yet worse is he,
The lord, whose actions keep him still in dread
Of the domestic spies who eat his bread.
NÆV. Well have you taught, how we may best disdain
Th' envenom'd babbling of our household train;

VER. 166. *For more stol'n wine than late Saufeia bouz'd, &c.*] Stolen waters, says Solomon, are sweet. Juvenal seems to have thought the same of stolen wines.—The Saufeia here mentioned, who turned a religious institution into a drinking-bout, and intoxicated herself, while she was sacrificing to the Bona Dea for the safety and prosperity of the people, is undoubtedly the person introduced in the sixth Satire, v. 493. The poet does not forget her love of wine, for there too, she is prepared by previous intoxication, for the infamous scene in which she appears.

It may not be improper to remark, that the propensity of the women for wine was so strong, that it was found necessary to prevent their officiating at any of the sacred rites, (at which wine was always used,) after night-fall, by an express law. The only exception was this before us, to the Bona Dea; and we see how it was abused. Cicero gives us the words of the prohibition: *nocturna mulierum sacrificia ne sunto, præter olla, quæ pro populo rite fiant.* But see Sat. XII.

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But this is general, and to all applies :—
What, in my proper case, would you advise,
After such hopes, such expectations crost,
And so much time in vain dependance lost?
For youth, too transient flower, (of life's short day
The shortest part,) but blossoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in Pleasure's bower,
The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!

Juv. Tut! fear not: thou canst never seek in vain
A pathic friend, while these seven hills remain;
Hither in crouds the master-misses come
From every point, as to their proper home.
One hope has fail'd; another may succeed:
Do thou, meanwhile, on hot eringo feed.

Næv. Tell this to happier men; the Fates ne'er meant
Such luck for me; my Clotho is content,
When all my toil a bare subsistence gains,
And fills my belly by my back and reins.

Ver. 179. *For youth, too transient flower, &c.*]

————μινυθα δε γιγνεται ἡβης
Καρτος, ὁσον τ' εστι γην κιδνανται ηελιος. *Minner.*

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O, my poor Lares! dear domestic powers!
To whom I come with incense, cakes and flowers,
When shall my prayers, so long preferr'd in vain,
Acceptance find? O, when shall I obtain
Enough to free me from the constant dread
Of life's worst ill, gray hairs and want of bread?
On mortgage, eight-score pounds a year complete,
A little plate, which yet, for over-weight,
Fabricius would have censur'd; a stout pair
Of hireling Mæsians, to support my chair
In the throng'd Circus: add to these, one slave
Well skill'd to paint, another to engrave;
And I—but let me give these day-dreams o'er,
Wish as I may, I ever shall be poor;
For when to Fortune I prefer my prayers,
Th' obdurate goddess stops at once her ears
With that same wax which serv'd Ulysses' crew,
When by the Sirens' rocks and songs they flew,
False songs, and treacherous rocks, which still to ruin drew.

VER. 203. *A little plate, which yet, for overweight,*
Fabricius would have censur'd; &c.] Livo tells us that C. Fabricius, when censor, removed Rufinus, who had been twice consul, and once dictator, from the senate, because he had in his possession more than ten pounds weight of plate: "esteeming this," as Holyday says, "as a notorious ensample of luxury."

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SATIRE X.

Argument.

THE subject of this inimitable Satire is the Vanity of Human Wishes. The poet takes his stand on the great theatre of the world, and summons before him the illustrious characters of all ages. As they appear in succession, he shews, from the principal events of their lives, how little happiness is promoted, by the attainment of what our indistinct and bounded views represent, as the most perfect of earthly blessings. Of these, he instances wealth, power, eloquence, military glory, and personal accomplishments; all of which have, as he observes, proved dangerous or destructive to their respective possessors. From hence, he argues the wisdom of acquiescing in the dispensations of Heaven; and concludes with a form of prayer, in which he points out, with great force and beauty, the objects for which a rational being may presume to approach the Almighty.

The commentators suppose Juvenal to have had the second Alcibiades of Plato, or the *Hunc Macrine diem*, of Persius, in his thoughts; it is probable he had both: he has taken nothing from them, however, but the general idea; the filling up is entirely his own, and it is done with a boldness of imagery, an awful and impressive sublimity of style and manner, of which it would perhaps be difficult to find another example in any merely human composition.

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SATIRE X.

v. 1—11.

IN every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light, or good or evil, see.—
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
That, when achiev'd, we do not wish undone?
The Gods have heard, with too indulgent ears,
And crush'd whole families beneath their prayers.
Bewilder'd thus, by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state:

VER. 5. *For what, with reason, do we seek or shun? &c.*] This is beautifully alluded to by Shakspeare, who, without knowing any thing, perhaps, of our author, frequently falls into his train of thinking:

——————" We ignorant of ourselves,
" Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
" Deny us for our good; so find we profit
" By losing of our prayers."

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A copious tide, a full and rapid flow
Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low;
E'en strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and in the trial dies.
But heaps of wealth have still more dangerous prov'd,
(Too anxiously amass'd, too fondly lov'd,)
Heaps, which o'er common fortunes proudly rise,
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
Hence, in those dreadful times, at Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous sword,
Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
And seiz'd the rich domain, and lordly seat;
While sweetly in their cock-lofts slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at their door.
The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and makes his way by stealth;

VER. 14. ——————*Milo tries*
His wondrous arms, &c.] The story of Milo is told in two words by Roscommon:

" ——————— Remember Milo's end,
" Wedg'd in the timber which he strove to rend."

VER. 26. *The traveller, &c.*] *Pauca licèt portes, &c.* This, which all the translators take for an imaginary case, I believe to be an historical fact. The poet is still speaking of Nero's time, and he alludes to the cautious practice of those who, being in possession of a few valuables, wished to remove them without being seen:—*nocte iter ingressus;* even thus, they trembled for their safety. The rapacity of Nero is again noticed in the twelfth Satire, which see.

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E'en then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts at every rush's waving shade:
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.
The first great wish we all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is gold, gold, gold! "O give us gold, ye powers,
"And let our neighbour's coffer yield to ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
Dread then the baneful draught, when at thy lip
The goblet mantles, grac'd with gems divine,
And the broad gold inflames the Setine wine.
And do we now admire the stories told
Of the two sages, so renown'd of old;
How This for ever laugh'd, when'er he stept
Across the threshold; That, for ever wept?
But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears,
What source supplied the eternal stream of tears!

VER. 42. *How This for ever laugh'd, &c.*] "To believe," Holyday says, "that Heraclitus did continually weep, may well deserve to be laugh'd at." He has a long anatomical note, however, to prove that if he did not, it was not from any natural deficiency of tears; but neither did Democritus continually laugh. How these two men came to be distinguised by the names of the laughing and the crying Philosophers, I know not; they certainly did not deserve such trifling appellations. Democritus in particular, was a man of very extraordinary talents: and unless some perverted, or exaggerated notions, respecting the nature of his scepticism, led the vulgar to form so silly an opinion of him, it will

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Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook,
Though in his days, O Thrace! thy simple towns
No fasces, litters knew, no purple gowns.—
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque conspicuous far,

be difficult to account for this singular degradation of the first philosopher of his age.* As for Heraclitus, he was a stern and rigid moralist of what was afterwards called, the Stoic school; as little likely to cry upon all occasions, as the other to laugh. This, however, was not Juvenal's concern; he had only to do with the qualities commonly assigned them; and it must be granted, that he has made an admirable use of both, particularly of those allotted to Democritus.

VER. 50. *What! had he seen, in his triumphal car, &c.*] He describes the procession of the Prætor to open the Circensian games. It was not, I believe, altogether so absurd as it is here represented, for Juvenal has confounded it with a triumph, from which it differed in two or three circumstances. The "vest of Jove," indeed, was borrowed of the god for a day, for the Prætor, as well as for the victorious general; the "tapestry of the *toga*" too, was common to both; but the crown and the slave were appropriated solely, I think, to the latter.

The imperial ensign, (the ivory sceptre surmounted with an eagle,) seems as much out of its place here, as most of the other accompaniments; it was however too important a gew-gaw to be left behind; for, as Prudentius tells us,

"Aquilâ ex eburnâ sumit arrogantiam
"Gestator ejus, ac superbit belluæ
"Inflatus osse."———

* This praise, however, must not go forth unqualified. He was the father of all that desolating philosophy which, placing the senses in the room of reason, tends to extinguish science, while it encourages personal gratifications.

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The Prætor perch'd aloft, superbly drest
In Jove's gay tunic, with a trailing vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Which a poor slave supports, ordain'd to ride
In the same car, forsooth, to check his pride!
Add too, the ivory sceptre in his hands,
The trumpeters, and the dependant bands
That stalk before him; add the friends in white,
That lead his steeds, allur'd to grace the sight,
By the fond prospect of a dole at night!
Yes, in those times, in every varied scene
The good old man found matter for his spleen:
A wondrous Sage! whose story makes it clear,
That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,

Upon the whole, this heterogeneous jumble of unwieldy magnificence had enough of ridicule in it to provoke the spleen of a much less risible spectator than Democritus is supposed to be.

VER. 66. ——————— *in folly's atmosphere, &c.*] Democritus was born at Abdera, a town of Thrace, proverbial, it seems, for the stupidity of its inhabitants.

Bœotia lay under the same, or even a worse reproach: it was the country of "hogs," Βοιοτιαν υν, as the other was of "sheep." Pindar, who was a Bœotian, seems a little mortified at the proverb. He of all men, had the least reason for, it; for, though there might be better poets, there certainly was not a wiser or a better man in any of the states around him.

I recollect an old French epitaph, which says,

"Guillaume de Machault, ainsi avoie nom,
"Né en Champagne fus, et si eu grand renom!"

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Beneath Bœotian fogs, of soul sublime,
And great examples to the coming time.
He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar cares,
Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears;
Himself, the while, would mock at Fortune's frown,
And when she threaten'd, bid her hang or drown.
Learn hence, that when we crowd each sacred shrine,
And fix our tablets on the powers divine,
Dangerous or useless favours we require,
And grow most wretched through our own desire.
What crowds by envied POWER, the wish of all,
Are hurl'd from high; press'd, in their rapid fall,
By cumbrous names!—the statues tumbled down,
And dragg'd by hooting thousands through the town;
The cars upturn'd, the wheels to shivers broke,
And the steeds fractur'd by the axe's stroke!—

Champaigne then, is the Abdera of France; and indeed most countries have some reprobate spot, to which its courteous neighbours, *uno ore*, assign the exclusive privilege of producing bell-wethers. I do not pretend to know the Abdera of England; my readers, I fear, have been sometimes inclined to fancy it must be Ashburton.

VER. 74. *And fix our tablets on the powers divine,*] "It was the manner of the ancients," Holyday says, "when they made their vows to the gods, to write them in paper, (and some in waxen tables,) seal them up, and with wax, fasten them to the *knees* of the gods;) or to the *thighs* of them, (for so Apuleius speaks,) the ancients counting *that* the seat of mercy. When their desires were granted, the manner was to take away the paper, tear it, and bring unto the

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Then roar the fires; the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus once so honour'd, so ador'd,
And only second to the world's great lord,

gods what they had promised." Substitute saints for gods, and the passage will accord with the practice in Catholic churches at this day.

VER. 84. *And all Sejanus in the furnace glows; &c.*] This instance of Sejanus is most happily chosen, since it exhibits at one view, not only the instability of court, but of popular, favour.

No subject ever ascended to such a height of power; none ever fell from it so rapidly into the abyss of disgrace and ruin. This is not the place for his history, but it may not be improper to call the readers attention to this picture of the unfeeling and barbarous versatility of the mob; a picture which for truth and humour has seldom, I think, been equalled.

To understand the little drama which follows, we must suppose one of those who had witnessed the commencement of Sejanus's punishment, to have hastened home to announce the intelligence, and prepare his public demonstrations of loyalty and joy. The dialogue passes between him and his neighbours.

With respect to Sejanus, it may be said of him, as it was of Lally, by Voltaire; he was one against whom every man had a right to lift his hand, but the executioner. During the full tide of his prosperity, nothing seems to have been too low for his malice. In the prologue to his third book of Fables, Phædrus, the obscure and inoffensive Phædrus, pathetically complains of having been unjustly accused by him: he survived, however, both the accusation, and the accuser, and in his story of Princeps Tibicen, gently retorts upon the fallen fortunes of his adversary.

I know not whether Pliny had this particular event in his thoughts; but he gives a very entertaining detail of the impotent vengeance exercised on the statues of disgraced favourites by the rabble. *Jvvabat illidere solo superbissimos vultus, instare ferro, sævire securibus, ut si singulos, ictus sanguis dolorque sequeretur. Nemo tam temperans gaudii, seræque lætitiæ, quin instar ultionis videretur cernere laceros artus, truncata membra, postremo truces horrendasque imagines abjectas excoctasque flammis, ut ex illo terrore et minis, in usum hominum ac voluptates, ignibus mutarentur.* Panegyr. cap. lii.

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Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
And such mean things, in pitchers, pots, and pans.
" Hang out your laurels, and of triumph full,
" Lead to the Capitol a milk-white bull;
" For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
" A joyful spectacle, is dragg'd along.
" What an ill-favour'd wretch! well, for my part,
" I never lov'd him—that is, in my heart.
" But tell me; why was he adjudg'd to bleed?
" And who discover'd, and who prov'd the deed?
" Prov'd? tush! a huge epistle came, they say,
" From Capreæ." Good! I'm satisfied: but pray,
" What think the people of their favourite's fate?"
They follow fortune as of old, and hate
With their whole souls the victim of the state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond desire,

VER. 97. ——————— *a huge epistle came, they say,*

" *From Capreæ,*" *&c.*] Dio sneers at the length of this epistle: and Suetonius calls it, *pudenda miserandaque oratio.* The truth is, that Tiberius, who, like Cromwell, was always too cunning to be clear, was at this time confounded by his fears, or at least pretended to be so; and therefore wrote " about it, and about it." Suetonius has preserved a sentence of this memorable address, which fully justifies the character he has given of it. Among other things Tiberius besought the senate, *mitterent alterum è consulibus, qui senem se, et solum in conspectum eorum, cum aliquo militari præsidio perduceret!* Tib. 65.

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And crush'd th' unwary prince, have all combin'd,
And hail'd Sejanus Master of mankind.
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanish'd from their thought;

VER. 103. *Had Nursia, &c.*] So the Tuscans called the Goddess Fortuna. As Sejanus was a Tuscan, Lipsius fancies there is some cleverness in giving her this name. Begging pardon, both of Lipsius and Juvenal, I think there is more pedantry.

VER. 106. *For since their votes, &c.*] There spoke the old republican! and indeed, it must be confessed, that if Juvenal sometimes lashes the tyranny of the chiefs, he at others treats the base and abject submission of the people with equal, if not superior, severity.

It is clear, that their power had been broken by the usurpations of Marius and Sylla; they still, however, retained a considerable degree of influence, and nominally gave, or rather sold, their suffrages, till the days of Julius Cæsar. That they were ripe for the slavery which awaited them, cannot be denied; for such was their corruption and rapacity, that they only inquired which of the candidates would bribe highest.

Cæsar, however, did not directly deprive the people of their suffrages, (*cruda adhuc servitute*, as Lipsius says,) he only took the nomination of the consuls upon himself, and left the choice, or rather the sale, of the inferior magistracies to them, upon condition that he should have the recommendation to one half! Suetonius has preserved his *congé délire*, and a very curious one it is, on many accounts. CÆSAR DICTATOR ILLI TRIBUI. *Commendo vobis illum, et illum, ut* VESTRO SUFFRAGIO *suam dignitatem teneant.* (Julius Cæsar, 41.) The reader may be sure that these recommendations were never overlooked: *preces erant*, as Tacitus says on another occasion, *sed quibus contradici non posset.*

Augustus seems somewhat to have enlarged the power of the people, which was again abridged by Tiberius, or rather taken quite away; *neque*, says the historian with honest indignation, *populus ademptum jus questus est nisi inani rumore.* Caligula, in a fit of popularity, shewed symptoms of re-establishing them in a part of their rights, which however came to nothing: this I think was

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And they who once, with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, every thing, away,
For two poor claims have long resign'd the whole,
And only ask,...the Circus and the Dole.
" But there are more to suffer." So 'tis said;
" So fierce a fire for one was never made.
" I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
" From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near;
" Heavens! if the baffled Ajax once be led
" To deem our zeal too luke-warm,...we are sped.
" Swift then, let's fly our loyalty to show,
" And trample on the carcase of his foe:
" But hear me;—lest our slaves the fact forswear,
" And drag us to the bar, look they be there."
Thus of the favourite's fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper pass'd from man to man.
Lur'd by the splendour of his happier hour,
Wouldst thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power;

the last effort in their favour, and from this period they gradually, and indeed deservedly, sunk into insignificance and contempt.

It argues great courage in our author to reproach the Romans for their supineness; and must have been highly offensive to their rulers. About this however, he appears to be little solicitous; nay, I am persuaded that much of what he says here, is immediately levelled at Trajan, who had, about this time, transferred to the senate, or rather to himself, the very trifling degree of power which the people had hitherto been permitted to retain.

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See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
Give this to sway the army, that the state;
And keep a prince in ward, who sits the while,
With his Chaldean flock, in Capreæ's isle?
Yes, yes thou wouldst, (thy secret thoughts I see,)
Have cohorts, legions, armies, just as he;

VER. 129. ——————— *in Caprea's isle?*] *angustâ Caprearum in rupe*, as Juvenal happily expresses it. For *angusta* most of the copies have *augusta*, which, though an ingenious variation, appears to me to weaken the force of the satire. The long residence of Tiberius at Capreæ is too well known to be dwelt on here.

It may seem a little extraordinary that Tiberius, who, at a former period had driven the Chaldeans, (*i. e.* the astrologers,) out of Italy, nay, put some of them to death, should, in the decline of life, have secluded himself from the world to enjoy their society without molestation; but his conduct may be accounted for, from the condition of human nature. The multiplied cruelties that followed the fall of Sejanus, though they could not appease the ferocity, had yet alarmed the conscience, of this execrable monster: anguish and despair took possession of all his thoughts, and if we could for a moment suppose the damned permitted to make their "eternal blazon to ears of flesh and blood," we could not image terms of deeper horror for them, than those with which he begins one of his letters to the senate. *Quid scribam vobis P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam, hoc tempore, Dii me, Deæque pejus perdant, quam quotidie perire sentio, si scio.* Suet. Tiber. 67. In this state, dissatisfied with the present, and anxious for the future, his enfeebled and distracted mind clung for relief, to the wretched impostures of astrology, which it had formerly rejected; and endeavoured to divert the evils of to-day, by vague and senseless researches into the destiny of to-morrow. I have already remarked the strange inconsistency of atheism; Tiberius is a striking proof of it: *circa deos* (says Suet. 69,) *ac religiones negligentior; quippe addictus mathematicæ, persuasionisque plenus, cuncta fato agi, &c.* Dio has the same remark.

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'Tis nature this: e'en they who want the will,
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill.
And yet, what great delight can power bestow,
Since every joy is balanc'd by it's woe!
Or would'st thou, rather than assume the gown
Of him whom public rage dragg'd up and down,
At Gabii or Fidenæ laws propound,
For faulty measures, and for wares unsound,
And take the tarnish'd robe, and petty state,
Of poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?
You grant me then, Sejanus grossly err'd,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferr'd:
For when he rashly begg'd for too much power,
And too much wealth, he did but climb a tower

VER. 141. ——— *poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?*] *Pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris.* There were two kinds of Ædiles, (strictly speaking indeed, there were three,) the Curule, and the Plebeian: the first were officers of considerable power. It is the latter, however, of whom Juvenal now speaks, and with whose imaginary importance he delights, on all occasions, to sport. They were chosen, as their name imports, out of the commons or plebeians, and had the care of weights and measures, of markets and provisions, the determination of petty cases, the inspection of the roads, the overseeing of the theatres, &c. In little municipalities, such as Fidenæ, Gabii, and Ulubræ, they were probably the only magistrates. We have nothing precisely like them in this country; but in the Italian villages, they still subsist, as ragged and consequential as ever, under the name of Podestas. The "tarnished robe," which was probably an heir-loom attached to the office, is finely contrasted with the *prætexta*, or purple gown of Sejanus.

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Of giddy height, a heavier fall to prove,
Hurl'd with tremendous ruin from above!
What wrought the Pompeys, what the Crassi's doom,
And his, who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome,
But power supreme, obtain'd by force or fraud,
And boundless vows heard by some angry god?
For few th' ambitious chiefs who breathe in peace,
Till wearied nature sends a kind release.
The urchin, whom a slave conducts to school,
Has scarce acquir'd his first and earliest rule,
Ere ardent hopes his little bosom seize,
To rival Tully and Demosthenes
In eloquence and fame: for this he prays,
And plagues Minerva through her sacred days.

VER. 145. ——— *he did but climb a tower*
Of giddy height, &c.] The thought is from Horace:

" ——— excelsæ graviore casu
" Decidunt turres."———

but wonderfully heightened and improved by our author; who has, in his turn, found many imitators.

VER. 149. *And his &c.*] Julius Cæsar's. The Crassi, (father and son,) seem rather to have fallen sacrifices to their avarice, than their ambition.

VER. 159. *And plagues Minerva through her sacred days.*] He speaks of the Quinquatria; a festival kept in honour of Minerva, as the patroness of the arts and sciences. It began on the nineteenth of March, and lasted, as the name imports, for five days, during which the schools were shut up.

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Yet both these orators, in evil hours,
Prov'd the sad victims of persuasive powers;
Both found it fatal to harangue too well,
And that by steel, and this by poison, fell:
While meaner speakers unmolested stood,
Nor smear'd the rostrum with their wretched blood.
" O happy Rome! that happen'd to be sav'd
" By me, her consul, sole."———

VER. 163. *And that by steel, &c.*] Cicero was murdered by the second triumvirate. Antony, whom Juvenal supposes to have been particularly irritated by the second Philippic, dispatched a band of assassins after him, who overtook him as he was proceeding to the sea-side. He made no resistance, but looking sternly on the leader, whose life he had formerly saved, and thrusting his neck as forward as he could out of the litter, he bade him take what he wanted. The ungrateful wretch cut off his head, and his hands, and carried them to Antony, who rewarded him for the agreeable present, with a civic crown! and a large sum of money. The head was fixed on the Rostra, between the two hands, (where, as we find from Florus, the people ran as eagerly to see his relics, as formerly to hear his eloquence,) a piece of impotent revenge, which, not long after, recoiled on the author of it.

Speaking of Antonius, (the grandfather of the triumvir,) who fell in the bloody proscription of Sylla, Cicero has an observation of striking singularity: *in his ipsis rostris in quibus ille remp. constantissime consul defenderat, positum caput illud fuit, a quo erant multorum civium capita servata!* Never could it be more truly said,

" ———— mutato nomine, de te
" Fabula narratur."————

VER. 166. " *O happy Rome! that happened, &c.*] *O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam.* I have attempted to give the English reader some idea of the construction of this well known verse of Cicero's, but not, I think, with much

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Such had his pleadings been, no haughty lord
Had deem'd the jingle worthy of his sword:
Yet such would I prefer, the scorn of Rome,
To that Philippic which provok'd his doom,

success. Most of my predecessors seem to have thought it necessary to translate it into nonsense, or load it with the most barbarous tautology: this, however, is paying but an ill compliment to one of the greatest men "that ever lived in the tide of times," and is, besides, as unjust as it is impertinent.

It appears notwithstanding, that this line, or some one like it, had been made the subject of ridicule during the author's life. In the second Philippic, after severely retorting upon Antony, he adds,—*nec vero tibi de versibus respondebo; tantum dicam breviter neque illos, neque ullas te omnino literas nosse.* This, I suppose, is "the reply churlish; when, instead of answering an adversary, you disable his judgment:" what he subjoins, however, is a noble apology for his lighter studies.

I doubt whether Cicero's poetry, generally speaking, deserved the epithet, *(ridenda,)* which Juvenal has been pleased to affix to it: the verse in question, indeed, has long been the jest of small wits, and even the "mousing Martial hawks at it;" but there are many vigorous and elegant passages scattered amongst his works. After all, perhaps, it was the ME CONSULE, and not the *natam natam*, the vanity, and not the jingle, of the verse which provoked the sneers of his contemporaries.

Middleton has laboured to establish his poetical character. Plutarch, he says, reckons Cicero among the most eminent of the Roman poets; but Plutarch's judgment, in this matter, is of no great weight. To Quintilian's authority indeed, every one must subscribe, but not to Middleton's interpretation of it. *In carminibus utinam perpercisset quæ non desieruut carpere maligni.* "Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his censurers to a principle of malignity;" whereas he merely wishes that he had omitted some things, (evidently alluding to his boastings,) which furnished a constant subject of censure to his enemies. To conclude, his verse is only mean, when compared to his prose; and if he had not been the first of orators, no one would have been unjust enough to stile him the last of poets.

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That second burst, where eloquence divine
Pour'd on the ear from every nervous line.
And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw
His fierce democracy, at will, o'er awe;
Fell by a cruel death: some angry power
Scowl'd with dire influence on his natal hour.—
Blear'd with the glowing mass, the luckless sire,
From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
From tempering swords, his own more safe employ,
To study rhetoric sent his hopeful boy.
The spoils of WAR; the trunk in triumph placed,
And with the gleanings of the battle graced,
Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields; and streamers borne
From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn,
And captives rang'd around in mournful state,
Are priz'd as blessings scarcely known to fate;

VER. 174. *And he too fell, &c.*] Demosthenes, who poisoned himself to avoid falling into the hands of Antipater.

VER. 182. *The spoils of* WAR; *the trunk, &c.*] This, says Dryden, who translates the passage very carelessly, is a mock account of a Roman triumph! On the contrary, it is a serious account of the manner of raising a trophy on the field of battle, after a victory; which, as Holyday properly observes, "was by cutting down a tree, lopping off its branches, fixing it in the ground, and then hanging upon it the spoils taken from the enemy." But indeed the whole process is so admirably described in the text, that any further remarks on it are unnecessary.

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Fir'd with the love of these, what countless swarms,
Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
And madly conquer'd, or as madly died!
So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
The generous warmth which prompts to worthy deeds,
That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
Or woo her to their breast, without a dower.
Yet has this wild desire, in other days,
This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
Involv'd their country in one general doom:
Vain rage! the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
Strike through the marble, and...their memory dies;
For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
And with the dust they hide, are swept away.
Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:

VER. 194. *That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power, &c.*]

" Nec facile invenies multis in millibus unum,
" Virtutem pretium qui putet esse sui;
" Ipse decor recti, facti si præmia desint,
" Non movet et gratis pœnitet esse probum."

Ex Pont. lib. II. 3.

VER. 205. *And weigh the mighty dust, &c.*] I do not know that this was ever done; at least with regard to Hannibal; but in the the Statistical Account of

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And is this all! Yet THIS was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
Afric, outstretch'd from where the Atlantic roars,
To Nilus; from the Line, to Lybia's shores!
Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds;
Nature oppos'd her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps, and snows: through these he bursts his way,
And Italy already owns his sway——
Still thundering on...." think nothing done," he cries,
" Till low in dust our haughty rival lies;
" 'Till through her smoking streets I lead my powers,
" And plant my standard on her hated towers."
Big words! but view his figure, view his face:
O, for some master-hand the chief to trace,

Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as " the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible." Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL!

VER. 212. ——— *through these he bursts his way,*] In the original *et montem rupit aceto*, he rent the mountain with vinegar. Appian's account is Ελθων δε επι τα Αλπια ορη, κ. τ. α. " He came to the Alps, and finding an abundance of frost and snow there, he cut down the trees, burned them, and extinguished the glowing embers with vinegar and water (την δε τεφραν σβεσας ὑδατι και ὀξει); he then beat down the rock, thus softened, with sledges and so opened a passage." But see Mr. Whitaker's learned and ingenious work on this subject.

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As through the Etrurian swamps, by rains increas'd,
Spoil'd of an eye he flounc'd, on his Getulian beast!
But what ensued, illusive glory! say?—
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a foreign state,
With headlong haste; and, at a despot's gate
Sits, wond'rous suppliant! of his fate in doubt,
'Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.
Just to his fame, what death has Heaven assign'd
This great controller of all human kind?
Did hostile armies give the fatal wound,
Or mountains press him, struggling, to the ground?
No; three small drops, within a ring conceal'd,
Aveng'd the blood he pour'd on Cannæ's field!

VER. 232. —— *three small drops within a ring conceal'd,*
Aveng'd, &c.] Such was the end of Hannibal: the Romans, who never thought themselves secure while this great man was alive, no sooner heard that he had taken shelter at the court of Prusias, than they sent Q. Flaminius to demand him. Hannibal, who was well acquainted with the weakness of the Bythinian prince, and determined to die free, saw no other resource, but swallowing poison; which, to be prepared against the worst, he always carried with him in the hollow of a ring!

To the question in v. 228, I think Hannibal might have replied, with Arbaces:

" Why should you that have made me stand in war
" Like fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,
" Decree such an unworthy end to me,
" And all my glories?" *King and no King.*

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Go madman, go! the paths of fame pursue,
Climb other Alps, and other realms subdue,
To please the rhetoricians, and become,
A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome!
One world the ambitious Youth of Pella found
Too small; and toss'd his feverish limbs around,
And gasp'd for breath, as if confin'd the while,
Unhappy prince, in Gyaræ's rocky isle:

VER. 241. *Unhappy prince, in Gyaræ's rocky isle:*]

"Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvaque Seripho."

As these places are frequently mentioned by Juvenal, it may be necessary, once for all, to observe, that they were bare and rocky islands in the Ægean sea, to which offenders were sometimes banished, and generally in the worst of cases. The inhabitants of these little spots were despised, Gibbon says, "for their ignorance and obscurity:" they should rather have been pitied for their wretchedness. Stratonicus, who was sent to the former of them (Gyaræ) for defamation, found himself so uncomfortable there, that he one day asked his host what crime was punished with exile in his country; the man said perjury, "why dost thou not forswear thyself then," replied Stratonicus, "that thou mayest be dismissed from this accursed place?"

Hall has a fine allusion to the next verse:

"Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,
"And he that cares for most, shall find no more."

What harmonious monosyllables! but this is surpassed by that beautiful and pathetic apostrophe of Prince Henry to the lifeless remains of Hotspur:

"——————— Fare thee well great heart!
"Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
"When that this body did contain a spirit,
"A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

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But, entering Babylon, found ample room
Within the narrow limits of a tomb!
Death, the great teacher, Death alone proclaims
The true dimensions of our puny frames.
The daring tales in Grecian story found,
Were once believed....of Athos sail'd around,

" But now, two paces of the vilest earth
" Is room enough!———

VER. 246. *The daring tales in Grecian story found, &c.*] The *quicquid Græcia mendax*, says the translator of Herodotus, (applied by Juvenal to the Greek Historian,) " partakes more of insolence than justice." Gillies too, terms it " downright impudence;" " by my troth, Gossip, these be bitter words:" and the former adds, it is not perhaps very extravagant to affirm, that Livy has more prodigies than all the Greek historians together." Perhaps not; and if Juvenal had been called on to give his opinion of them, he would have delivered it with very little ceremony. But he is not on the subject of prodigies here, nor, as far I can see, of Herodotus: he is speaking of Sostratus, a poet, says the old scholiast, (who knows nothing of the matter,) that wrote the campaigns of Xerxes. After all, I do not mean to palliate his hesitation respecting the vagaries of the Persian prince, nor the incredulity with which he treats " the daring tales of Greece" in general. There can, I think, be no doubt with any rational person, but that most of the circumstances of this famous expedition, are either fabricated by the Greeks, or grossly exaggerated. As far indeed as relates to circumnavigating Athos, (next to chaining waves, the most absurd of all exploits, since even Herodotus* allows that the fleet might have been dragged over-land with infinitely less pains,) I am somewhat inclined to think Sostratus cor-

* I am much pleased at the caution of Herodotus, who, with all the credulity of his countrymen, had little of their vanity, and none of their propensity to falsehood. " He had heard of stigmata too," he says; but he does not take upon himself to answer for this: ηδη δε ηκουσα ως και στιγματα ασπασιμα ες ξιφος τους Ελληνοπωντου.

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Of fleets that bridges o'er the waves supplied,
Of chariots rolling on the stedfast tide,
Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaft
By countless nations, at a morning's draught,
With all that Sostratus so wildly sings,
Besotted poet, of the king of kings.
But how return'd he, say? this soul of fire
This fierce barbarian, whose impatient ire
Severer chastisement to Eurus gave,
Than e'er he suffer'd in the Æoliar cave;
Chain'd Neptune, and was wond'rous clement found,
For that he branded not the slave he bound!—
But how did he return? his navy lost,
In a small bark he fled the fatal coast,
And forc'd a dreadful passage through the flood,
Choak'd with his slaughter'd troops, and red with blood.

rect; since not only Thucydides, *unus instar omnium*, but Plato, Lysias, Diodorus, and others speak of it, as an undoubted fact. The wonder is, that a matter so easy to ascertain, should ever have been a subject of dispute. Yet it was, and is; this is sufficient for Juvenal.

Modern travellers can find no traces of this work, and therefore discredit the story. But they do not reflect on the size of the ancient ships. A canal, somewhat less than that of Languedoc, would be sufficient for them; and yet even that, if neglected, would be completely filled up in a few centuries.

VER. 261. *In a small bark, &c.*] So Justin. *Erat res respectaculo digna et æstimatione sortis humanæ, rerum varietate miranda, in exiguo latentem videre navigio, quem paulo ante vix æquor omne capiebat, &c.* Lib. II. cap. xiii.

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So Xerxes sped; so speed the conquering race;
They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace!
" Life! length of life!" for this, with earnest cries,
Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.
Pernicious prayer! for mark, what ills attend
Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:
A ghastly visage to themselves unknown,

VER. 270. *A ghastly visage, &c.*] In this striking description of old age, Juvenal seems to have thought of a passage in Crates, thus admirably rendered by Mr. Cumberland:

" Hard choice for man to die—or else to be
" That tottering, wretched, wrinkled, thing you see.
" Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
" And travel on to life's last lingering day;
" Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
" Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse."

But indeed the idea is sufficiently obvious, and has had good things said on it in every age; here is one of them,

" ——————— Some comfort
" We have in dropping early—we expire,
" And not without men's pity; to live still,
" Have their good wishes: thus, too, we prevent
" The loathsome misery of age, beguile
" The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
" For grey approachers."— *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Again,

" For as our age increases, so vexations,
" Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
" Rheums, coughs, catarrhs—we're but our living coffins;
" Besides, the fair soul's old too." *Wife for a Month.*

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For a smooth skin, a hide with scurf o'ergrown,
And such a flabby cheek as an old ape,
In Tabraca's thick woods, might haply scrape.
In youth a thousand different features strike;
All have their charms, but have not charms alike:
While age presents one universal face—
A faultering voice, a weak and trembling pace,
An ever-dropping nose, a forehead bare,
And toothless gums to mump his wretched fare.
He grows, poor wretch, (now, in the dregs of life,)
So loathsome to himself, his child, his wife,

And Spenser, in a stanza of surpassing beauty,

" O why do wretched men so much desire
" To draw their days unto the utmost date,
" And do not rather wish them soon expire;
" Knowing the miseries of their estate,
" And thousand perils which them still awate,
" Tossing them like a boat amid the mayne:
" That every hour they knock at Deathe's gate;
" And he that happiest seems, and least in payne,
" Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne."

VER. 273. *In Tabraca, &c.*] " A city in the maritime part of Lybia," the scholiast says, " near which is a thick wood abounding in apes." It is probably the modern Tunis. Strabo quotes an entertaining passage from Posidonius, respecting the vast number of those animals which he saw there, and with whose gambols he was entertained in his voyage along the Lybian coast.

VER. 280. *He grows poor wretch, now in the dregs of life,*
So loathsome, &c] This is illustrated by a pretty quatrain in the Anthologia:

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That those who hop'd the legacy to share,
And flatter'd long, disgusted disappear.
The sluggish palate dull'd, the feast no more
Excites the same sensations as of yore;
Taste, feeling, all, a universal blot,
And e'en the rites of love remember'd not:
Or if—through the long night he feebly strives,
To raise a flame where not a spark survives;
While Venus marks the effort with distrust,
And hates the gray decrepitude of lust.
But lo! another loss: the warbling quire,
In him no sentiments of joy inspire:
The sweetest airs escape him; and the lute,
That thrills the general ear, to him is mute.
He sits, perhaps, too distant: bring him near;
Alas! 'tis still the same: he scarce can hear
The deep-ton'd horn, the trumpet's clanging sound,
And the loud blast that shakes the benches round.
E'en at his ear his boy, to tell the hour,
Or who's arriv'd, must shout with all his power.

Αν περιλειφθη μικρον τι ακοης ηδεως οτου,
Εις αξυ τρεπεται τουτο το λειπομενον·
Ουτως αυλησας τον ολον βιον, εις βαθυ δ' ελθων,
Γηρας ὁ πρισβυτης γιγνεται οξυχολως.

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Add that a fever scarce can warm his veins,
And thaw the little blood which yet remains;
That ills of every kind, and every name,
Rush in, and seize the unresisting frame.
Ask you how many? I could sooner say
How many drudges Hippia kept in pay,
How many wards by Irus were undone,
How many patients kill'd by Themison;
How many men by Maura over-toil'd,
How many provinces by Basil spoil'd,
How many boys by Hirrus: in a word,
How many villas call my quondam barber lord!
These their shrunk shoulders, those their hams bemoan;
This hath no eyes, and envies that with one;
This a sad spectacle of pity stands,
Helpless and weak, and fed by others' hands;
While that, accustom'd, at the sight of food,
To stretch his jaws, gapes like the callow brood
Of Progne, when from bill to bill she flies,
Hungry herself, distributing supplies.

VER. 304. *That ills of every kind, and every name,*
Rush in, &c.] So Plautus, but more soberly,
" ——— ut ætas mala merx, mala est tergo!
" Nam res plurimas, pessumas, cum advenit, affert,
" Quas si autumem omneis, nimis longus sermo sit."
Menæch. A. v. *S.* ii.

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But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
Poor driveller! he forgets his servants quite,
Forgets, at morn, with whom he supp'd at night;
Forgets the children he begot and bred;
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead:
So much avails it the rank arts to use,
Gain'd by long practice in the loathsome stews!

But grant his senses unimpair'd remain:
Still woes on woes succeed, a dreadful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
Sees his lov'd consort on the funeral pyre,
Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
And all he lov'd, or lov'd him, in an urn.
Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay,
For life protracted to a distant day!
To see our house by sickness, pain, pursued,
And scenes of death incessantly renew'd:
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop at last mid solitude and tears.

The Pylian's (if we credit Homer's page)
Was only second to the raven's age.
" O happy, sure, beyond the common rate,
" Who warded off so long the stroke of fate!

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" Who told his years by centuries, who so oft
" Quaff'd the new must! O happy, sure"—But soft;
This happy man of destiny complain'd,
Curs'd his gray hairs, and every god arraign'd;
What time he lit the pyre, with streaming eyes,
And round his son saw the dark flames arise.
" Tell me," he cried, with wild, distracted air,
" Ye faithful friends, who these sad duties share,

VER. 346. *Who told his years by centuries,—*] *Suos jam dextrâ computat annos*, now told his years on his right hand. The ancients had a way of numbering with their fingers; they reckoned on the left hand as far as a hundred, and "all above," says Madan, "on the right." This is not correct; for after a certain number, on which the critics are not agreed, they returned to the left. Nestor, we see, was got on the right hand; but I find mention made of an old lady, (in the Anthologia,) who had travelled back to the left, and consequently far surpassed him in years:

Ἡ πολλὴ χροτάφοισι Κοττυλαφις, ἡ πολυμυθος
Γραια, δι' ἣν Νεσωρ ουκ ἐτι πρεσβυτατος·
Ἡ φατο· ἀθησασ' ἑλαφρε πλεον, ἡ χερι λαιῃ
Γηρας ἀριθμεισθαι δευτερον ἀρξαμενη.

Holyday has a very long note on this subject, which he illustrates by a curious table; shewing the different inflections of the fingers, and positions of the hands, necessary to produce the requisite numbers. As a whole it is tedious, but it may be consulted with great advantage.

VER. 350. *What time he lit the pyre, &c.*] Our author had Propertius in view here: he has, however, improved upon him:

" Non ille Antilochi vidisset corpus humati:
" Diceret aut, O Mors, cur mihi sera venis?" *Lib.* II. 13.

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" What monstrous crimes have rouz'd the Almighty's
hate,
" That thus, in vengeance, he protracts my date?"
So Peleus question'd heaven, Laertes so;
(Their hoary heads bow'd to the grave with woe,)
While one bewail'd his son, at Ilium slain,
One his, long wandering o'er the faithless main.
While Troy yet flourish'd, had her sovereign died,
With what solemnity, what funeral pride,
Had he descended, every duty paid,
To old Assaracus' illustrious shade!—
Hector himself, bedew'd with many a tear,
Had join'd his brothers to support the bier;
Long trains of Trojan dames, in sable vests,
Follow'd Polyxena, and beat their breasts,
And rent their garments, as the funeral cry,
By wild Cassandra led, had pierc'd the sky:
Had he but fall'n, ere his adulterous boy
Spread his bold sails, and left the shores of Troy.
But what did lengthen'd life avail the sire?
To see his realm laid waste by sword and fire.
Then too, too late, the feeble soldier tried
Unequal arms, and flung his crown aside;
Totter'd the murderer of his son to meet,
And fell, without an effort, at his feet,

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Like a lean ox, that, old and useless now,
Is led to slaughter from the ungrateful plow.
Yet, happier than the partner of his cares,
He died, at least, a man, while, chang'd with years,
She, in a brute, retain'd her ancient lore,
And bark'd and howl'd, at those she curs'd before.
Enough of these: I hasten to supply
The rest from Rome; and pass in silence by,
The fall of Mithridates, sad event;
And Crœsus, whom "that old man eloquent"
Wisely forbad in fortune to confide,
Or take the name of HAPPY till he died.
That Marius, exil'd from his native plains,
Was hid in fens, discover'd, bound in chains;

VER. 382. *She, in a brute, &c.*] *Non tu scis, &c.*

Me. Hark ye my mistress! do you know why Greec
Feign'd Hecuba was turn'd into a bitch?
Wom. Not I, indeed.
Me. I'll tell you then; because
She rail'd and rav'd at every one she met,
As you do now,—and therefore was she called,
And rightly call'd, a bitch. *Menæc. A. v. Sc. i.*

VER. 387. ——— "*that old man eloquent*"] Solon. The story to which Juvenal alludes is to be found in Herodotus. It had already furnished Ovid with some fine lines:

"——— scilicet ultima semper
"Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
"Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

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That, bursting these, to Africa he fled,
And, through the realms he conquer'd, begg'd his bread,
Arose from age, from treacherous age alone:
For what had Rome or earth so happy known,
Had he, in that blest moment, ceas'd to live,
When, grac'd with all that victory could give,
" Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"
He first alighted from his Cimbric car!
Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate,
Sent a kind fever to arrest his date:

VER. 390. *That Marius exiled, &c.*] The particulars in the text, are copied from Paterculus. The example, indeed, is less happily chosen than that of Sejanus; for though the mutability of fortune in his case was singular and extreme, yet his end was fortunate. Lucan has noticed it in his best manner;

" Ille fuit vitæ Mario modus, omnia passo
" Quæ pejor fortuna potest, atque omnibus uso
" Quæ melior, mensoque, homini quid fata pararent."

Stapylton says that "the (Minturnian) fens in which Æarius lay hid, were in Switzerland!" For this accurate piece of topography, he was indebted to the old scholiast. The spot, however, lies on the right hand of the Ferry of the Gargiliano, as you go from Rome to Naples.

VER. 400. *Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate, &c.*] This too, is to be found in Paterculus; but Juvenal was more immediately indebted for it, as well as for the story of Priam in a former page, to that storehouse of ethical and moral wisdom, the Tusculan Questions. There the two examples follow each other, and we shall see that our author has not only adopted the circumstances, but the words of Cicero. *Priamum autem tanta progenie orbatum, cum*

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When lo! a thousand suppliant altars rise,
And public vows obtain him of the skies.
Ill done! that head, thus rescued from the grave,
Fell mangled by a vile Egyptian slave—
Cethegus knew no punishment so dire,
No pain: unmaim'd did Lentulus expire,
And Catiline, though vanquish'd, sunk entire.
When'er the fane of Venus meets her eye,
The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh,
For handsome boys; but asks, with bolder prayer,
That all her girls be exquisitely fair!
"Why not?" she cries, "Latona, in the sight
"Of Dian's beauty, took unblam'd delight."

in aram confugisset, hostilis manus interemit. Hic si vivis filiis, incolumi regno, occidisset, utrum tandem à bonis, an à malis discessisset? tum profectò videretur à bonis. &c. He then subjoins, *Pompeio nostro familiari, cum graviter ægrotaret Neapoli, &c. utrum igitur, si tum esset extinctus, à bonis rebus, an à malis discessisset? certe à miseris. Qui si mortem tum obiisset, in amplissimus fortunis occidisset; is propagatione vitæ quot, quantas quam incredibiles hausit calamitates?*

VER. 405. *Fell mangled, by, &c.*] The strange notion of the ancients, that their wounds and mutilations followed them to the other world, filled them with inexpressible horror at the idea of being dismembered in this. Suetonius tells us, that the last and most earnest request of the wretched Nero to his few followers was, that his head might not be severed from his body, but that he might be burnt entire, *totus cremaretur.* Nero, 49.

VER. 413. ——— *Latona, in the sight*
Of Dian's beauty, took unblam'd delight,] An allusion to Homer,
——— γεγηθε δε τε φρενα Λατω. κ. τ. α.

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True; but Lucretia curs'd her fatal charms,
When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms;
And poor Virginia would have chang'd her face,
For Rutila's, the scandal of her race.
"But boys may still be fair." No, they destroy
Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy;
For rarely are those jarring blessings join'd,
A beauteous body, and a virtuous mind,
Though the strict house like ancient Sabines live,
And every hour some moral precept give.
Besides, should nature, in her kindest mood,
Confer th' ingenuous flush of modest blood,
The disposition chaste as unsunn'd snow;
And what can nature more than these bestow,
These, which no art, no care, can give? e'en then,
They cannot hope, they must not, to be men.

VER. 429. ——————— *e'en then*
They cannot hope, they must not, to be men.] It is to the praise of Domitian, (alas! for Trajan,) that mutilation of boys was prohibited during his reign.

Nunc, says Statius very finely,

" ——————— nunc frangere sexum
" Atque hominem mutilare nefas, gavisaque solos
" Quos genuit, Natura videt!"

Some of Martial's best epigrams are on this subject; the following lines bear a close resemblance to the text:

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Smit with their charms, the imps of hell appear,
And pour their proffers in a parent's ear,
For prostitution,—infamously bold,
And trusting to the almighty power of gold:
While youths, in shape and air less form'd to please,
No tyrants mutilate, no Neros seize.
Go now, and triumph in your beauteous boy,
Your Ganimede; whom other ills annoy,
And other dangers wait: his charms once known,
He stands profess'd, the favourite of the town;
And dreads, incessant dreads, on every hand,
The fierce revenge a husband's wrongs demand:

" Non puer avari seçtus arte mangonis
" Virilitatis damna mœret ereptæ:
" Nec quam superbus computet stipem leno,
" Dat prostituto misera mater infanti." *Lib.* IX. 7.

As do these,

" Jam cunæ lenonis erant, ut ab ubere raptus
" Sordida vagitu posceret æra puer.
" Immatura dabant infandas corpora pœnas, &c."

I have given credit, with Amm. Marcell. and others, to Domitian for this humane and salutary restriction. Xiphilinus, however, will not allow this solitary sprig to decorate his brows; he says that he did it to insult the memory of his brother, whom, as well as his father, he had a perverse pleasure in counteracting on all occasions. Καὶ διὰ τοῦτο, καίτοι καὶ αὐτῷ Ἐαρινὸν τινὰ συνοχὴν ἐρῶν, ὅμως, παιδὴ καὶ ὁ Τίτου ἰσχύος περὶ τὴς ἐκτομίας ἐσπουδακει, ἀπηγορευσεν ἐπὶ ἐκεινῳ ὕβρει, μηδένα ἔτι ἐν τῇ τῶν Ῥωμαίων ἀρχῇ ἐκτεμνεσθαι.

Lib. LXVII. §. 2.

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For sure detection follows soon or late;
Born under Mars, he cannot 'scape his fate.
Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse
Inflicts worse evils than the law allows;
By blows, stripes, gashes some are robb'd of breath,
And others by the mullet rack'd to death.
" But my Endymion will more lucky prove,
" And serve a beauteous mistress, all for love."
No; he will soon to ugliness be sold,
And serve a toothless grandam, all for gold.
Servilia will not miss him; jewels, clothes,
All, all she sells, and all on him bestows;
For women nought to the dear youth deny,
Or think his favours can be bought too high:
When love's the word, the naked sex appear,
And every woman is a spendthrift here.
" But if my son with virtue be endued,
" What harm will beauty do him?" nay, what good?

VER. 445. *Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse*
Inflicts worse evils, &c.] See many instances of this in Val. Maximus, lib. VI. 13. With respect to the punishment mentioned in the next line, (the being clystered, as Holyday oddly expresses it, with a mullet,) it was allowed by no written law; but seems to have been an old and approved method of gratifying private vengeance.

One of the commentators (Isidorus) thinks the fish was selected for this singular purpose, on account of its anti-venereal properties; but he confounds the mugilis with the mullus; two very distinct things.

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What slew Hippolitus of old, and chas'd
Bellerophon from home, belied, disgrac'd,
But charms like those you fatally require,
And chastity, that spurn'd each loose desire?
Then, then did Phædra redden, then her pride
Took fire, to be so stedfastly denied;
Then, then did Sthenobœa glow with shame,
And both burst forth with unexampled flame.
A woman scorn'd, is pitiless as fate,
For then the dread of shame adds stings to hate.
But Silius comes;—now be thy judgment tried:
Shall he accept, or not, the proffer'd bride,
And marry Cæsar's wife? hard point in truth:
Lo, this most noble, this most beauteous youth,

VER. 461. *What slew Hippolitus of old, and chas'd*
Bellerophon from home, &c.] The adventures of Hippolitus and Bellerophon are well known. They were accused of incontinence, by the women whose inordinate passions they refused to gratify at the expense of their duty; and sacrificed to the fatal credulity of the husbands of the disappointed fair ones. It is very probable, that both the stories are founded on the Scripture account of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.

VER. 471. *But Silius comes; &c.*] Tacitus agrees with Juvenal. "The graces of the form and manners of this young man (Caius Silius) were highly celebrated. That Messalina might enjoy her favourite without a rival, she obliged him to repudiate his wife Junia Silana, a lady of noble birth. Silius was neither blind to the magnitude of the crime of marrying the empress, nor to the danger of not complying. On the whole, however, he resolved to hazard the future consequences, and enjoy the present moment." *Ann.* XI. 12.

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Is hurried off, a helpless sacrifice
To the lew'd glance of Messalina's eyes!
Now bring the victim: in the nuptial vest
Already see the impatient empress drest,
The genial couch prepar'd, th' accustom'd sum
Told out, the augurs and the notaries come.
"But why all these?" you think, perhaps the rite
Were better, known to few, and kept from sight:
Not so the lady; she abhors a flaw,
And wisely calls for every form of law.
But what shall Silius do? refuse to wed?
That instant, see him number'd with the dead.

VER. 477. ——————— *in the nuptial vest*
Already see the impatient empress drest,] Here is no exaggeration: all passed precisely as our author describes it. The folly and enormity of the transaction seem to have struck Suetonius, and yet more Tacitus, with astonishment.—"That a Consul elect, and the wife of an emperor, on a day appointed, should dare to affront the public eye, and sign a contract with express provision for the issue of an unlawful marriage, will hardly gain credit with posterity: still less, that the empress should hear the ceremony pronounced by the augurs, and in her turn, repeat the words; that she should join in a sacrifice to the gods, take her place at the nuptial banquet, exchange caresses, &c. But the facts here related, are well attested by writers at that period, and by grave and elderly men, who lived at the time, and were informed of every circumstance." *Tacit Ann.* XI. 27.

The observation in v. 489, For he the last, &c. *dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus*, is an allusion to the sottish stupidity of Claudius, who was with great difficulty persuaded to credit the report of Messalina's infamy, after it had been long notorious to all the world; and with greater still, induced to issue the final orders for her punishment.

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Consent? he lives but till the scandal, clear
To town and country, reach the emperor's ear;
For he besure, the last, his house's shame will hear.
Then let him, if a day's precarious life
Be worth his study, make the fair his wife;
For wed or not, poor youth! 'tis still the same,
And still the axe must mangle that fine frame.
Say then, must man, depriv'd all power of choice,
Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice?

VER. 494. *Say then, must man, &c.*] We are now drawing towards the end of this divine Satire, which finishes in a manner highly worthy of the grave and solemn dignity with which it has been hitherto conducted. As the author has so clearly proved, that those ideal advantages which we commonly make the subject of our petitions, are too often dangerous and destructive; the conclusion, that we should leave the granting or withholding of them to an unerring and gracious providence, is at once rational and pious.

Chaucer has some pleasing lines on the subject:

"Alas! why pleynin men so in commune
"Of purveyance of God, or of Fortune,
"That giveth them full ofte in many a gise,
"Well better than themselvin can devise!" *Knight's Tale.*

And Spenser,

"In vain, said then old Melibee, doe men
"The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse;
"Since they know best, what is the best for them—
"For they to each such fortune doe diffuse
"As they do know each can most aptly use.
"Sith not that which men covet most is best,
"Nor that thing worst, which men doe most refuse."

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Not so; but to the gods his fortunes trust:
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good, for fancied bliss bestow;
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan;
More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
For wife, and heirs we daily weary Heaven;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know,
If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or woe.
But, that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
Thy humble hope) ask something from above;
Thy pious offerings to the temples bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.
O THOU, who see'st the wants of human kind,
Grant me all health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepar'd to meet the frowns of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;

VER. 506. *But, that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove*
Thy humble hope) ask, &c.] "Though the deity is inclined," says Owen, "by his own benignity to bless his creatures, yet he expects the outward expressions of devotion from the rational part of them." This is certainly what Juvenal means to inculcate: hence his earnest recommendation of a due regard to the public and ceremonial part of religion.

It is lamentable to see Dryden turning a solemn admonition to pay those external marks of respect which all dependant beings owe to the Creator, into one of those trite and senseless sneers against the priesthood, which were the scandal of his own times, and are the disgrace of ours!

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That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils and cruel pains,
Superior to the feasts, the wanton sport,
And morbid softness of the Assyrian court.
THIS, thou to give thyself may'st well suffice:—
The only path to peace through virtue lies.
O Fortune, Fortune! all thy boasted powers
Would shrink to nothing, were but prudence ours:

VER. 522. *O Fortune, Fortune! all thy boasted powers*
Would shrink to nothing, &c.] So Tasso,

" ——— sovente avvien che'l saggio e'l forte
" Fabbro a se stesso è di beate sorte."

Thus rendered by Fairfax, in his admirable translation, with an eye, perhaps, to our author:

" They make their fortunes, who are stout and wise,
" Wit rules the heavens, discretion guides the skies."

And Beaumont:

" ——————— Go on, I say!
" Valiant and wise rule heaven, and all the great
" Aspects attend them." *Bonduca.*

Spenser passim:

" Since then in each man's self, said Callidore,
" It is to fashion his own life's estate, &c. &c."

And Higgins more at large:

" 'Tis said a wise man all mishaps withstands;
" For though by storms we borne to mischiefs are,

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But man, fond man, exalts thee to the spheres,
And clothes thee in the attributes he fears!

" Yet grace and prudence bayle our careful bands;
" Each man, they say, his fate hath in his hands,
" And what he marres, or makes to leese, or save,
" Of good or ill, is ev'n self doe, self have. *Mirr. of Magist.*

The exclamation in a preceding line, (522) has been thought to savour of the sufficiency of Stoicism, but without reason; since, it must, in fairness, be restricted to the independance of the wise and virtuous man on fortune. Wisdom, and virtue, indeed, Juvenal thought, with the rest of the heathen world, men could attain by their own exertions; but there were some at Rome, as Madan finely observes, at that time, who could have taught him, that, EVERY GOOD GIFT, AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT, IS FROM ABOVE; AND COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS.

I cannot conclude without noticing an observation of Mr. Gibbon on this Satire. After bestowing great, and indeed just praise on its design and execution, he adds: "*A propos des dieux, je remarque cette indecision, &c.* I remark in Juvenal that want of decision with respect to the gods, which is so common amongst the ancients. This moment nothing can be more pious, more philosophical, than his resignation and his faith; the next, our own wisdom is sufficient for us, and prudence alone supplies the place of all the divinities." And this was written by a sneerer at Revelation! I am not he "that judgeth another man's servant," but methinks, if one rose from the dead, he could not evince the superiority of the pious and humble believer, over the bewildered yet confident infidel, by stronger arguments than are here adduced by this extraordinary man, WHO HAD EYES AND SAW NOT!

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SATIRE XI.

Argument.

THIS Satire consists principally of an invitation to Persicus, the poet's friend, to spend the day with him; but it is made the vehicle of much valuable information, and much amusing description.

It begins with a severe invective against a person of the Equestrian Order, (here called Rutilus,) who had wasted his property in riot and profusion; and from whose reduced and miserable state, Juvenal takes occasion to draw many admirable maxims for the due regulation of life. These introduce, with sufficient propriety, the little picture of his own domestic economy; which is followed by a most pleasing view of the simplicity of ancient manners, artfully contrasted with the extravagance and luxury of the current times. He then enters at length into the particulars of his purposed entertainment, and concludes with a spirited description of the scandalous excesses practised at the tables of the great, and an earnest recommendation to his friend, to enjoy the present with content, and to await the future with calmness and moderation.

I should imagine this to be one of Juvenal's last works. It has all the characteristics of age: the *laudator temporis acti*, is ever foremost in the scene; and I please myself with thinking that time had "mellowed and improved" the social feelings of the author. Here is indeed much to be seen of those strong, dark, and elevated passions, which distinguish his earlier writings; but softer and

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more amiable sentiments have their turn; and the narrative old man appears as a warm friend, a generous landlord, and a most kind and affectionate master of a family.

I do not like his guest. He is a morose and suspicious character: sufficiently unhappy, it seems, in his domestic concerns; but careful about many things, which Juvenal seems to think he had better dismiss from his thoughts.

This Satire has always been my favourite. A predilection which I probably received from the friend, and patron of my youth; who was so much pleased with it, that he undertook to translate it for this work. He had proceeded, however, but a very little way, when he returned it to me, with an observation that it was "above his strength." His death followed immediately after. Had he lived, I should probably have suppressed the lines; now, it seems to me a duty to insert them: I have, however, taken great pains to assimilate them to the rest.

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SATIRE XI.

TO PERSICUS.

v. 1—10.

IF Atticus in sumptuous fare delight,
'Tis taste; if Rutilus, 'tis madness quite;
And what diverts the sneering rabble more
Than an Apicius, miserably poor?
In every company, go where you will,
Bath, forum, theatre, the talk is still
Of Rutilus: for, while he now might wield,
With firm and vigorous arm, the spear and shield,
While youthful blood runs high, (though not compell'd,
As by the tribune erst, yet not withheld,)

VER. 4. *Than an Apicius, &c.*] Apicius (see Sat. IV. v. 32,) was, says Stapylton, "so exquisite a glutton, that he wrote a book of cookery; and so rich, that he made all his experiments at his own cost." Nothing, in life, however, "became him, like the leaving of it;" for, after spending near eight hundred thousand pounds in luxurious living, he poisoned himself, while he had yet four-score thousand pounds left, for fear of wanting a meal!

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He cultivates the gladiator's trade,
And learns th' imperious language of the blade.
What swarms we see of this degenerate kind!
Spendthrifts, whom, when their creditors would find,
To shambles and to fish-stalls they repair,
Sure, though deceiv'd at home, to meet them there.
Of these, the man whose ruin draws most near,
Whose fate to all but to himself is clear,
Lives best, as if in haste to be undone,
And in the jaws of bankruptcy feasts on.
Meanwhile, ere yet the last supply be spent,
They search for dainties every element,
Aw'd by no price; nay, making this their boast,
And still preferring those which cost them most.
Such prodigals will pawn, with thoughtless ease,
Their ancient plate, a desperate sum to raise,
Or melt their mother's statue, to prepare
Yet one treat more, though but in earthen ware.

VER. 9. ——————— *(though not compell'd,*
As by the tribune erst, yet not withheld,)] Juvenal had already observed, in the eighth Satire, that young men of family and fortune entered the lists, not, as formerly, by the compulsion of the reigning tyrant; but from a principle of depravity. Here he goes further, and insinuates that it is not sufficient for the magistrates not to compel men to disgrace themselves; they ought, as guardians of the public honour, to do more; to supply the deficiency of the laws, and prohibit so scandalous a prostitution.

What he calls the imperious language of the blade, is thought to be the terms used in the schools of the gladiators, such as *percute, urge, cæde, &c.*

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Then to the fencer's mess they come, of course,
And mount the scaffold, as a last resource.
I hate not sumptuous boards; I only scan,
When such are spread, the motive, and the man;
Here the profusion damns the beggar's name,
There gives the noble, just and lasting fame,
Here seems the effect of gluttony, and there,
Of liberal taste, and hospitable care.
Whip me the fool who knows how Atlas soars
O'er every hill on Mauritania's shores,
Yet sees no difference 'twixt the chest's large hoards,
And the poor pittance a small purse affords!
Heaven sent us, "KNOW THYSELF," to be imprest,
In lasting characters, on every breast,

VER. 27. *Or melt their mother's statue, &c.*] *Matris imagine fractâ;* "fractured," Lubin says, that it might not be known by the pawn-broker. Calderinus thinks there is an allusion here to some well-known story, which is probable enough. The "mess," mentioned in a subsequent line, was a particular kind of food, to which gladiators were restricted some time before they were brought out to engage. The commentators suppose it to be a mixture of cheese and flour; this seems also to be Holyday's opinion, who terms it "a special diet-bread to advantage the combats at once in breath and strength." See Sat. II. v. 80.

VER. 41. *Heaven sent us,* KNOW THYSELF, *&c.*] This sacred maxim Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, has been attributed to several of the ancients; to Pythagoras, to Thales, and to Chilo. Be whose it may, however, it was deemed of such importance as to be inscribed, in gold letters, over the portico of the temple at Delphi. From hence, perhaps, came the notion, in after times, that it was

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And still revolv'd; whether to wed we choose,
Or to the sacred senate point our views.
So when Pelides' armour lay the prize
Of highest worth, Thersites dar'd not rise;
And wisely; when Ulysses trembling stood,
Shrunk as he spoke, and doubted as he view'd.—
Thou too who burn'st, in some important cause,
To vindicate thy injur'd country's laws,
Knock at thy breast; examine well and see,
First what and who thou art: search if thou be,
An orator of force, of skill profound,
Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound?

immediately derived from heaven: no improbable conjecture, if we consider that it is the foundation of all knowledge; and little favourable to that overweening self-love, which the wisest of the heathens cherished, amidst all their professions of humility.

The comic poets, to whom nothing was sacred, have, of course, made free with this; Menander pleasantly observes,

Καίτοι πολλ' ἀρ' ἐστιν ἃ καλῶς εἰρημένον
Τὸ ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ, χρησιμώτερον γαρ ἦν
Τὸ ΓΝΩΘΙ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΛΛΟΥΣ.

Away with that fam'd sentence KNOW THYSELF,
'Tis not well put; KNOW OTHERS, to my thinking,
Is a more apt and profitable maxim.

VER. 54. *Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound?*] For Matho, see Sat. I. v. 50, and VII. v. 205. Our author is not to be deterred, by the altered fortunes of the man, from sneering at him *en passant*. It is, probable, however, that

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Yes, know thyself: in great concerns and small,
Let this be all thy care, for this is all:
Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,
Let thy intemperate taste for turbots sigh!
O think what end awaits thee, timely think,
If thy maw widen as thy pockets shrink,
Thy maw, of all thy father's thrift could save,
Flocks, herds, and fields, the insatiable grave!
And now, when nought remains a meal to bring,
(The last poor shift) off goes the knightly ring,

Matho might not feel much hurt at a reflection on his unfitness for a profession which he had long since abandoned, to avoid starving; especially, after his success in his new occupation.

The character Juvenal gives of Matho is confirmed by Martial, who speaks of him (lib. IV. 80,) as so pertinacious a bawler, that one almost wonders how he failed.

VER. 64. ——— *off goes the knightly ring,*] Martial is very witty on this "knightly ring." A person, whom he chooses to attack under the name of Zoilus, had been raised from a state of servitude to knighthood, (no uncommon circumstance in those times,) and was determined to make the ring, the badge of his new honour, conspicuous enough:

" Zoile, quid totâ gemmam præcingere librâ
" Te juvat, et miserum perdere sardonycha?
" Annulus iste tuis fuerat modò cruribus aptus;
" Non eadem digitis pondera conveniunt. *Lib.* XI. 38.

Might not something like this have been the case with another Zoilus (Crispinus?) if so, he might well be unable to bear "a ring of greater weight." See v. 1. p. 11.

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And sad Sir Pollio savoury scraps demands,
With bated voice, and undistinguish'd hands.
No fate is premature, no death severe
To such as these....age, age, alone they fear.
Thus they proceed: they borrow, and apace,
Waste what they raise before the lender's face:
Then, while they yet some wretched remnant hold,
And the pale usurer trembles for his gold,
Wisely they sicken for the country air,
And flock to Baiæ, Ostia, heaven knows where.—
For now 'tis held (so rife the evil's grown)
No greater shame for debt to quit the town,
Than from the hot Suburra to remove,
In dog-days, to the Esquilian shades above.
One pang alone, what time they leave behind
Friends, country, every thing, distracts their mind,
One pang alone, for twelve long months to lose,
Oh insupportable! the public shews.
Where sleeps the modest blood! in all our veins,
No conscious drop, to form a blush, remains;
Shame, from the town, scorn'd, baffled, hastes away,
And few, alas! solicit her to stay.
Enough: to day my Persicus shall see,
Whether my precepts with my life agree;

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Whether with counterfeit reserve I prize
The spare repast, a glutton in disguise:
Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear,
But whisper "sweet-meats," in my servant's ear.
For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare as long, long since,
The good Evander bade the Trojan prince.
Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise
The food that pleas'd the offspring of the skies.
Come; and while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.
Take now your Bill of Fare: my frugal board
Is with no purchas'd delicacies stor'd,
But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock,
A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock,

VER. 91. *Bawl for coarse pottage, &c.*] I can find no better term than this for *puls*. It was a mixture of coarse meal and water, seasoned with salt, and sometimes enriched with an egg. Our hasty-pudding comes pretty near it; but hasty-pudding, unfortunately, is rather of an anti-poetic cast. Pliny the Elder says, it was long the food of the ancient Romans, *pulte non parce vixisse longo tempore Romanos manifestum;* and their descendants, the poor of Italy, still consume vast quantities of it, under the name of *polenta*, or macaroni,* a little improved, indeed, by the addition of rasped cheese, and its never-failing attendant—oil!

* Mr. Ireland says, that the Italians make a distinction between those two articles; that what they call *polenta*, is made of Turkish wheat, *grano Turco;* while an inferior sort, called *grano duro*, or hard grain, is employed in the making of macaroni.

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The tenderest too, and yet too young to browse
The thistle's shoots, the willow's watry boughs,
With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
With eggs yet warm and reeking from the nest;
And sperage wild, which, from the mountain's side,
My house-maid left her spindle to provide;
And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair,
And the rich Signian, and the Syrian pear,
And apples, that in flavour and in smell,
The boasted Picene equal, or excel;
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellow'd and improv'd their juice.
How homely this! yet once this homely fare,
Our senate deem'd it luxury to share;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
O'er a few sticks his little pot to place,

VER. 103 ——————— *From Tibur's stock,*
A kid shall come, &c.] Martial has imitated this bill of fare in several places, but more particularly in lib. x. xlviii. His entertainment, however, is more varied, and his guests are more numerous. I am not certain that I should not have preferred sitting down with the epigrammatist: the seasoning of his treat is mightily pleasant:—

" Accedent sine felle joci, nec manè timenda
" Libertas, et nil quod tacuisse velis.
" De Prasino conviva meus, Venetoque loquatur;
" Nec facient quemquam pocula nostra reum."

This is better than listening to Homer and Virgil; (v. 272,) which is no bad thing neither.

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With roots, which now the squalid wretch disdains,
Who digs the live-long day in cumbrous chains,
And who remembers still, with fond regret,
The savoury relish of a season'd teat.
Time was, when on the rack a man would lay
The well-dried flitch against a solemn day,
And think his friends when met, with decent mirth,
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,
On this, and what the sacrifice had spar'd,
(For then the gods were thought of,) well had far'd.
Some kinsman, who had three times consul been,
And general and dictator, from the scene
Of business now retir'd, would gaily haste,
Before the wonted hour, to such repast,
Shouldering the spade, that, with no common toil,
Had tam'd the genius of the mountain soil.
Yes, when the world was fill'd with Rome's just fame,
And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
The Scauran, and Fabrician; when they saw
Stern censors keep their stern colleagues in awe,

VER. 119. *When the good Curius, &c.*] This good old man is the constant theme of our author's praise. He was a pattern of frugality, when all were frugal; an incorruptible statesman, and a great and successful commander: but the particular allusion in this place, is to the well-known anecdote of his being found by the Samnite embassadors, sitting by a small fire, and preparing a dish of turnips for his supper, with his own hands.

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To kindle loose desire; girls, that now bound
Aloft, with active grace, now on the ground,
With quivering limbs alight; while peals of praise go round.
Lo; wives, beside their husbands plac'd, behold
What could not in their ears, for shame, be told;
(Expedients of the rich, the blood to fire,
And wake the dying embers of desire;)
" Behold?" O, heavens! they view with keener gust
These strong provocatives of jaded lust,
Feel at each gesture, sound, their passions rise,
And draw in pleasure both at ears and eyes!
Such vicious fancies are too great for me.
Let him the wanton dance unblushing see,
And hear th' immodest terms which, in the stews,
The veriest strumpet scarce would deign to use,
Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er
The proud expansion of a marble floor;
For there the world a large allowance make,
And spare the folly for the fortune's sake.
Gaming, adultery, with a small estate,
Are damning crimes; but venial with a great;

heard them often. The Spaniards of the present day are very curious in the choice of their castanets; some have been shewed me that cost five and twenty or thirty dollars a pair; these were made of the beautifully variegated woods of South America.

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Nay more than venial; witty, gallant, brave,
And such wild tricks "as gentlemen should have."
My feast, to-day, shall other sports afford:
Hush'd as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-ton'd thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul;

VER. 262. *Gaming, adultery, &c.*] Thus Beaumont:

"In lords a wildness is a noble trick,
"And cherish'd in them, and all men must love it."

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And Monsieur Parolles. "So please your majesty, my master is an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath in him which gentlemen have!"

The late Lord Orford seems to have been somewhat of Parolle's way of thinking. Of the Duke of Wharton, he says, "he comforted all the dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts, on scrapes and debaucheries, which mix graces with a great character, but never compose one!" No, I'll be sworn——

"Sed vos Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, et quæ
"Turpia cerdoni, Volusos Brutosque decebunt!"

VER. 267. ——— *as we sit around the frugal board,*
Great Homer, &c.] This practice was not uncommon among old republicans: it had, indeed, lost somewhat of its frequency in Juvenal's days; but there were not wanting, in any period, virtuous characters who preferred this rational and instructive method of passing their time at table, to all the blandishments of dancing-girls, and all the noisy buffoonery of pipers, tumblers, &c. The entertainments of Atticus were always seasoned with these mental recreations; and C. Nepos, his friend and guest, speaks of them with the warmest approbation. *Nemo in convivio ejus aliud acroama audivit, quam anagnosten: quod nos quidem jucundissimum arbitramur. Neque unquam sine aliquâ lectione apud eum cenatum est, ut non minus animo quam ventre convivæ delectarentur.*

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That in new forms the molten fragments drest,
Might blaze illustrious on his courser's chest,
Or, beaming from his awful helmet, show
The rise of Rome to the devoted foe;
The mighty Father, with his shield and spear,
Hovering, enamour'd, o'er the sleeping fair,
And the fierce wolf, at heav'n's command grown mild,
And playful at her dugs each wondrous child.
Thus, all the wealth those simple times could boast,
Small wealth! their horses and their arms engrost;
All else was homely, and their frugal fare,
Cook'd without art, and serv'd in earthen ware;
Yet justly worth thy envy, were thy breast
But with one spark of noble spleen possest;

VER. 163. *The mighty father, &c.*] I have followed Mr. Addison's interpretation of this passage. "The Roman soldiers," he says, "used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the God of War, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending on the priestess Ilia.' The occasion required his body should be naked; the sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medallists call, his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin." Travels, p. 184. This he illustrates by an engraving of a coin struck in the reign of Antoninus Pius. I am no medallist, and can therefore say nothing to the genuineness of the coin: it certainly gives a very good explanation of the passage; indeed, it appears to be a mere copy of it. After all, I will not affirm it to be the true one, as it does not correspond with the more ancient ideas on the subject. Ovid says, Mars was unarmed when he saw the priestess, and so does Tibullus.

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Then, then the Majesty of Temples show'd
More glorious, honour'd with a present god:—
Then solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls
At midnight's solemn hour, told of the Gauls
Advancing from the main; while, prompt to save,
Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave.
Yet, when he thus reveal'd the will of fate,
And watch'd attentive o'er the Latian state,

VER. 175. *Then solemn sounds, &c.*] This alludes to a circumstance recorded by the writers of Roman history. M. Cæditius, as he was passing by one of the temples in the dead of night, heard a loud and alarming voice from the sanctuary, distinctly cry, "The Gauls are at hand!" commanding him at the same time, to repeat what he had heard to the Senate. Liv. lib. v. 32. Plutarch tells the same story, in the life of Camillus.

The elder Pliny has a curious passage on the subject of the following lines. *Hæ enim tum effigies deûm erant laudatissimæ; nec pœnitet nos illorum, qui tales coluêre. Aurum enim et argentum ne dîs quidem conficiebant: durant etiamnum plerisque in locis talia simulacra, * * * * sanctiora auro, certè innocentiora.* Lib. XXXIV. We have seen, (vol. 1. p. 90,) that the statue of Cybele was still more rude and artless than that mentioned in the text; and the true principle, I believe of the adoration which was anciently paid to those unfinished masses of stone, as well as to the first shapeless blocks which were set up in the temples, was the profound reverence entertained for the gods; which did not suffer the artists to invest them too closely with a determinate form. In process of time, they grew bolder: and it is an observable thing in the history of sculpture, that the most admired statues of the deities were produced in the age of scepticism, or infidelity. This applies no less to the Greeks than the Romans; with respect to the latter, while they were sincere believers in their mythology, they had not a god tolerably executed. Yet observe, says Seneca, how propitious they then were: *cogita, deos quum propitii essent, fictiles fuisse!*

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His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mold,
Of artless form, and unprofan'd with gold.
Those good old times no foreign tables sought;
From their own woods the walnut tree was brought,
When withering limbs declar'd its pith unsound,
Or winds uptore and stretch'd it on the ground.
But now, such strange caprice has seiz'd the great,
They find no pleasure in the costliest treat;
From ven'son and from turbot turn their eyes,
At flowers and unguents feel their gorge arise,
Unless wide-yawning panthers, tow'ring high,—
(Enormous pedestals of ivory,

VER. 191. *Unless wide yawning panthers tow'ring high,—*
The spacious orbs *support.*] "*Orbis, super quem carnes in mensâ minutim concidere solemus, ne corrumpatur mappa.*" Steph. Thesau. It appears from this, that Stephens took orbs for plates, on which meat is cut! This explanation, strange as it is, is still more strangely supported:

"Tu Lybicos Indis suspendis dentibus orbes:
"Fulcitur testâ fagina mensa mihi. *Mart. lib.* II. 43.

How could this learned man overlook the sense of so plain a passage? You, says Martial to Candidus, place your Lybian orbs on ivory feet, whereas my beechen table is propped up by an empty barrel! The orbs of Candidus are precisely those of the text, citron wood brought from the Mediterranean coast of Africa, where this tree abounded: and indeed Varro calls it *Lybissa citrus.*

I have already spoken, (vol. 1. p. 28,) of the estimation in which such tables were held: but this fancy was not peculiar to the times of Juvenal. Cicero accuses Verres of stealing a most valuable one from a Sicilian. *Tu maximam et pulcherrimam citream mensam à Q. Lutatio Diodoro abstulisti.* In Verr. IV. 17.

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From teeth the Æthiopian realm supplies,
Or Indian; or from those of larger size,

And Seneca was reproached, according to Xiphilinus, with having five hundred of them in his possession. The quantity is beyond question exaggerated; but it is certain, that the wealthy Romans had numbers of them at the same time: Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, as, at their entertainments, one of them was usually set before every guest. The glutton in the first Satire, (v. 226,) was not, perhaps, the only one who swallowed down a fortune at a single table, *unâ comedit patrimonia mensâ.*

Cowley, in his description of David's flight to Nob, mentions the feast made for him by the high priest; and, among other articles of luxury, introduces this. It affords a specimen of that perverted wit, which may be almost considered as the distinguishing characteristic of his poetry. Conceits, as Johnson observes, are all the Davideis supplies.

" In midst a table of rich iv'ry stands,
" By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne,
" Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn:
" Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
" As if they hungered for the meat they bore."

In a note he says, " these kind of ivory tables borne up with the images of beasts, were much in esteem among the ancients. The Romans had them, as well as all other instruments of luxury from the Asiatics. Thus Juvenal," &c. The extravagance of the Romans, indeed, knew no bounds in this article; their tables, however, as I have just observed, were not (as Cowley thinks) of ivory, but of citron and other precious woods: it was the feet only that were formed of this substance.

Whether Dryden, or rather Congreve, had been dipping into the Davideis during the translation of this passage, I cannot tell; but he has given it with a conundrum, not unworthy of Cowley in his happiest moments:

" An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
" You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
" As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
" By sympathy from those o'the elephant."

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Which, now too old, too heavy for the head,
The beast in Nabathean forests shed)
The spacious orbs support: then they can feed,
And their late orts are delicate indeed!
For silver feet excite in them such scorn,
As iron rings, upon the finger worn.
For this, my friend, the haughty guest I shun,
Who, measuring my expenses by his own,
Remarks the difference with a scornful leer,
And slights my humble house, and homely cheer.
Look not to me for ivory; I have none—
My chess-board and my men are all of bone;
Nay, my knife-hafts; yet, Persicus, for this
My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss.
You'll find no carver here from yonder school,
Profoundly tutor'd to dissect by rule;

VER. 209. *You'll find no carver here, &c.*] The skilful carving of meat was a matter of so much importance at Rome, that it was taught by professors of the science. The one honored with our author's notice was named Trypherus; Doctor Trypherus, he calls him, whose learned instructions were dispensed in the Suburra, or Strand of the city: "for such masters did purposely choose," says Holyday, "the most public places, thereby to be the more taken notice of, and so to get custom." The wooden delicacies on which the scholars practised are enumerated below: they were, doubtless, representations of the most rare and esteemed articles of food; and the scientific dissection of them was, therefore, a point of prodigious consequence:

"Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, atque pygargus,
"Et Scythicæ volucres, et phœnicopterus ingens,
"Et Getulus oryx.

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Strange school! where wooden birds, beasts, fishes, point
The nice anatomy of every joint;
And dull, blunt tools, severing the mimic treat,
Clatter around, and deafen all the street.
My simple lad, whose skill will just suffice
To broil a steak in the plain country guise,
Knows no such art; humbly content to serve,
And bring, the dishes which he cannot carve.
Another lad (for I have two to-day)
Clad, like the first, in home-spun russet gray,
Shall fill our earthen bowls: no Phrygian he,
No pamper'd attribute of luxury,
But a rude rustic....when you want him, speak;
But speak in Latin, for he knows no Greek.
Both go alike, with short, straight hair undrest,
And only spruc'd to-day, to grace our feast;

Which Holyday literally renders,

"Large sow teats; the hare, boar, the white-breech too,
"The Scythian pheasant, the huge-crimson wing,
"And the Getulian goat."

This conveys but little information to the English reader, and I have scarce any thing to add to it. The phœnicopterus is the flamingo; the pygargus, and oryx, are probably different species of the gazel, or antelope kind. Sparman takes the former to be the Spring-bok, (or bounding-goat) which is common, he says, at the Cape, where it is accounted excellent food. Pennant calls it the white antelope.

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And both were born on my estate, and one
Is my rough shepherd's, one my neatherd's son.
Poor youth! he mourns, with many an artless tear,
His long, long absence from his mother dear;
Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain
Meet his old play-fellows, the goats, again.

VER. 229. *Poor youth! he mourns, &c.*] It is impossible to read these lines, without being impressed with the most favourable opinion of the writer. How could Gibbon say his character was devoid of sweetness and sensibility! Do not both appear in every word he utters of his rural pages? The young neatherd, (who seems to be his favourite,) is mentioned by him, not only with the warmth of a kind master, but with the tenderness of an affectionate parent. Can a man so susceptible of the generous affections, be said to want sensibility?—but the poor youths, have been as ill-treated by the translators, as their master by the critics. Holyday makes the first a thief:

" ——————— though he's rude,
" To steal a morsel he's with skill endued."

Dryden is still more injurious,

" On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
" At once my carver, and my Ganimede."

Certainly, the lad was no " carver;" and if Ganimede (a very improper word) be meant cup-bearer, he misconceives his author, who expressly gives that office to the second boy.

It would seem from v. 268, that Juvenal superintended their education. One of the boys could read Homer; the other (v. 224) knew no language but his own. These remarks are of little importance; indeed of none, except to the writer, who, by long dwelling on a subject, becomes interested in a thousand trifles, which provoke, and perhaps justly, the impatience, or risibility of the general reader. We all know and feel this; yet habit is too powerful for judgment,—*tenet insanabile.*—

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His look belies his birth; ingenuous grace
Beams from his eye, and flushes in his face;
Charming suffusion! that would well become,
And well adorn the noblest blood of Rome.—
This stripling, this, shall bring thee wine which grew
On hills where first the breath of life he drew;
On Tibur's hills, beneath whose well known shade,
The rural cup-bearer in child-hood play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a wanton throng
Of Gaditanian girls, with dance and song,

VER. 241. *But you, perhaps, expect, &c.*] The Romans were now arrived at such a pitch of licentiousness, that they had dancing girls to attend their feasts from all parts of the world. Those from Gaditania (the south of Spain) seem to have been most in request: their stile of dancing is described by Martial (lib. v. 79,) with a force and spirit which are not exceeded by any thing in the text:

"Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ,
"Vibrabunt sine fine prurientes
"Lascivos docili tremore lumbos."

The dance alluded to, is neither more nor less than the Fandango; which still forms the delight of all ranks in Spain; and which, though somewhat chastised in the neighbourhood of the capital, exhibits at this day, in the remote provinces, a perfect counterpart (actors and spectators) of the too free but faithful representation before us.

In a subsequent line Juvenal mentions the *testarum crepitus*, the clicking of the castanets, which accompanies this dance: on this the critics have trifled egregiously. The *testæ*, in short, were small oblong pieces of polished wood or bone, which the dancers held between their fingers, and clashed in measure, with inconceivable agility, and address. Holyday, who was in Spain, says he heard nothing but the snapping of fingers: he was then unfortunate; I have

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To kindle loose desire; girls, that now bound
Aloft, with active grace, now on the ground,
With quivering limbs alight; while peals of praise go round.
Lo; wives, beside their husbands plac'd, behold
What could not in their ears, for shame, be told;
(Expedients of the rich, the blood to fire,
And wake the dying embers of desire;)
" Behold?" O, heavens! they view with keener gust
These strong provocatives of jaded lust,
Feel at each gesture, sound, their passions rise,
And draw in pleasure both at ears and eyes!
Such vicious fancies are too great for me.
Let him the wanton dance unblushing see,
And hear th' immodest terms which, in the stews,
The veriest strumpet scarce would deign to use,
Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er
The proud expansion of a marble floor;
For there the world a large allowance make,
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And such wild tricks "as gentlemen should have."
My feast, to-day, shall other sports afford:
Hush'd as we sit around the frugal board,
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"And cherish'd in them, and all men must love it."

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And Monsieur Parolles. "So please your majesty, my master is an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath in him which gentlemen have!"

The late Lord Orford seems to have been somewhat of Parolle's way of thinking. Of the Duke of Wharton, he says, "he comforted all the dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts, on scrapes and debaucheries, which mix graces with a great character, but never compose one!" No, I'll be sworn——

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Great Homer, &c.] This practice was not uncommon among old republicans: it had, indeed, lost somewhat of its frequency in Juvenal's days; but there were not wanting, in any period, virtuous characters who preferred this rational and instructive method of passing their time at table, to all the blandishments of dancing-girls, and all the noisy buffoonery of pipers, tumblers, &c. The entertainments of Atticus were always seasoned with these mental recreations; and C. Nepos, his friend and guest, speaks of them with the warmest approbation. *Nemo in convivio ejus aliud acroama audivit, quam anagnosten: quod nos quidem jucundissimum arbitramur. Neque unquam sine aliquâ lectione apud eum cenatum est, ut non minus animo quam ventre convivæ delectarentur.*

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Maro, who, warm'd with all the poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire.
Nor fear my rustic clerks; read as they will,
The bard, the bard will rise superior still!
Come then, my friend; an hour to pleasure spare,
And quit awhile thy business and thy care;
The day is all thy own: come, and forget
Bonds, interest, all; the credit and the debt;
Nay, e'en thy wife; though, with the dawning light,
She left thy couch, and late return'd at night;
Though loose her hair, disorder'd her attire,
Her eye yet glistening, and her cheek on fire.
O come, and at my threshold leave behind,
House, servants, every thing that wounds thy mind;
And, what the generous spirit most offends,
O, more than all leave there, ungrateful friends.
And see! the napkin hung aloft, proclaims
The opening of the Megalesian games;

VER. 286. *And see! the towel, hung aloft, &c.*] The origin of the custom is thus related by Holyday, from Cassiodorus: "Nero, on a time, sitting alone at dinner, when the shews were eagerly expected, caused the towel, with which he had wiped his hands, to be cast out at the window, for a sign of his speedy coming; whereupon it was afterwards the usual sign for (the beginning of) those shows." This is, at best, but a very doubtful story; but the circumstance is of no great moment. The towel *(mappa)* was hung out at the house of the Prætor.

The expression in the next line, *prædo caballorum*, I have left as I found it; not being satisfied with any of the explanations, or pretended emendations of

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And the proud prætor, in triumphal state,
Sits perch'd aloft, the arbiter of fate.
Ere this all Rome (if 'tis, for once, allow'd
To say all Rome, of so immense a crowd)
Is cramm'd within the Cirque—hark! shouts arise—
From these I guess the Green has won the prize;

it, which I have seen, nor able to propose any thing better myself. If it do not relate to some well-known anecdote of the times, I consider it as an irremediable corruption.

VER. 290. *Ere this all Rome, &c.*] The fondness, or rather passion of the Romans, for the amusements of the Circus, is forcibly depicted by Amm. Marcellinus. *Quod est studiorum omnium maximum, ab ortu lucis ad vesperam sole fatiscunt vel pluviis, per minutias aurigarum equorumque præcipua, vel delicta scrutantes. Et est admodum mirum videre plebem innumeram, mentibus ardore quodam infuso, cum dimicationum curalium eventu pendentem.* Lib. XIV. 6. Gibbon, who had considered this passage well, formed on it the very accurate and animated account which follows. "The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places; and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjoining porticos. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun, or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of 100,000, remained in eager attention, their eyes fixed on the charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear, for the success of the colour which they favoured: and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race."

Though this be meant for a picture of a later period, it is precisely that of our author's time; as we learn from Seneca, Martial, Pliny, &c. The last-named has a letter, (lib. IX. 6,) which is worth consulting, as it illustrates the subject of the following note.

VER. 292. ——————— *hark! shouts arise—*

From these, &c.] While Juvenal is still writing to his friend, he is suddenly interrupted by the boisterous joy of the Circus: from this he conjec-

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For had it lost, all joy had been supprest,
And grief and horror seiz'd the astonish'd breast;
As when dire Carthage forc'd our arms to yield,
And pour'd our noblest blood on Cannæ's field.
Thither let youth, whom it befits, repair,
And seat themselves beside some favourite fair,
And clamour, and bet deep; while our shrunk skin,
Scap'd from the gown, the vernal ray drinks in

tures, with a bitter sarcasm on the base adulation of the people, that the Green, (the court party,) had won the race.

As the date of this Satire cannot be precisely ascertained, it is not easy to say into how many parties the charioteers were divided at this time. Originally there seem to have been four; the Prasina, or green, the Russata or red, the Albata or white, and the Veneta or blue; but others were afterwards added: all of whose parts, as Holyday says, "the Romans most factiously and foolishly did take, sometimes even to great dissention." Caligula, and, if I recollect right, Nero, (both admirable judges of true merit,) honoured the Green with their patronage; nay, the former, Suetonius says, was so madly attached to it, that he could not live out of the stables of the party. From a line in the seventh Satire, *parte aliâ solum Russati pone Lacertæ*, I should conjecture that Domitian favoured the Red:* the Green, we see, had now resumed its popularity, which was so great, that if it had been conquered, not (as Holyday strangely understands *si deficeret*,) if the "shews should cease," the whole city would have been confounded as at the news of the slaughter of Cannæ. "A strange expression of a strange vanity, that a like sorrow should affect a people for so unlike a cause."

* This however, must have been in the early part of his reign; for it appears from Dio that he added two, (το μεν χρυσουν, το δε αργυρουν, Suet. says *purpureus*, Dom. 7. which is right, for the αργυρουν, was in use before, ονομασας, προσπατεξησι, lib. lxvii. 4,) the golden and the silver to the former four; and it is reasonable to conjecture that he favoured his own colours. They never, I believe became popular.

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At every pore: the time permits us now,
To bathe an hour ere noon, with fearless brow.—

VER. 301. *Scap'd from the gown, &c.*] The busy gown; so Holyday, and with his usual accuracy, renders *effugiatque togam*;† though it appears, from his notes, that he was not fully aware of the force of the passage. The *toga*, as I have already observed, (Satire III. v. 360,) was the dress of ceremony. Clients put it on, when they attended their patron's levee, when they followed him to the forum, when they went to receive the spotula; in a word, it was little better than the badge of their servitude; and as such, probably regarded with no great complacency. It is for this reason that Juvenal seizes the opportunity, while all ranks and orders of people are thronging to the Circus, of advising his friend to indulge with him, in the decent relaxations which a temporary freedom from all attendance on the great, so happily allowed them.

Martial, who had retired to Bilbilis, in Spain, soon after the accession of Trajan, (dispirited, perhaps, at the coldness with which he was received, on account of his flattery of Domitian and his minions;) addresses a little poem from thence to his friend; which sets the misery of this attendance in the strongest light;

" Dum tu forsitan inquietus erras
" Clamosâ, Juvenalis, in Suburrâ,
" Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ:
" Dum per limina te potentiorum,
" Sudatrix toga ventilat, vagumque
" Major Cœlius, et minor fatigant." *Lib.* XII. XVIII.

We feel for the poet, especially when we recollect his strong sense of independence, and are tempted to wish that he too had retired from this state of slavery:

† Madan has the strangest idea here that ever entered mortal head. By *toga*, he says, " Juvenal means the Romans now crowding to the Circus: let us therefore keep out of their way." To avoid being thrown down perhaps, and trampled upon!

I observe that Congreve lays the poet and his friend, on " beds of roses." The Megalesian games were held in the beginning of April; rather too early a season for roses, even in the genial climate of Italy.

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Indulge for once, the novelty may please;
Yet thou would'st sicken, friend, of five such days:
For frequent repetitions quickly cloy;
And temperance only gives a zest to joy.

indeed, it is not easy to conjecture why he did not, as he had a small estate at Tibur, and probably some hereditary property at Aquinum. He doubtless sacrificed much to the mental pleasures, which were only to be found in perfection in the capital; and indeed a mind like his, inquisitive, vigorous, and profoundly reflective, does not appear altogether suited to retirement. I may mistake, but I sometimes think I discover striking traits of similarity between our author, and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

VER. 305. *Yet thou would'st sicken, friend, of five such days:*] How beautifully is this thought illustrated by Shakspeare! The words too, are selected with a felicity, of which poetry furnishes but few examples:

"All violent delights have violent ends,
"And in their triumphs die; the sweetest honey,
"Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
"And in the taste, confounds the appetite."

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SATIRE XII.

Argument.

THIS is the shortest of Juvenal's pieces, which have come down to us: and certainly is not one of the most important, though it is by no means wanting in good passages, some of much moral force, and many of an affectionate and pathetic tendency.

Its subject is soon told: Catullus, for whom he had conceived a friendship of the liveliest kind, had narrowly escaped shipwreck; and the poet, whose joy knows no bounds on the occasion, (no great proof of his being deficient in the "social affections,") addresses an exulting letter to their common friend, Corvinus; in which, after acquainting him that he was then about to sacrifice the victims he had vowed for the safety of Catullus, he describes his danger and escape. He then gives a most beautiful picture of the private part of the solemnity, and of the various marks of gratulation which his house exhibits.

So far we see nothing but the pious and grateful friend. The satirist now takes his turn: he recollects that sacrifices are vowed by others, for the preservation of their acquaintance; this leads him to speak with manly confidence of his own disinterestedness, which he considers as almost singular: and which he opposes, with equal spirit and success, to the base and designing promises of the heredipetæ, or legacy-hunters, by whom the sick-beds of the rich and childless were constantly surrounded.

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SATIRE XII.

TO CORVINUS.

v. 1—16.

NOT with such joy, Corvinus, I survey
The hour that gave me birth, as this blest day;
This day, on which the festive turf demands
The promis'd victims at my willing hands.
A snow-white lamb to Juno I decree,
Another to Minerva; and to thee,
Tarpeian Jove! a steer, which from afar,
Shakes his long rope, and meditates the war.
'Tis a fierce animal, that proudly scorns
The dug, since first he tried his budding horns
Against an oak; high mettled, and, in fine,
Fit for the altar, and the sprinkled wine.
O, were my power but equal to my love,
A nobler sacrifice my joy should prove!
A bull high-fed, and boasting in his veins
The pasture of Clitumnus' distant plains,

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Fatter than fat Hispulla, and as slow
With bulk, should fall beneath no common blow;
Fall for my friend, who now, from danger free,
Revolves the recent perils of the sea;
Shrinks at the roaring waves, the howling winds,
And scarce believes the safety which he finds.
For not the gods' inevitable fire,
The surging billows that to heaven aspire,
Alone perdition threat; black clouds arise,
And blot out all the splendour of the skies;
Loud and more loud the thunder's voice is heard,
And sulphurous fires flash dreadful on the yard.—
Then shrunk the crew, and, fix'd in wild amaze,
Saw the rent sails burst into sudden blaze;
While shipwreck, late so dreadful, now appear'd
A refuge from the flames, more hoped than fear'd.
Horror on horror! earth, and sea, and skies
Convuls'd, as when poetic tempests rise.

VER. 16. *of Clitumnus', &c.*] The waters of Clitumnus (a river on the confines of Tuscany) were supposed to possess the faculty of making the cattle which drank of them, white: and, as this was the colour most pleasing to Jupiter, his altars were usually supplied with victims from its banks. It does not appear that Juvenal believed this idle tale, which is also laughed at by Addison, who has collected, from what Sterne calls his "satchel of school-books," a variety of passages on the subject. One, however, which would have given him infinitely more information than all the rest, escaped his notice: it is that exquisite description in Pliny's letter to his friend Romanus, (lib. VIII. epist. viii.) a perfect model, as it seems to me, of simplicity, elegance and taste.

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But lo, another danger! list again,
And pity, though 'tis of the self-same strain;
And known too well; as Isis' temples show,
By many a pictur'd scene of votive woe;
Isis, by whom the painters now are fed,
Since their own gods no longer yield them bread!

VER. 39. *Isis, &c.*] The hatred our author bears this exotic divinity, breaks out in contemptuous sneers at his countrymen, for their mad confidence in her. And, indeed, it does seem a little singular, that a goddess, whose genuine worshippers at home held the sea, and every thing connected with it, in abhorrence, should be fixed upon at Rome for the tutelar deity of that element; and have her temples crowded with votive tablets. Anciently they were hung up to Neptune; and in this there was some propriety:—but it was not only on his prerogatives she trenched, but on those of Apollo, Esculapius, &c.

"Nunc, Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi
"Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis." *Catul.* 1. 3.

The unbounded attachment of the women to her, seems to have finally seduced the men; and this strange divinity, (whose temples were little better than marts of debauchery,) was suffered to usurp by rapid degrees, the attributes of almost every other god.

The "tablets," which men in danger of shipwreck vowed to Isis, and which they procured to be painted, and hung up in her temple, contained a representation of their perils and escape. Had this been the worst, there would have been little reason to regret the universality of her worship; for the temples of the Roman gods contained tablets of a much less innoxious nature. Propertius, even while he confesses that they were abandoned to spiders, appears to derive some satisfaction from reflecting, that the webs of those insects covered the impure paintings which disgraced their walls. He pathetically describes the prevalence, as well as the dreadful effects, of this profanation:

"Quæ manus obscœnas depinxit prima tabellas,
"Et posuit castâ turpia visa domo;

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This now befell Catullus: for a sea,
Upsurging, pour'd tremendous o'er the lee,
And fill'd the hold; while toss'd by wave and wind,
To right and left, by turns, the ship inclin'd:
Then, while my friend observ'd, with drooping heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art,
He wisely hasten'd to compound the strife,
And gave his treasure to preserve his life.
The beaver thus to scape his hunter tries,
And leaves behind the medicated prize,
Happy to purchase with his dearest blood,
A timely refuge in the well-known flood.
"Away with all that's mine," he cries, "away!"—
And plunges in the deep, without delay,

"Illa puellarum ingenuos corrupit ocellos,
"Nequitiæque suæ noluit esse rudes.—
"Sed non immerito velavit aranea fanum
"Et mala desertos occupat herba deos!

The vagabond and profligate priests of Isis were not the least zealous in following this practice; and we may be certain, that the walls of her sanctuary exhibited other designs than shattered ships, and limbs and bodies variously affected.

VER. 49. *The beaver thus, &c.*] This, as every one knows, is an idle fancy; it makes, however, a very good illustration in our author's hands: and I observe it is used precisely in the same manner, in a letter which Sapor is said to have sent to Constantius. *Hocque bestias factitare: quæ cum advertant cur maximopere capiantur, illud propriâ sponte amittunt, ut vivere deinde possint impavidæ.* Amm. Marcel. lib. XVII. 5.

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Purples which soft Mæcenases might wear,
Crimsons deep-tinctur'd in the Bætic air,
Where herbs and springs of secret virtues, stain
The flocks at feed, with Nature's richest grain.

VER. 57. *Where herbs and springs, &c.*] There is not, perhaps, much more foundation for this fact, than for that mentioned in the last note; the belief of it, however, was very general: and this is sufficient for the poet.

Martial frequently speaks of this singular property of the air and water of Bætica, (Andalusia,) in staining the fleeces of the sheep kept there, with a bright yellow or golden hue: and Virgil, long before him, had mentioned this faculty of communicating colours to the "flocks at feed," as one of the blessings of that golden period, which was to commence with the arrival of young Pollio at man's estate.

"Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti, &c."

The truth of this was not ascertained, because the youth, whoever he was, died too soon; but as nature is invariable, methinks the wool of Andalusia should be as rich in native grain as ever—perhaps it is so. Seriously, however, the Spanish shepherds do not trust to this; they stain the fleeces of their sheep at present, with a kind of ochre: probably they always did, and this after all, may be the secret.

VER. 59. ——— *baskets from Britain brought,*] These baskets (almost the only manufacture of our simple ancestors) seem to have excited the admiration, indeed, I might say the envy, of the Romans, by the neatness of the workmanship. It is curious to observe how greatly the most savage nations excel in this kind of rush-work. Vaillant speaks highly of some baskets which he found among the people of Caffraria; and our navigators have brought from the new-discovered isles, specimens of art in this branch, which our expertest basket-makers would strive in vain to equal. It is some little compliment to our forefathers, that their conquerors adopted the name with the article. *Bascauda* is Juvenal's term:—making allowance for the Roman orthography, here is a word which has continued perhaps unchanged in sound, for more than two thousand years.

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Nor these alone: baskets from Britain brought,
Rich silver chargers by Parthenius wrought,
A huge two-handed goblet, which might strain
A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, to drain;

VER. 62. *A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, &c.*] Pholus was an honest, free-hearted Centaur; a little given to drink, it must be confessed, but not more so than his company; since it appears that his guest drained the goblet, as well as himself:

Σκυφιον δε λαβων δεπας αμμετρον ως τριλαγυνον
Πιειν επισχομενω, το βα, οι παρεδωκε Φολω κερασας.

Adod, as Mungo says, 'twas a tumper!

"Fuscus' wife," indeed, might have tossed off such a vessel; for the Roman writers take frequent notice of the immoderate love of the women for wine; see p. 92. Not to multiply instances, I shall content myself with a passage from Plautus. It is very humorous, and so ardent withall, that I doubt whether the most brain-sick lover ever poured out such genuine strains of rapture to his goddess, as the bibulous old lady before us, lavishes on her darling liquor:

"Flos veteris vini meis naribus objectus est.
"Ejus amor cupidam me huc prolicit per tenebras:
"Ubi, ubi est? prope me est. Evax! habeo. Salve anime mi,
"Liberi lepos; ut veteris vetusti cupida sum!
"Nam omnium unguentûm odor præ tuo, nautea est.
"Tu mihi stacte, tu cinnamomum, tu rosa,
"Tu crocinum et casia es, tu bdellium: nam ubi
"Tu profusus, ibi ego me pervelim sepultam! *Curcul, A.* 1. *S.* ii.

Thornton's version of this passage does it so little justice, that I have ventured to translate it anew:

Huh! huh! the flower, the sweet flower of old wine,
Salutes my nostrils; and my passion for it,
Hurries me, darkling, hither: where, O where,
Is the dear object? sure 'tis near.—Ye Gods!

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Follow'd by numerous dishes, heaps of plate,
Plain, and enchas'd, which serv'd, of ancient date,
The wily chapman of the Olynthian state.
But shew me yet another, who has sense
And spirit to redeem, at this expense,
His menac'd days. You cannot: none conceive,
Wealth now to life subservient; but believe

Ye gracious gods! I have't. Soul of my soul!
Life of my Bacchus! how I doat upon
Thy ripe old age! the fragrance of all spices,
Is puddle, filth, to thine. Thou, thou, to me,
Art roses, saffron, spikenard, cinnamon,
Frankincense, oil of myrrh! where thou art found,
There would I live and die, and there be buried!

VER. 65. *The wily chapman, &c.*] This was Philip of Macedon, who is said, by Demosthenes, to have persuaded the governor of Olynthus, (a strong town at the foot of Mount Athos,) to deliver it up to him for a bribe. It is not necessary to understand Juvenal literally, it is sufficient that the plate thrown overboard by Catullus was extremely valuable: and yet, if we consider how very earnest the Romans were to get into their possession every thing rich, or rare, that Greece afforded; it will not appear very improbable that Catullus should really have in his possession dishes, &c. which once belonged to the Macedonian king.

VER. 66. *But shew me yet another, &c.*] This is a very strange passage, to say no worse of it. Bentley observes, in his notes on Horace, that the two last lines, *non propter vitam*, &c. are the insertion of some meddling copyist. The poetry indeed is wretched enough, but the sense of them is full as good as that of the two preceding ones, to which he does not object. I wish I had the least authority for omitting the whole; but I see the old scholiast had it in his copy.

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E'en life the slave, the abject slave, design'd
Of wealth....so gross is avarice, and so blind!
Now had the deep devour'd their dearest store,
Nor seems their safety nearer than before:—
The last resource alone was unexplor'd—
To cut the mast and rigging by the board;
Haply the vessel so might steadier ride
O'er the vex'd surface of the raging tide.
Dire threats th' impending blow, when, thus distrest,
We sacrifice a part to save the rest.
Go now, fond man, the faithless ocean brave,
Commit thy fortunes to the wind and wave;
Trust to a plank, and draw precarious breath,
At most seven inches from the jaws of death!
Go; but forget not, with thy wine and cake,
The needful axe against a storm to take.

VER. 83. *At most, seven inches, &c.*] Ritterhusius strenuously maintains that Juvenal took this from the Scythian Anacharsis! The thought, however, does not seem to surpass the acknowledged extent of our author's own powers; and, such as it is, probably occurred to the first poor savage who crossed a brook on a log.

There is a passage in one of Seneca's letters, that pleases me much better than this modicum of wisdom, which, to say the truth, the poets had worn thread-bare long before our author picked it up. *Erras, si navigatione tantum existimas minimum esse, quo à morte vita diducitur; in omni loco æque tenue intervallum est.*

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But now the winds were hush'd; the wearied main
Was sunk to rest, a calm unruffled plain;
For fate, superior to the tempest's power,
Averted from my friend the mortal hour:
A whiter thread the cheerful Sisters spun,
And lo! with favouring hands their spindles run.
Mild as the breeze of eve, a rising gale
Rippled the wave, and fill'd their only sail;
Others the crew supplied of garments join'd,
And spread to catch each vagrant breath of wind;
By aids like these, slow o'er the deep impell'd,
The shatter'd bark her course for Ostia held;
While the glad sun uprose, supremely bright,
And hope return'd with the returning light.

At length the mount where, from Lavinum mov'd,
Iülus built the city which he lov'd,
Burst on the view; (auspicious heights! whose name,
From a white sow and thirty sucklings came.)

VER. 103. *From a white sow, &c.*] See vol. 1. p. 193. The lines which follow, contain a description of the Mole and port of Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber. Addison, who visited the ruins,* says they gave him no idea of the

* My curiosity led me also to Ostia, and I walked between the piers, now covered with grass. The land has gained much on the west as well as the east coast of Italy; the bottom of the old harbour, on which you now walk, is therefore much raised: yet the arms are still so high above it, as to intercept the view of the adjoining country. The extremities of the old arms towards the sea must have fallen in; for, in their present state, they are but short, and a sandy coast stretches out far beyond them.

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And now, the port they gain; the tower, whose ray
Guides the poor wand'rer o'er the watery way,
And the huge mole, whose arms the sea embrace,
And stretching, an immeasurable space,
Far into Ocean's bosom, leave the coast,
Till, in the distance, Italy is lost!
Less wonderful the bays which Nature forms,
And less secure against assailing storms.
Here rides the wave-worn bark, devoid of fear;
For Baian skiffs might ply with safety here.
The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, relate
Their timely rescue from the jaws of fate;

original plan: it was, however, a very magnificent one. This gentleman has an engraving from a medal struck by Nero, which, according to him, represents the port as it formerly stood, and "agrees wonderfully with the description before us" Ital. Trav. 174. I see no such agreement. The Pharos of Juvenal is, in the print, a colossal statue: this Mr. Addison, whose reading, I fancy, was not very extensive, thinks to be correct. If he had looked into Dio, who is sufficiently explicit on the subject; or indeed into Suetonius, who agrees with him in almost every particular, he would have found his error. *Portum Ostiæ extruxit, circumducto dextrâ sinistrâque brachio, et ad introitum profundo jam solo mole objecta; quam quo stabilius fundaret, navem ante demersit, quâ magnus obeliscus ex Ægypto fuerat advectus, congestisque pilis superposuit altissimam turrim in exemplum Alexandrini Phari, ut ad nocturnos ignes cursum navigia dirigerent.* Claud. 20.

Dio gives a very rational account of the motives which induced Claudius to execute this stupendous work; which seems to have been highly necessary for insuring the regular supply of Rome.

VER. 114. *The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, &c.*] It was anciently supposed that the gods would accept life for life; in other words, that the voluntary

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On every ill a pomp of words bestow,
And dwell delighted on the tale of woe.
Go then, my boys; but let no boding strain
The sacred silence of your rites profane—
With meal the knives, with wreaths the temples grace,
And round the living turf your fillets place:
That done, I'll speed, myself, your toil to share,
And finish what remains, with pious care.
Then, hastening home, where chaplets of sweet flow'rs
Bedeck my Lares, dear domestic powers!
I'll offer incense there, and at the shrine
Of highest Jove, my father's god, and mine;

devotement of one person, would preserve another from the fate which hung over him: for it should be observed, that absolute forgiveness was never deemed an attribute of the heathen divinities.

As the world grew older it grew more foolish: the gods, it was now imagined, might be shuffled off with somewhat less than full payment; and this persuasion gave rise to a thousand absurdities, such as the maiming and wounding still practised in barbarous countries, the sacrifice of some personal beauty, the vowing of hecatombs, and I know not what. The hair was a "personal beauty:" it was cherished with uncommon care and affection, and therefore not thought unworthy to be tendered in a calamity like this, as a kind of vicarial offering for life. This I believe to be the true history of these vows; for as to what the critics, and Holyday amongst the number, say that they alluded to the manner of manumitting the slave, by shaving his head, to shew he "had escaped the tempest of servitude." I hold it little better than trifling.

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There will I scatter every sweet that blows,
And every tint the various violet knows.
All savours here of joy: luxuriant bay
O'ershades my portal, and the taper's ray
Anticipates the feast, and chides the tardy day.

VER. 131. ——— *the taper's ray, &c.*] "It seems extraordinary," says my learned friend Mr. Drummond, "that Persius should sneer at the Jews for lighting lamps at their festivals, as a similar practice was common to the Romans. Even upon occasions of domestic rejoicing, the doors of the house were hung with laurels, and illuminated with lamps. Juvenal, in a beautiful Satire, thus expresses himself:

"——— longos erexit janua lauros
"Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis."

It appears from Tertullian, that the Christians* soon adopted this practice: *sed luceant, inquit (Christus) opera vestra. At nunc lucent tabernæ et januæ nostræ: plures jam invenies Ethnicorum fores sine lucernis quam Christianorum.*" Sat. of Per. 170.

I had written a great deal on this custom, before I perceived that my note was swelling to an essay; *ibi omnis*, &c. Briefly, I am convinced that this solemn lighting of lamps was the primal indication of idolatry; the first profane ceremony which took place when men fell from worshipping the Father of Light, to the adoration of the noblest material object, the sun; of which those artificial fires were the most obvious symbol. The institution itself, that of the Festival of Lamps, shows the universality of this specious worship; as it would not be

* But who were those Christians? Men converted from Paganism. They did not, as the note seems to suppose, "adopt this practice;" but, after they became followers of the Gospel, continued the ancient customs of their Heathenism. The great struggle of the fathers was to induce the converts to abandon those ceremonies, which for some ages were carried on in conjunction with the new profession of Christianity.

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Nor think, Corvinus, interest fires my breast:
Catullus, for whose sake my house is drest,
Has three sweet boys, who all such hopes destroy,
And nobler views excite my boundless joy.
Yet who besides, on such a barren friend,
Would waste a pining chicken? Who would spend
So vast a treasure where no hopes prevail,
Or for a father sacrifice a quail?
But should the symptoms of a slight disease,
The childless Paccius, or Gallita seize,
Legions of flatterers to the fanes repair,
And hang, in rows, their votive tablets there.
Nay, some with vows of hecatombs will come—
For yet no elephants are sold at Rome;
The breed, to Latium and to us unknown,
Is only found beneath the burning zone:
Thence to our shores, by swarthy Moors convey'd,
They roam at large through the Rutulian shade,
Kept for the imperial pleasure, envied fate!
And sacred from the subject, and the state:

easy to point out a region, in which it has not, at one period or other, prevailed. It extends even now (though the origin and object of it have been forgotten for ages,) over more than half the habitable globe.

The transition of this illumination, from a mark of veneration to a simple type of joy and festivity, is neither singular, nor difficult to explain; but I must have done with the subject.

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Though their progenitors, in days of yore,
Did worthy service, and to battle bore
Whole cohorts; taught the general's voice to know,
And rush, themselves an army, on the foe.
But what avails their worth! could gold obtain
So rare a creature, worth might plead in vain.
Novius, without delay, their blood would shed,
To raise his Paccius from affliction's bed;
An offering sacred to the great design,
And worthy of the votaries, and the shrine!
Pacuvius, did our laws the crime allow,
The fairest of his numerous slaves would vow;
The blooming boy, the love-inspiring maid,
With garlands crown, and to the temple lead;
Nay, seize his Iphigene, prepar'd to wed,
And drag her to the altar from the bed,
Though hopeless, like the Grecian prince, to find,
In happy hour, the substituted hind.

VER. 167. *Nay, seize his Iphigene, &c.*] Of this trite fact, the English reader, to save the trouble of turning to his school-books, may take the following account from Holyday. "The Grecians having killed a hind consecrated to Diana, were by the offended goddess a long time detained at the haven of Aulis with a contrary wind. Whereupon consulting the Oracle, and being told that, to pacify the goddess, they must sacrifice Agamemnon's daughter, Iphigenia; her parents, by the deceit or eloquence of Ulysses, were persuaded to consent that she should be sacrificed. But when the time came, Diana conveyed her away unto the Tauric Chersonese; placing in her stead a hind for a ready sacrifice."

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And who shall say my countryman does ill?
A thousand ships are trifling to a Will!
For Paccius, should the fates his health restore,
May cancel every *item* fram'd before,
(Won by his friend's vast merits, and beset,
On all sides, by the inextricable net,)
And in one line convey plate, jewels, gold,
Lands, every thing to him, "to have and hold."
With victory crown'd Pacuvius struts along,
And smiles contemptuous on the baffled throng,
Then counts his gains, and deems himself o'er paid,
For the cheap murder of one wretched maid.
Health to the man! and may he thus get more
Than Nero plunder'd; heap his shining ore
High, mountain high: in years a Nestor prove,
And, loving none, ne'er know another's love!

VER. 184. *Than Nero plunder'd; &c.*] The rapacity of this tyrant (see p. 98,) was proverbial. The sums he extorted from the provinces under various pretences exceed all belief, and almost all arithmetic. He gave no office, says Suetonius, without the addition of this special charge: *scis quid mihi opus sit; et hoc agamus, ne quis quicquam habeat.* You know what I want; let us manage in such a manner, that nobody else may have any thing.

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SATIRE XIII.

Argument.

CALVINUS (at setting out on a journey, we may suppose) had left a sum of money in the hands of a confidential person: no uncommon thing in those days, when there were no public banks. This person, when he came to redemand it, forswore the deposit. The indignation and fury expressed by Calvinus at this breach of trust, seem to have reached the ears of his friend Juvenal, who endeavours to soothe and comfort him under his loss.

Such is the simple foundation on which the beautiful structure before us is raised! It is needless to analyse it, for the different topics of consolation and advice follow one another so naturally, that it would only be to recapitulate in less forcible language what is already rendered, too clear for doubt, and too intelligible for illustration.

Juvenal is here almost a Christian. I say *almost*: for though his ignorance of "that light which was come into the world," did not enable him to number among the dreadful consequences of impenitent guilt, the certain punishment of the life to come; yet on every other topic that can alarm or terrify the sinner, he is energetic and awful beyond example. Perhaps the horrors of a troubled conscience were never depicted with such impressive solemnity as in this Satire.

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Bishop Burnet recommended the Tenth Satire to his Clergy, in his Pastoral Letters; the present would have been more to his purpose. It is not, indeed, so poetic, so fervid, so majestical as that; but, on the other hand, it enters more into the common business of life. All cannot be statesmen and kings; but all may be injured by treachery, and all have need to be reminded, that guilt sometimes finds its punishment on this side the grave!

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SATIRE XIII.

TO CALVINUS.

v. 1—6.

MAN, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within;
'Tis the first vengeance: Conscience tries the cause,
And vindicates the violated laws;
Though the brib'd Prætor at their judgment spurn,
And falsify the verdict of the Urn.

VER. 5. *Though the brib'd Prætor, &c.*] This can only be understood by a reference to the judicial forms of the Romans. In criminal causes, the Prætor Urbanus, who sat as chief judge, put into an urn the names of his assessors, (a kind of jurymen, who, to the amount of some hundreds, were annually chosen for this purpose,) from which he drew out the number prescribed by law, usually about fifty, who sat by him at the trial. When the pleadings were over, they retired, and deliberated on what had passed. On their return, they had each three waxen tablets put into their hands, one of which was marked with the letter C. for *condemno*, guilty; another with the letter A. for *absolvo*, not guilty; and the third with the letters N. L. for *non liquet*, I am doubtful. One of these tablets each person dropt privately into the urn, which was then brought to the Prætor, who took them out, and pronounced sentence according to the decision of the majority.

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What says the world, not always, friend, unjust,
Of this late injury, this breach of trust?
That thy estate so small a loss can bear,
And that the evil, now no longer rare,
Is one of that inevitable set,
Which man is born to suffer and forget.
Then moderate thy grief; 'tis mean to show
An anguish, disproportion'd to the blow.

In this last transaction, a perverse or corrupt judge had an opportunity of juggling, which the history of those times proves he did not always let slip. It is to this Juvenal alludes.

VER. 7. *What says the world, &c.*] *Quid sentire putas, &c.* I understand this passage differently from all the translators: they suppose it alludes to the general indignation of the people at the fraud practised on Calvinus; thus Creech,

" ——————— public hate
" Pursues the cheat, and proves the villain's fate;"

misled, perhaps, by the *sed*, which immediately follows; but *sed* is not always a disjunctive; in this place, for example, I take it to be rather an intensive conjunctive, if the expression may be allowed; they not only say what is usually said on such occasions, *but* they add, that thy estate, &c.

Juvenal surely could not mean to produce one of his strongest arguments in the outset: he proceeds on a different plan, and, before he enters on the guilt of the offender, endeavours to moderate the passionate transports of his friend. For the rest: he seems almost to have translated Menander in the latter part of this paragraph:

Συ δ' ως ὑπερβαλλοντα, Τροφιμ', απωλεσας
Αγαθα· τα νυν δε εξι μετρια σοι κακα.

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But thou, so new to crosses, as to feel
The slightest portion of the slightest ill,
Tremblest with rage, because a friend forswears
The sacred pledge entrusted to his cares.—
What, thou, Calvinus, bear so weak a mind,
Thou, who hast left full three-score years behind?
Heavens! have they taught thee nothing, nothing, friend;
And art thou grown gray-headed to no end?
Wisdom, I know, contains a powerful charm,
To vanquish fortune, or, at least, disarm:
Yet happy they who, wise without the rules,
Without the studied maxims of the schools,
Have learn'd, by old experience, to submit,
And lightly bear the yoke they cannot quit.
What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes,
No fraud, no rapine, nor no murder stains?
What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl,
Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl?
And why? THE GOOD ARE FEW! "the valued file,"
In number, scarce exceeds the mouths of Nile.
For NOW an age is come, that teems with crimes,
Beyond all precedent of former times;

VER. 33. THE GOOD ARE FEW! &c.] Lucian expatiates with much pleasantry on this scarcity of virtuous characters. He calls a good man χρημα δυσευρετον, and, as he sarcastically adds, προ πολλου εκλελοιπως εκ του βιου· οπερ ουδ' ὁ Λυγκευς αν εξευροι ραδιως, αμαυρον οντω και μικρον ον.

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An age so bad, that Nature cannot frame
A metal base enough to give it name.
Yet thou, indignant at a paltry cheat,
Call'st heaven and earth to witness the deceit,
With cries as deaf'ning as the shout that breaks
From the brib'd audience, when Fæsidius speaks.
Gray-headed infant! art thou to be told
What loves, what graces, deck another's gold?
Art thou to learn, to what loud bursts of mirth,
Thy primitive simplicity gives birth;
When thou stepp'st forth, and with a serious air,
Forwarn'st the crowd from perjury to forbear;
Requir'st them to believe in things divine,
And that a god inhabits every shrine?

VER. 41. ——————— *the shouts that breaks*
From the brib'd audience when Fæsidius speaks.] I know nothing of this orator, this Fæsidius, who is attacked with a stroke of oblique satire, for purchasing such vehement applause by bribes. The practice, however, was neither new nor singular, though it was undoubtedly carried to an unusual height in our author's time. I have already estimated the dole (vol. 1. p. 23,) at about twenty-pence of our money! and this appears to be the customary fee for a morning's shouting: for Pliny writes, that two of his servants were seduced away from him, to shout for that sum:—but the whole passage is so apposite to the line before us, and presents so curious a picture of the practice alluded to, that I shall give it entire. *Nunc refractis pudoris et reverentiæ claustris, omnia patent omnibus. Nec inducuntur sed irrumpunt. Sequuntur auditores actoribus similis, conducti et redempti mancipes: convenitur in media basilica, ubi tam palam sportulæ quam in triclinio dantur. Heri duo nomenclatores mei (habent sane ætatem eorum qui nuper togas sumpserunt) ternis denariis ad laudandum trahebantur; tanti constat, ut sis disertissimus!* Lib. II. Ep. XIV.

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Idle old man! there was, indeed, a time,
When the rude natives of this happy clime
Cherish'd such dreams: 'twas ere the king of heaven,
To change his sceptre for a scythe was driven;
Ere Juno yet the sweets of love had tried,
Or Jove advanc'd beyond the caves of Ide:
'Twas when no gods indulg'd in sumptuous feasts,
No Ganimede, no Hebe, serv'd the guests;
No Vulcan, with his sooty labours foul,
Limp'd round, officious, with the nectar'd bowl;
But each in private din'd: 'twas when the throng
Of godlings (now beyond the scope of song)

VER. 54. *To change his sceptre, &c.*] Orig. his diadem, *i. e.* says Causaubon, *fascia candida*, a white fillet. I think it is Diod. Siculus, who tells us that Bacchus invented the diadem for the cure of the head-ach: I hope he found it answer. Very few of those who have tried it since his time, I believe, have experienced much relief from it.

VER. 61. ——————— *'twas when the throng*
Of godlings, &c.] The commentators observe, that Juvenal sneers in this place at the monstrous polytheism of the Romans. Of this there can be no doubt; and, indeed, he seldom misses an opportunity of so doing: here however, he had a farther and more important end in view; for his Satire is directly levelled at the frequent apotheoses of the Cæsars, in which the base and abject herd of Rome contentedly acquiesced.

The deifying of such characters, and of a multitude of imaginary beings little less odious and contemptible, is alleged by implication, as the prime cause of the increased depravity of the times. To have spoken plainer would have been unsafe; to have left the subject untouched, unlike our author: I believe, indeed, he did not escape with impunity even for this; for it was written when Atlas was more "pressed" than ever.

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Burden'd the courts of heaven with swarms less great,
And press'd poor Atlas with a lighter weight.
Ere Neptune's lot the watry world obtain'd,
Ere Dis and his Sicilian consort reign'd;
Ere Tityus and his ravening bird were known,
Ixion's wheel, or Sisyphus's stone:
While yet the shades confess'd no tyrant's power,
And all below was one Elysian bower!
Vice was a phœnix in that blissful time,
Believ'd, but never seen: and 'twas a crime,
Worthy of death, (such awe did years engage,)
If manhood rose not up to reverend age,

VER. 74. *If manhood rose not up to reverend age, &c.*] All profane and sacred history supports Juvenal in his assertion respecting the reverence anciently paid to old age. It was synonymous with power; it continued so, while men led a pastoral life; nor did they know any other judge or leader than the aged, till a thirst for rapine spread amongst them, and wisdom and justice were compelled to give way to activity, strength, and brutal ferocity.

Solomon, by a beautiful figure, calls a virtuous old age "a crown of dignity:" and even so early as the days of Moses, we find this attention to age the subject of a positive command. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of an old man." Levit. xix. v. 32.

I am much pleased with the following fragment of Tyrtæus:

Γηρασκειν δ' αγαθοισι μεταφρεσιν, ουδε τις ανδρων
Βλασφηται, ουδ' αιδως ουδε δικης εθελει·
Παντες δ' εν θωκοισιν ομως νεοι ηδε και αυτον
Εικυσ' εκ χωρης, ανθ' παλαιοτεροι.

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And youth to manhood; though a larger hoard
Of hips and acorns grac'd the stripling's board,

Nor less with this of Phocylides:

Αιδεισθαι πολιοκροταφους, εικειν δε γερουσιν
Εδρης και γεραων παυλην γενεη δ' αταλαντον
Πρεσβυν ομηλικα πατρω· ισαις τιμαισι γεραιρε.

And even among our author's countrymen, long after the golden period of which he speaks, age was no less venerated, than venerable. Thus Ovid:

" Tum senior juvenum, non indignantibus ipsis,
" Ibat, et interior si comes unus erat.
" Verba quis auderet coram sene digna rubore
" Dicere? censuram longa senecta dabat." *Fast. lib.* v.

Among our poets, I know not where to find a more beautiful passage on the subject than this, which is evidently taken from the text:

" *Colax.* It is an impious age. There was a time,
" And pity 'tis so good a time had wings
" To fly away, when reverence was paid
" To the gray head: 'twas held a sacrilege
" Not expiable, to deny respect
" To one of years and gravity." *Muses Looking Glass.*

I cannot conclude this note, long as it already is, without the following apposite passage from Ben Jonson:

" *Knowell.* When I was young, he lived not in the stews,
" Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it
" On a gray head: age was authority
" Against a giber, and a man had then,
" A certain reverence paid unto his years,
" That had none due unto his life; so much

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Then, then, was age so venerable thought,
That every day increase of honour brought;
And children, in the springing down, rever'd
The sacred promise of a hoary beard.
Now, if a friend, miraculously just,
Restore the entrusted coin, with all its rust,
'Tis deem'd a portent, worthy to appear
Amongst the wonders of the calendar;
A prodigy of faith, which threats the state,
And a ewe-lamb alone can expiate!—
If such a man I see, of ancient worth,
I straight compare him to a monstrous birth,
To pregnant mules, to fish, now found in air,
And now upturn'd beneath the wond'ring share:

" The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
" But now they all are fallen; youth from their fear,
" And age from that which bred it, good example."

That strain I heard was of a higher mood: this is, indeed, what Dryden calls " invading the ancients like a monarch :" it is not a theft, but a victory.

VER. 84. *Amongst the wonders of the calendar;*] *Tbuscis digna libellis.* These books, in which, amongst other things, all the marvellous events of the years were treasured up, seem to have been something like our almanacks. They are called Tuscan, either because they were still compiled by people from that country, or because the old Romans, a race equally ignorant and credulous, first learnt from them the juggling arts of soothsaying and divination.

VER. 90. ——————— *the wond'ring share:*] " Henninius," says Doctor Jortin, " has given in the text *mirandis*," Lubin says we must read *mirantis*,

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Anxious and trembling for the woe to come,
As if a shower of stones had fall'n on Rome;
As if a swarm of bees, together clung,
Down from the Capitol, thick-clustering, hung;
Or Tiber, swoll'n to madness, burst away,
And roll'd a milky deluge to the sea.
And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!
What if another, by a friend like thine,

not *miranti*, Gataker conjectures, (God knows why,) *liranti*. These honest men were all disposed to feed upon acorns; while other copies had *miranti*, which was very well explained by Britannicus, *sub arato miranti, ut rei inanimæ dederit sensum. Miranti arato* is just such another expression as *iratro sistro, esuriens ramus olivæ, &c.*

VER. 93. *As if a swarm of bees, &c.*] This is said by Tacitus to have really happened in the reign of Claudius. (Ann. lib. XII. 64.) But the Roman history is full of such prodigies. The soothsayers always considered it as portentous of calamity; and it is pleasant to see with what grave arguments the elder Pliny refutes their errors. *Apes ostenta faciunt*, (he believed they were ominous) *privata et publica: uvâ dependente in domibus templisve, sæpè expiata magnis eventibus. Sedêre in ore infantiæ Platonis, tunc etiam suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes. Sedère in castris Drusi Imp. cum prosperimè pugnatum apud Arbalonem est; haudquaquam Haruspicum conjectura, qui dirum id ostentum existimant.* Lib. XI. 17.

If we wish to know why the swarming of bees should be so alarming, Marcellinis will inform us. *In domo Barbationis examen apes fecère perspicuum: superque hoc ei prodigiorum gnaros consulenti, discrimen magnum portendi responsum est, conjectura scil. tali, quod hæ volucres post compositas sedes, opesque congestas, fumo pelluntur et turbulento sonitu cymbalorum!* Lib. XVIII. 3.

Nothing can be clearer! it may, however, be worth while to add, for the sake of the credulous, that Barbatio and his family fell sacrifices to the accident, which their simplicity alone erected into a prodigy.

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Has lost ten times as much? another yet,
Twice, three times that, perhaps his whole estate—
For 'tis so common, in this age of frauds,
And costs so little to contemn the gods,
That, can we but elude man's searching eyes,
We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.
Mark, with how bold a voice, how fix'd a brow,
The villain dares his treachery disavow!
" By the all-hallow'd flame that lights the skies,
" By Jove's own bolts, I HAD IT NOT," he cries,
" By the wing'd shaft that laid the Centaur low,
" By Dian's arrows, by Apollo's bow,
" By the dread lance that Mars delights to rear,
" By Neptune's trident, by Minerva's spear,
" By all, the Armories of heaven, contain—
" Nay, IF I HAD...proceeds the impious strain,
" I'll sacrifice my only son, though dear,
" And eat him sous'd in Pharian vinegar."
There are, who think that chance is all in all,
That no first cause directs th' eternal ball:

VER. 97. *And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!*] The sum of which Calvinus had been defrauded, and about which he makes such a clamour, was only ten thousand sesterces; about eighty pounds sterling! Let us hope (for his credit) that the crime of violated friendship afflicted him more deeply than the loss of his money.

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But that brute Nature, in her blind career,
Varies the seasons, and brings round the year:
These rush to every shrine with equal ease,
And, owning none, swear by what Power you please.
Others believe, and but believe, a god,
And think that punishment may follow fraud;
Yet these forswear; and, reasoning on the deed,
Thus reconcile their actions to their creed:
" Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclin'd,
" And with her angry sistrum strike me blind,

VER. 117. *There are who think, &c.*] The old scholiast has a very just observation on this passage. *Dicit quam ob causam homines perjurent, cum dicant quod non diis agimur, sed fortunæ casibus. Quid ergo dii nocebunt læsi, si fortuna disponente vita hominum regitur?*

It would be well, methinks, if the dreamers on virtuous communities of atheists, would seriously meditate on such passages as these. I should pay the most moral unbeliever of the present day, no small compliment, I fancy, if I allowed him to rank with Juvenal in virtue: yet Juvenal could see that this was insufficient to controul the vicious propensities of mankind; which can only be held in order by the solemn conviction that THERE IS AN EYE which marks their ways; an overseer who, in the sublime language of Callimachus, is seated,

Ακρης εν πολισσιν, επορφυρεοι τε δικησι
Λαον υπο σκολιης, οι τ' εμπαλιν ιθυνουσιν.

VER. 127. *Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclin'd,*
And with her angry sistrum strike me blind,] There is a propriety in this punishment, which has escaped the notice of the commentators. Blindness is a disease more frequent in Egypt than elsewhere: its infliction, therefore is rightly assigned to an Egyptian deity. Travellers still speak with astonishment of the numerous hospitals for the blind, to be found in every part of

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" So, with my eyes, she ravish not my ore,
" But let me keep the pledge which I forswore.
" Are putrid sores, phthisic that no one kills,
" And crippled limbs, forsooth, such mighty ills!
" Ladas, for a rich pair of gouty shanks,
" If not stark mad, would give his legs, with thanks;
" For what do these procure him? mere renown,
" And the starv'd honour of an olive crown.
" But grant the wrath of heaven be great; 'tis slow,
" And days, and months, and years, precede the blow

that country. The evil is probably occasioned in a great measure, by the nitrous quality of their air, and by those dreadful typhons or whirlwinds, which sweep before them an impalpable sand, so hot that is pierces the lachrymal gland like a flake of flying fire. And, indeed, when no wind prevails, if the eye be extended over the smooth and arid plains which lie at a certain distance from the Nile, while the sun is at any great elevation, it is constantly affected by a tremulous motion in the air, just as if it were looking at the fiercest flame.

The maladies that follow, the phthisis and the vomicæ putres, are also unusually prevalent in Egypt.

VER. 133. *Ladas, for a rich pair, &c.*] This Ladas was a celebrated runner of antiquity. Solinus thus speaks of him: *primam palmam velocitatis Ladas quidam adeptus est, qui ita supra cavum pulverem cursitavit, ut arenis pendentibus nulla indicia relinqueret vestigiorum.* But this is not the only wonderful story told of him. Juvenal, however, seems to have had in view a Greek epigram on a statue of this man by the celebrated Myro:

" Such as when flying with the whirlwinds haste,
" In your foot's point your eager soul you plac'd,
" Such, Ladas, here by Myro's skill you breathe,
" Ardent through all your frame, for Pisa's wreath."

We now see where our author found his *esuriens Pisææ ramus olivæ.*

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" If then, to punish ALL, the gods decree,
" When, in their vengeance, will they come to me?
" But I, perhaps, their anger may appease,
" For they are wont to pardon faults like these:
" At worst, there's hope; for every age and clime
" See different fates attend the self-same crime;
" Some made by villany, and some undone,
" And this ascend a scaffold, that a throne."
These sophistries, to fix awhile suffice
Their minds, yet shuddering at the thoughts of vice:
And thus confirm'd, at the first word they come,
Nay, run before thee, to the sacred dome;
Chide thy slow pace, drag thee, amaz'd, along,
And play the raving Phasma to the throng.
(For impudence the vulgar suffrage draws,
And seems th' assurance of a righteous cause.)
While thou, poor wretch! suspected by the crowd,
Like Stentor, or like Mars, exclaim'st aloud:

VER. 152. *And play the raving Phasma, &c.*] The allusion is supposed to be to a character in the farce of that name, of which some account has been already given (p. 61.) It may be, for all is conjectural here, that the slave, (Lanreolus), like the perjured villains in the text, endeavoured to free himself from the charge of fraud, by the most clamorous and vehement protestations of innocence;—whence the expression, *clamosum phasma.*

VER. 156. *Like Stentor or like Mars, exclaim'st aloud:*] In this pleasant hyperbole, Juvenal indulges himself with a good-humoured smile at Homer,

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" Jove! Jove! will nought thy indignation rouze?
" Can'st thou, in silence, hear these faithless vows;
" When all thy fury, on the slaves accurst,
" From lips of marble, or of brass, should burst!
" If not, why burn we incense at thy shrine,
" Why heap thy altars with the fat of swine,
" When we might ask redress, for aught I see,
" As wisely of Bathyllus, as of thee!"
Rash man! but take what med'cine I, e'en I,
Can to a malady like this apply;
I, who no knowledge of the schools possess,
Cynic, or Stoic, (differing but in dress,)
Who read not Epicurus, nor admire
The tranquil precepts of the frugal sire:

who represents Stentor (or rather Juno under his appearance) shouting as loud as fifty, and Mars as nine or ten thousand, men in the heat of battle, φιδα ξυναγυιλις Αρη.

VER. 168. *Cynic, or Stoic, (differing but in dress,)*] Salmasius (in Jul. Capitol) says that the Cynics wore no tunic under their cloak, which the Stoics did. This, then, our author sarcastically remarks, was the only material distinction between the two sects: for as to the difference of opinion, he seems to think it unworthy of notice! The truth of the matter is, that although he every where treats the founders of the different schools with a certain portion of respect, yet he had too much good sense not to see, that the frivolous and idle contests of their followers, (a vagabond, disputatious, and profligate horde, that swarmed at Rome about that time,) merited nothing but contempt. For Epicurus, see Sat. XIV.

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A desperate case needs able hands, but thine
May yield, thank heaven! to Philip's boy's, or mine.
If no example of such guilt be found,
Then rend thy hoary hair, thy bosom wound,
And shut thy gates, and bid thy house disclose,
In clamorous agony, the woe of woes;
Thy cause is just....sincerer grief attends
The loss of money, than the loss of friends:
There none dissemble, none, with scenic skill,
Affect a sorrow which they do not feel;
Content in squalid garments to appear,
And vex their lids for one hard-gotten tear:
No, genuine drops fall copious from their eyes,
And their breasts labour with unbidden sighs.
But when thou see'st each court of justice throng'd,
With crowds, like thee, by barefac'd treachery wrong'd.
See'st men invalidate their bonds, and plead
Against the obligations, ten times read,
Though their own hand and seal, in every eye
Flash broad conviction, and evince the lie;
Shalt thou alone from fortune's power be free,
And think the lot of all revers'd for thee?
And why?...from a white hen 'twas thine to spring,
While we were foster'd by an unblest wing!

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Pause from thy grief awhile, and view the crimes
That stain the records of these dreadful times:
His fault will then seem venial, and, compar'd
With what's around thee, scarcely worth regard.
What's he, poor knave! to those who rob for hire,
Who kindle, and then aid, the midnight fire?
Say, what to those who, from the hoary shrine,
Tear the huge vessels age hath stamp'd divine,
Offerings of price, by grateful nations given,
And crowns inscrib'd, by pious kings, to heaven?
Or, impious in detail, not finding these,
Who scrape the gilded thighs of Hercules,
Strip Neptune of his silver beard, and peel
The plate of Leda's sons, from head to heel?
(What will they not, who, with irreverence dire,
Steal, and melt down the thunderer entire!)

VER. 193. ——————*from a white hen, &c.*] "*Albæ gallinæ filius*, Stapylton says, sonne of a white hen, was a Roman proverb amounting to as much as ours of, wrapt in's mother's smock." This is certainly the explanation. I have looked into the commentators for the origin of so singular an expression, without being able to find any thing satisfactory. Erasmus, who is sometimes successful enough in his conjectures, has little to the purpose here, except the very obvious remark, that *white* was a lucky colour. Columella observes that white hens are not fruitful. Upon which Curio remarks that it is wonderful how the proverb (chick of a white hen,) should have come to signify fortunate and happy. It is so: unless we suppose, for want of a better solution, that it was the rarity, and not the felicity of the object, which the old adage had in view.

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Or what to those who, with pernicious craft,
Mingle and set to sale the deadly draught;
Or those, who in a raw ox hide are bound,
And, with an ill-starr'd ape, poor sufferer! drown'd?
"Monstrous!"—yet monstrous as the list appears,
'Tis nought to what the Præfect daily hears,
From breaking dawn to sun-set. Wouldst thou know
The genuine state of morals? That will show,
That single court. Stay but a little there,
And then complain, then murmur, if thou dare!
Say whom do goitres on the alps surprise?
In Meroe, whom the breast's enormous size?

VER. 214. *And with an ill-starr'd ape, &c.*] Parricides were sewed up in a hide, together with an ape, a dog, a cock, and a viper, and flung into the nearest river. Livy says, the first who underwent this punishment was P. Malleolus, convicted of murdering his mother. It is not easy to account for the singular choice of animals: the viper, indeed, as being anciently supposed to eat its way into the world through the entrails of its dam, was not unaptly selected: but what had the rest done! Cicero gives several reasons for drowning the parricide, which are all unsatisfactory, and therefore not worth repeating. Juvenal seems to pity the poor ape; and there is reason in that.

One of the translators fancies that the animals were fixed on "from a persuasion that deliberately preying on the flesh of the criminal, they prolonged his punishment." This is a most luminous idea. We all know how deliberately drowning animals feed on flesh, especially if, as in the present case, most of them happen not to be carnivorous.

VER. 221. *Say whom do goitres, &c.*] These goitres are prettily pointed out by Shakspeare, to whose knowledge they had not long been familiar:

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Whom locks, in Germany, of golden hue,
And spiral curls, and eyes of sapphire blue?
None: for the prodigy, amongst them shar'd,
Becomes mere nature, and escapes regard.
When clouds of Thracian birds obscure the sky,
To arms! to arms! the desperate Pigmies cry;
But soon, defeated in th' unequal fray,
Disorder'd flee; while pouncing on their prey,
The victor cranes descend, and clamouring bear
The wriggling mannikins aloft in air.

——— " When we were boys,
" Who would believe that there were mountaineers
" Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
" Wallets of flesh! people, which now we find,
" Each putter out of one for five, will bring us
" Good warrant of." *Tempest.*

VER. 224. ———*and eyes of sapphire blue?*] The people of the south seem to have regarded, as a phenomenon, those blue eyes, which with us are so common, and, indeed, so characteristic of beauty, as to form an indispensable requisite of every Daphne of Grub-street. Tacitus, however, from whom Juvenal perhaps borrowed the expression, adds an epithet to *cærulean*, which makes me doubt the common interpretation. The Germans, he says, (De Mor. Ger. 4.) have *truces et cærulei oculi*, fierce lively blue eyes, With us, this colour is always indicative of a soft, voluptuous languor. What then, if we have hitherto mistaken the sense, and instead of blue, should have said sea-green! This is not an uncommon colour, especially in the north. I have seen many Norwegian seamen with eyes of this hue, which were invariably quick, keen, and glancing.

Shakspeare, whom nothing escaped, has put an admirable description of them into the mouth of Juliet's nurse:

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Here, did our climes to such a scene give birth,
We all should burst with agonies of mirth;
There, unsurpris'd, they view the frequent fight,
Nor smile at armies scarce a foot in height.
" Shall then no ill the perjur'd head attend,
" No punishment o'ertake this faithless friend?"
Suppose him seiz'd, abandon'd to thy will,
(What more would rage?) to torture, or to kill;

" O he's a lovely man! an eagle, madam,
" Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
" As Paris hath."

Steevens, who had some glimpse of the meaning of this word, refers to an apposite passage in the Two Noble Kinsmen. It is in Emilia's address to Diana:

" ——————— Oh vouchsafe
" With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
" Beheld things maculate, &c.

Our old writers, we see, understand the expression; of which their modern editors are lamentably ignorant. Stewart would change *green* here into sheen: as Hanmer actually does, in the quotation from Shakspeare, into keen; while Malone absurdly attempts to explain it by a burlesque passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream!

VER. 233. *Here, did our climes to such a scene give birth, &c.*] The facetious Domitian, whom we have seen, in the first Satire, amusing himself with bringing women and dwarfs into the lists, seems, if I rightly understand Statius, to have treated himself with a spectacle of this kind:

" Hic audax subit ordo pumilonum;
" Edunt vulnera, conseruntque dextras,

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Yet still thy loss, thy injury, would remain,
And draw no retribution from his pain.
" True; but methinks the smallest drop of blood,
" Squeez'd from his mangled limbs, would do me good:
" Revenge, THEY SAY, and I believe their words,
" A pleasure sweeter far than life affords."
WHO SAY? the fools, whose passions, prone to ire,
At slightest causes, or at none, take fire;
Whose boiling breasts, at every turn, o'erflow
With rancorous gall: Chrysippus said not so,
Nor Thales, to our frailties clement still,
Nor that old man by sweet Hymettus' hill,

" Et mortem sibi (qua manu!) minantur:
" Ridet Mars pater, et cruenta Virtus!"

While these little creatures were fighting, a number of cranes appear to have been let loose about them: they did not, indeed, venture to attack them, for, as the poet, who was a spectator of the circumstance, adds, they were alarmed at the increased ferocity of these European pygmies:

" Casuræque vagis grues rapinis
" Mirantur pumilos ferociores!"

What Juvenal might have thought of such a scene I know not, but Statius appears to have been highly diverted with it. Such were the contemptible amusements of this gloomy tyrant in his retirement!

I must not forget a weighty objection of the grave Lubin, to the veracity of our author in this little narrative. Juvenal says that the cranes soar away with

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Who drank the poison with unruffled soul,
And dying, from his foes withheld the bowl.
Divine philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right,
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees:—
Illumin'd by thy beam, revenge, we find,
The abject pleasure of an abject mind;
And hence so often seen in poor, weak, woman-kind.

But tell me; why must those be thought to scape,
Whom guilt, array'd in every dreadful shape,
Still urges, and whom conscience, ne'er asleep,
Wounds with incessant strokes, not loud but deep,
While the vex'd mind, her own tormentor, plies
A scorpion scourge, unmark'd by human eyes!

the pygmies in their crooked talons, *curvis unguibus;* how can this be, asks Lubin, when cranes have no crooked talons? *Quomodo hoc a grue fieri possit, quæ quidem curvos ungues non habet?* In truth, I cannot tell. I have, however, done what I could for my author, and kept the obnoxious word out of sight.

Ver. 252. *Nor that old man by sweet Hymettus' hill,*] This is a charming designation of Socrates by the place of his residence. Hymettus' hill was not far from Athens: Juvenal calls it the sweet Hymettus, because it was much celebrated for the richness of its honey.

Ver. 266. *While the vex'd mind, &c.*] I have already observed that I love to meet with our old writers in the traces of Juvenal. He was evidently a favourite

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Trust me, no punishment the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, th' unutterable pain,
He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.
A Spartan once the oracle besought,
To solve a scruple which perplex'd his thought,
And plainly tell him, if he might forswear
A purse of gold, intrusted to his care.
Shuddering, the Pythia answer'd—" Waverer, no:
" Nor shalt thou, for the doubt, unpunish'd go."

with them; and I consider the predilection as no slight indication of their taste and spirit. The following is a pretty close rendering of the text:

" ——————There's no punishment
" Like that to bear the witness in one's breast
" Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
" Beats it with silent stripes." *Microcosmus.*

VER. 272. *A Spartan once, &c.*] This is taken from Herodotus. To save the reader the trouble of turning to him, I shall briefly give the story. A Milesian had intrusted a sum of money to one Glaucus, a Spartan. After a time, the sons of the Milesian came to redemand it. Glaucus affirmed that he had no recollection of the circumstance, and sent them away. As soon as they were gone, he hastened to Delphi, to inquire, as Juvenal says, whether he might safely forswear himself? The priestess answered, as in the text, but somewhat more at large; and the terrified Spartan sent for the young Milesians, and restored the money.

This story is appositely told to the Athenians by Leutichydes, a Spartan prince, who concludes thus: " at the present day no descendant of Glaucus, nor any traces of his family, are to be found; they are utterly extirpated from

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With that, he hasten'd to restore the trust;
But fear alone, not virtue, made him just:
Hence he soon prov'd the oracle divine,
And all the answer worthy of the shrine;
For plagues pursu'd his race without delay,
And swept them from the earth, like dust, away.
By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone
The crime of meditated fraud alone!
For, in the eye of heaven, a wicked deed
Devis'd, is done; how, then, if he proceed
To perfect his device, how will th' offender speed?

Sparta." Beloe's Herod. The original is very strong. Γλαυκῃ νυν ὑτε τι ἀπογονον ἐςι ὑδεν· ἐςιν ὑδεμιη νομιζομενη εἰναι Γλαυκη· ἐκτετριῶται τε ὑροφρίζω. ἐκ Σπαρτης. Erato. 86.

VER. 286. *For, in the eye of heaven, a wicked deed*
Devis'd, is done.] I did not call the reader's attention from the last paragraph but one; though I trust it did not escape him, that neither Thales, nor Chrysippus, no, nor his great master Zeno, ever taught, or even conceived doctrines of such pure, such sublime morality, as are there delivered: doctrines, in short, which the light of nature alone was incapable of discovering, and which the author undoubtedly derived from that "true light" which now began to glimmer through the Roman world, and by which many sincere lovers of truth and virtue already began to direct their ways, while they were yet unconscious of the medium through which they received the illumination. With respect to the passage before us, it is not heathenism.* It is not to be found in the precepts of their gravest teachers: and elevated as the morality of our author confessedly is, it is difficult to imagine it could soar so far above the ethics of his time, without the assistance of which I have spoken. What is more, this was the peculiar boast of Christianity. It was the vantage ground,

* The words in Herodotus as translated by Beloe are "he was told by the oracle, that the punishment due to his crime was already inflicted." — this at least must be [illegible]

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O, then perpetual fears his peace destroy,
And rob the social hour of all its joy:
At table seated, with parch'd mouth he chaws
The loitering food, which heaves beneath his jaws;
Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill,
Mellow'd by age; you bring him mellower still,
And lo! such wrinkles on his brow appear,
As if you brought Falernian vinegar.
At night, should sleep his harass'd limbs compose,
And steal him, one short moment, from his woes,
Then dreams invade; sudden, before his eyes,
The violated fane and altar rise;
And, what disturbs him most, thy awful shade,
In more than mortal majesty array'd,
Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest,
And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.

on which its first professors stood, and proclaimed aloud the superiority of their faith. *Vos* (says Minucius Felix) i. e. *Ethnici, scelera admissa punitis; apud nos et cogitare peccare est: vos conscios timetis, nos conscientiam,* &c. For v. 293, see vol. 1. p. 149.

VER. 304. *And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.*] Thus Tibullus:

"Ipse deus somno domitos emittere vocem
"Jussit, et invitos facta tegenda loqui."

How much better is this, than the gloomy and unsatisfactory ideas of Lucretius upon the subject; who, while he confesses the effect, endeavours to ridicule the cause; and with the most palpable impressions of terror on his own mind,

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These, these, are they who tremble and turn pale,
At the first mutterings of the hollow gale,
Who sink with terror at the transient glare
Of meteors, glancing through the turbid air.
This is not chance, they cry; this hideous crash
Is not the war of winds; nor this dread flash,
Th' encounter of dark clouds; but blasting fire,
Charg'd with the wrath of heav'n's insulted sire.

absurdly hopes to succeed in reasoning his followers out of their well-grounded apprehensions:

" Etsi fallit enim divum genus, humanumque,
" Perpetuo tamen id fore clam diffidere rebus;
" Quippe ubi se multi per somnia sæpe loquentes,
" Aut morbo delirantes procraxe ferantur
" Et celata diu in medium peccata dedisse." *Lib.* v.

In the lines which immediately follow, I think it very probable that our author had again Lucretius in his thoughts:

" Præterea cui non animus formidine divûm
" Contrahitur? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
" Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
" Contremit, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?
" Non populi, gentesque trement? regesque superbi
" Conripiunt divum perculsi membra timore,
" Ne quod ob admissum fœdè dictumve superbè
" Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum?" *Lib.* v. 1217.

These are noble lines; and, indeed, though I feel, and have often expressed a contempt of this author's philosophical, yet I venerate his poetical, talents. The book which I have quoted, for example, is an unrivalled composition. In pathos, in energy, in richness of language, in full and genuine sublimity, it leaves every thing, I think, in the Latin language, very far beneath it.

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That clap, at a safe distance, dies away;
Shuddering, they wait the next, with more dismay,
As if the short reprieve were only sent,
To add new horrors to their punishment.
Yet more; when the first symptoms of disease,
When feverish heats their restless members seize,
They think the plague by wrath divine bestow'd,
And feel, in every pang, th' avenging God.
Rack'd at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie,
And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky;
For what can such expect! what victim slay,
That is not worthier far to live, than they!
With what a rapid change of fancy roll
The varying passions of the sinners' soul!
Bold to offend, they scarce commit th' offence,
Ere their minds labour with an innate sense
Of right and wrong....not long, for nature still,
Incapable of change, and fix'd in ill,
Recurs to her old habits: never yet
Could sinner to his sin a period set.—

VER. 323. *For what can such expect, &c.*] An important truth, of which many of the ancients were well persuaded. Πως, says the virtuous Xenophon, η θεους δυσομαι πεισας, ποιησας εργα ασεβη; and Plautus:

"Atque hoc scelesti illi in animum inducunt suum,
"Jovem se placare posse donis hostiis,
"Et operam et sumptum perdunt: ideo fit, quia
"Nihil ei acceptum est a perjuris supplicii."

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When did the flush of modest blood inflame
The cheek, once harden'd to the sense of shame?
Or when th' offender, since the birth of time,
Retire, contented with a single crime?
And this false friend of ours, shall still pursue
His dangerous course, till vengeance, long since due,
O'ertake his guilt; then shalt thou see him cast,
In chains, midst tortures, to expire his last;
Or hurried off to join the wretched train,
Of exil'd great ones, in the Ægean main.
THIS THOU SHALT SEE; and, while thy voice applauds
The dreadful justice of the offended gods,
Reform thy creed, and with an humbled mind,
Confess that Heaven is neither deaf nor blind.

VER. 331. ——————————— *never yet*
Could sinner to his sin a period set.—] The Christian can hardly wish for a more decisive inference in favour of the Gospel than is afforded by this passage. Heathenism could offer no sufficient inducement to repentance; and therefore the mind once engaged in sin, was for ever enslaved to it; and in the just representation of the Apostle, "worked out all iniquity with greediness." From what a dreadful scene of determined vice and impenitence has the Christian world been rescued by the acceptance of the doctrine of remission of sins through the agency of a mediator! Those who would admit the morality of the Gospel without its doctrinal points, should think again of this! It is observable that Juvenal, who had been certainly benefited by the precepts of Christianity, was uninfluenced by its faith: but this was for a time the case of Heathenism at large. The world was silently improved by the spreading influence of the Gospel; till at length the conviction of its divinity became too strong to be suppressed; and what began in the humbler admiration of moral purity, ended in the dignity of faith.

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SATIRE XIV.

Argument.

THE subjects of this Satire are of the most important kind, and the poet, as if fully aware of it, has treated them in his best manner. In none of his works does he take a loftier flight; in none is he more vigorous and energetic; in none more clear and precise in his style, more original in his conceptions, more happy in his illustrations, nor more powerful and commanding in his general deductions.

The whole is directed to the one great end of self-improvement. By shewing the dreadful facility with which children copy the vices of their parents, he points out the necessity, as well as the sacred duty, of giving them examples of domestic purity and virtue.

After briefly enumerating the several vices, gluttony, cruelty, debauchery, &c. which youth imperceptibly imbibe from their seniors; he enters more at large into that of avarice; of which he shews the fatal and inevitable consequences. Nothing can surpass the exquisiteness of this division of the Satire, in which he traces the progress of that passion in the mind, from the paltry tricks of saving a broken meal, to the daring violation of every principle human and divine.

Having placed the absurdity, as well as the perplexity and danger of immoderate desires in every possible point of view, the piece concludes with a solemn admonition to be satisfied with those com-

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forts and conveniences which nature and wisdom require, and which a decent competence is easily calculated to supply. Beyond this, desire is infinite: a gulf which nothing can fill, an ocean without soundings and without shores!

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SATIRE XIV.

TO FUSCINUS.

v. 1—9.

YES, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace
The noblest qualities of birth and place,
Which, like infectious blood, transmitted run
In one eternal stream from sire to son.
Thus, if the senior game, the hopeful boy
Will grasp his little dice-box, and enjoy,
Like him, the rattle of the darling toy.
Nor does that stripling fairer hopes inspire,
Who, tutor'd by the epicure his sire,

VER. 9. *Who, tutor'd by the epicure his sire,*
Gray-beaded prodigal! knows, &c.] This is appositely applied by old Knowell. Speaking of the education he gave his son, he says,

" ——————— neither have I
" Dreat snails or mushrooms curicusly before him;
" Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em,
" Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,

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Gray-headed prodigal! knows, with nice care,
The mushroom and the truffle to prepare,
And in the savoury sauce, voluptuous whim!
To souse the beccaficos till they swim.—
For take him, thus to early luxury bred,
Ere twice four springs have blossom'd o'er his head,
And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age,
Inculcate temperance from the Stoic page:
His wish will still be found, in state to dine,
And keep the kitchen's honour from decline.

" At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
" His palate should degenerate, not his manners."

Quintilian reprobates, no less strongly than Juvenal, that early gluttony in which the children of his time were indulged: "we form the palate," says he, " before their tongue;" *ante palatum eorum quam os instituimus.*

In looking at this passage, in Professor Spalding, I observed that the very learned editor has been induced, probably by his recollection of Juvenal, to give a meaning to his author's expression, which it will not bear. " *Quid non adultus concupiscet, qui in purpuris reperit? Nondum prima verba exprimit, et jam coccum intelligit, jam conchylium poscit!*" Lib. I. *Coccum*, he would read, or rather interpret *coquum*, and understand *conchylium* not of the colour, but of the fish which produced it. This is specious; but when the obvious meaning of the words is so pertinent, why should we meddle with the text? Where does it appear that the shell-fish which produced the purple dye, was ever eaten at Rome? besides, the word *purpuris* determines the sense. The child, whose swaddling clothes were of purple, was brought to distinguish and call for the most costly colours, (the bright, and the ferruginous or dark-red purple,) before he could speak distinctly! An instance of absurd and pernicious indulgence, which well deserved the lash of the satirist, and which it is rather singular that Juvenal should have overlooked.

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Does Rutilus inspire a generous mind,
Prone to forgive, and to slight errors blind;
Inspire the liberal thought that slaves have powers,
Sense, feeling, every thing, as fine as ours;
Or fury? Rutilus, who hears the thong,
With far more pleasure than the Syren's song:
Who, the stern tyrant of his small domain,
The Polyphemus of his trembling train,
Knows no delight, save when the torturer's hand
Stamps, for low theft, the agonising brand.—
O, what but rage can fill the stripling's breast,
Who sees his savage sire then only blest,
When his stretch'd ears drink in the wretches' cries,
And racks and prisons fill his vengeful eyes!
Dost thou expect a girl, from Larga sprung,
Should e'er prove virtuous; when her little tongue
Ne'er told so fast her dam's adulterous train,
But that she stopt and breath'd, and stopt again?

VER. 22. ——————— *that slaves have powers, &c.*] One of the best chapters in Macrobius is on the subject of Slavery. In one part of it, he has a direct allusion to this passage. *Tibi autem unde in servos tantum et tam immane fastidium? quasi non ex iisdem tibi et constent et aluntur elementis, eundemque spiritum ab eodem principe carpant! Vis tu cogitare eos, quos jus tuum vocas, iisdem seminibus ortos, eodem frui cælo, æque vivere atque mori?* Lib I. ii. These last expressions are taken from Seneca, who is, indeed, a magazine of good things, to which, by the way, our author, as well as Macrobius, was fond enough of applying.

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Even from her tender years, unnatural trust!
The child was privy to the mother's lust;
Now, ripe for man, with her own hand, she writes
The billet-doux the ancient bawd indites,
Employs the self-same pimps and hopes ere long,
To share the visits of the wanton throng.
So Nature prompts: drawn by her secret tie,
We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye;
Take, with pernicious haste, the example take,
And love the sin for the dear sinner's sake.
One youth perhaps, form'd of superior clay,
And animated by a purer ray,
May dare to spurn proximity of blood,
And in despite of nature, to be good;
One youth:—the rest the beaten pathway tread,
And blindly follow where their fathers lead.
Pernicious guides! this reason should suffice,
To make you shun the dangerous route of vice,
This powerful reason; lest your race pursue,
The guilty track too plainly mark'd by you!
For youth is facile, and its yielding will,
Receives, with fatal ease, th' imprint of ill:
Hence Catilines in every soil abound,
While Catos, Brutuses, are rarely found.

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O friend! far from the walls where children dwell,
Every immodest sight and sound repel;
THE PLACE IS SACRED. Far, far hence, remove,
Ye venal votaries of illicit love!
Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed,
And sell yourselves to infamy for bread!
Reverence to children, as to heaven, is due:
When thou would'st, then, some darling sin pursue,
Think that thy infant offspring eyes the deed:
And let the thought abate thy guilty speed,
Back from the headlong steep thy steps entice,
And check thee, tottering on the verge of vice.
O yet reflect; for should he e'er provoke,
As sure he will, the law's avenging stroke,
(Since not in person and in face alone,
But e'en in morals, he will prove thy son,)'

VER. 62. *O friend! &c.*] Fully sensible of the vast importance of his maxims, Juvenal delivers them in this place with a kind of religious solemnity. That they were highly necessary may be learned from Quintilian, who wrote about the same time. *Gaudemus (i. e. parentes) si quid filius licentius dixerit; verba nec Alexandrinis quidem permittenda deliciis, risu et osculo excipimus, nec mirum: nos docuimus, ex nobis audierunt, nostras amicas, nostros concubinos vident, omne convivium obscenis canticis strepit; fit ex iis consuetudo, deinde natura. Discunt haec miseri antequam sciunt vitia esse: inde soluti ac fluentes, non accipiunt ex scholis mala ista, sed in scholas afferunt.* Lib. 1. How strong, yet how affecting a picture!

But does it suit the fathers of a former age only? Have we none at present who labour, with a perversity truly diabolical, to assimilate the morals of their

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Oh! thou wilt then, forsooth, with anger flame,
And threaten, from thy Will, to dash his name.
Audacious! with what front dost thou aspire,
To exercise the license of a sire?
When all, with rising indignation, see
The youth, in turpitude, surpass'd by thee,
By thee, old fool, whose windy, brainless head,
Long since requir'd the cupping-glass's aid!
Is there a guest expected? all is haste,
All hurry in the house, from first to last.
" Up, up, ye slaves!" th' impatient master cries,
Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes;
" Up, up, ye loiterers! ope the saloon doors,
" Furbish the clouded columns, scour the floors,
" Sweep the dry cobwebs from the ceiling; clean,
" You, sir, the figur'd silver; you, the plain."
O inconsistent wretch! make you this coil,
Lest your front-hall or gallery, daub'd with soil,
(Which yet a little sand removes) offend
The prying eye of an indifferent friend?

sons to their own? Can the acquaintance of my reader furnish him with no parent who encourages his child to lisp indecencies, who forms his infant tongue to ribaldry, who accustoms him to spectacles of impurity, till what was habit becomes nature; who initiates him in debaucheries before the boy is sensible of their heinousness, and who finally dismisses him from his arms, to

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And do you stir not, that your son may see,
Your house from moral filth, from vices, free!
True, you have given a citizen to Rome;
And she shall thank you, if the youth become,
By your o'er-ruling care, or soon or late,
A useful member of the parent state:
For all depends on you; the stamp he'll take,
From the strong impress which at first you make,
And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim,
His country's glory, or his country's shame.
The stork, with newts and serpents from the wood,
And pathless wild, supports her callow brood;
And the fledg'd storklings, when to wing they take,
Seek the same reptiles through the devious brake.
The vulture snuffs from far the tainted gale,
And hurrying where the putrid scents exhale,
From gibbets and from graves the carcass tears,
And to her young the loathsome dainty bears;
Her young, grown vigorous, hasten from the nest,
And gorge on carrion with the parent's zest.

corrupt the seminaries of learning, and amaze his tutors with a professor of licentiousness just escaped from the bib, and go-cart!

I trust there is no such person:—if there be, let him profit by the morality of an unenlightened heathen, and retrace his steps with prudence and dispatch: so Juvenal will not have written in vain.

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While Jove's own eagle, bird of noble blood,
Scours the wide champaign for untainted food,
Sweeps the swift hare, or swifter fawn, away,
And feeds her nestlings with the generous prey;
Her nestlings hence, when from the rock they spring,
And pinch'd by hunger, to the quarry wing,
Stoop only to the game they tasted first,
When, from the parent shell, they, clamorous, burst.
Centronius plann'd and built, and built and plann'd;
And now along Cajeta's winding strand,
And now amid Prænesté's hills, and now
On lofty Tibur's solitary brow,
He rear'd prodigious piles, with marble brought
From distant realms, and exquisitely wrought:
Prodigious piles! that tower'd o'er Fortune's shrine,
As gelt Posides towers, O Jove! o'er thine.

VER. 119. *Scours the wide champaign for untainted food, &c.*] This is a vulgar prejudice. Buffoon, who has too many errors of this kind, asserts, that the eagle, though famishing, will not touch carrion. *Quelqu' affamé qu'il soit, il ne se jette jamais sur les cadavres:* and the editors of the "History of British Birds," unwarily follow him! 'Twas never well for truth, since naturalists took poets for their guides. The fact is, that the eagle is hardly more delicate in the choice of his food than the vulture. Alas, for the credit of the feathered King!

VER. 133. *Ut spado Posides.*] "By the word *spado*," Mr. Gibbon says, "the Romans very forcibly expressed their abhorrence" (rather their con-

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While thus Centronius crowded seat on seat,
He spent his cash, and mortgag'd his estate;
Yet left enough his family to content:
Which his mad son to the lest farthing spent,
While, building on, he strove, with fond desire,
To top the stately structures of his sire.
Sprung from a father who the sabbath fears,
There is, who nought but clouds and skies reveres;

tempt) " of that mutilated condition: the Greek appellation of eunuch, which insensibly prevailed, had a milder sound, and more ambiguous sense."

With respect to Posides, he was one of the freedmen of Claudius, who prostituted some of the most honorable rewards of military merit in his favour: thus Suet. *Libertorum præcipuè suspexit Posidem spadonem*, (Juvenal's words,) *quem etiam Britannico triumpho inter militares viros hasta pura donavit.* Claud. 28. Posides, like most of this emperor's favourites, amassed vast wealth, which he lavished in building.

VER. 141. ——— *who nought but clouds and skies reveres*; &c.] This popular error, with regard to the Jews, arose from their having no visible representation of the deity. When Pompey using, says Tacitus, the license of victory, first entered the temple of Jerusalem, the report was, that he found no statue there! *nulla intus deum effigie*, &c. Hist. v. 9. This confounded the gross conceptions of the Romans, and they instantly concluded that the Jews, whose adorations they had noticed, worshipped nothing but " clouds and skies:" for whether we read with Henninius, *cæli numen*, or with Scaliger and others, *cæli lumen*, the sense is still the same, and can only mean the material or visible heaven.

" The world" saith the Apostle, " by wisdom knew not God." A truth which should sink deep into our minds. Hear how sublimely Tacitus describes the God of the Jews. *Judæi mente sola, unumque numen intelligunt: profanos, qui deum imagines mortalibus materiis in species hominum effingant.* SUMMUM ILLUD ET ETERNUM, NEQUE MUTABILE NEQUE INTERRITURUM! But did this " immu-

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And shuns the taste (by old tradition led)
Of swine's flesh, and of man's, with equal dread—
This first; the prepuce next he lays aside;
And, taught the Roman Ritual to deride,
Clings to the Jewish, and observes with awe,
All Moses wrote in his mysterious law:
And therefore, to the circumcis'd alone,
Will point the road, or make the fountain known;

table, and incomprehensible, this omnipotent, and everlasting God," satisfy or fill the historians mind? No, he carelessly turned from a Being whom "wisdom alone" could not conceive, as a visionary creation of the Jews, and humbled himself before the impure and brutal idols of his own country!

Dio too, speaks of the God of the Jews in lofty and energetic language. Ἕνα δὲ (Θεὸν) τινα ἰσχυρῶς σέβεσι· καὶ ἄγαλμα οὐδὲν ἐν αὐτοις ποτε τοις Ἱεροσολυμοις ἱδρυσαν· ἄρρητον δὲ δὴ καὶ ἀειδῆ αὐτὸν νομίζοντες εἶναι, περιττοτάτας ἀνθρώπων θρησκείας. Lib. xxxvii. 17. But did Dio comprehend what he thus sublimely describes, or acknowledge the superior understanding of the Jews in worshiping this "ineffable and inviaible" Being, instead of the stocks and stones before which he himself bowed down? Neither: he dismisses the former from his thoughts, and continues to insult and revile the latter as a weak and credulous nation!

Thus, then, "the world by wisdom knew not God:" his attributes, though repeated by the wisest of the heathens after the Jews, conveyed no ideas to their minds. It is to Revelation only, that we are indebted for just and rational conceptions on the subject: and if the theists of modern times have more distinct and adequate notions of the Divine Being, than Tacitus and Dio; It is still to the manifestations which he has been pleased to make of himself, that they owe them, however prejudice or pride may operate to prevent the acknowledgment.

Ver. 148. *And therefore, to the circumcis'd alone, &c.*] "The *letter* of these laws, says Gibbon, (Vol. I. p. 537,) with a sneer truly worthy of the disciple

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Aping his bigot sire, who whil'd away,
In thriftless indolence, every sev'nth day!

of Voltaire, is not to be found in the *present* volume of Moses." But is the *spirit* of them? On the contrary, does not the "volume of Moses." inculcate justice and humanity to strangers, by the most forcible and pathetic appeals to the feelings of the people! "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Exod. xxii. Again. Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt, Exod. xxxiii. Indeed, one of the most striking features in the "volume of Moses," is the anxious concern it takes in the protection of the stranger. If a sheaf of wheat be forgotten in the field, it is not to be fetched; it is for the stranger: if the olives do not drop at the first beating, the trees are not to be touched again; the fruit is for the stranger: if the vines be not cleared at first, they are not to be gleaned; the grapes are for the stranger, &c. &c. (Deut. xxiv. v. 17—22;) and, indeed, the stranger is invariably connected by Moses, with the two most interesting objects of human kindness, the fatherless and the widow. O, "but" continues Mr. Gibbon, "the wise, the humane Maimonides openly teaches," &c. Of what consequence is it to Moses what a Spanish Jew of the twelfth century teaches! If Mr. Gibbon's object had been truth, he would have consulted Moses himself, for the sense of his "volume," which, however secret and mysterious it might be to Juvenal, was plain and open to him: but misrepresentation was his aim, as it materially furthered his darling design of attacking Christianity through the sides of Judaism.

The word "*present*" is almost of too contemptible a nature for a cavaller of the lowest kind. Mr. Gibbon certainly did not believe that the "volume" we now have, was different from that which existed in Juvenal's time; but he chose to sacrifice his reason to his prejudice. Surely, of all bigots, sceptics and atheists are the most blind and intolerant!

With respect to our author, who was confessedly as ignorant of the laws, as of the practises of the Jews, all that he says amounts to nothing more than the old charges against them, which had been refuted a thousand and a thousand times. Even while he was writing, Josephus had noticed and repelled them. Μωυσῆ δὲ καὶ τὰς ὁδοὺς τοῖς ἀγροῦσι, καὶ μὴ γελᾶτα ἐπῳμένοις αὐτοῖς ἐμποδίζειν, κ. τ. ἀ. Antiq. Lib. IV. c. viii. §. 31. And again, more strongly, τοὺς ἐπ

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But youth, so prone to follow other ills,
Are driven to avarice against their wills;

παρεργα προσιοντας αναμιγνυσθαι ταις συνηθειαις ουκ εωθησε· τ'αλλα δε προειρηκεν, ων εστιν η μεταδοσις αναγκαια· πασι παρεχειν τοις δεομενοις πυρ, ὑδωρ, τροφην, οδους φρασειν, κ. τ. α. Contra. App. II. 28. Moses certainly discouraged all unnecessary familiarities with such as were not sincerely attached to us. But he mentioned at the same time many things in which we must participate with others: he commanded us, for example, to supply those that asked us with fire, water, food, to shew the way, &c. &c.

Long as this note is, I have yet a word to add. The Pagans talked of Moses, but knew him only through the corrupt sects into which, in its latter age, Judaism was divided. From this circumstance alone, in my opinion, came all that abuse of the Hebrew system, with which the Greek and Roman writers abound, and which has been either ignorantly or wilfully continued to our time, by Voltaire, Gibbon, and others. About the age of Juvenal indeed, the Jews had somewhat receded from their ancient integrity, in favour of the Pagans: the interested prudence of the Pharisees had tried to smooth the way for an intercommunity of sacrifice in the temple; and Philo and Josephus had manifested a certain laxity in their writings, which might have tended to soften the asperity of the heathen world towards them. But neither the genuine humanity which, as I have already observed, characterises the law of Moses, nor the corrupt accommodations of the later Jews, were at all regarded. The Roman government indeed, had on various occasions shewn some degree of respect to the worship and manners of the Jews: but the whole race was incessantly followed by the unmitigated odium of the Roman people. And what gave an apparent authority to their hatred, was the ungracious and forbidding spirit of some of those sects; whose singularity had pointed them out to the particular notice of the age. From these Juvenal draws his false, and exaggerated picture: he talks of Moses, not with any real knowledge, but with those impressions which had been made on him, in common with the rest of mankind, by the gloomy bigotry and fanatic austerity of the Essenians, Therapeutians, Zealots, &c.

It is to be lamented that the unsociable and wayward dispositions of those wrong-headed sectaries, prevented them from communicating to the people around them, a portion of their history, polity, laws, &c. especially, as they could not be uninform'd of the absurd fables propagated concerning them.

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For this grave vice, array'd in virtue's guise,
Seems virtue's self, to superficial eyes.
The miser hence, a frugal man, they name,
Hence too, they boldly follow with acclaim,
The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his store,
Than if the Hesperian dragon kept the door.
Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold,
The worthy, in the wealthy man, behold;
And, reasoning from the fortune he has made,
Hail him, a perfect master of his trade:
And true it is, that masters such as these,
Raise vast estates; no matter by what ways,
But raise they do, with brows in sweat still died,
With forge still glowing, and with sledge still plied.
The father, by the love of wealth possest,
Sure that the covetous alone are blest,
And that, nor past, nor present times e'er knew
A poor man happy; bids his son pursue
The route they take, and keep that thriving sect in view.
Vice boasts its A B C, like other arts;
These he inculcates first: anon, imparts

Tacitus derives the Jews from Crete, because he finds a mount Ida there, from whence he thinks they were originally called Idæos, which their barbarous pronunciation, it seems, changed into Judæos! Such is the deplorable ignorance of the most judicious of the Roman historians! The Greeks are equally uninformed.

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The petty tricks of saving; last inspires,
Of endless wealth, the insatiable desires.
Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats,
With scanty measures, and unfaithful weights;
And sees them lessen, with apparent dread,
The musty fragments of his vinnew'd bread.
In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power,
Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,
He saves the last night's hash, sets by a dish
Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
And half a stinking shad, and a few strings
Of a chopp'd leek, counted like sacred things,
And seal'd with caution; though the sight and smell,
Would a starv'd beggar from the mess repel.
But why this curs'd avidity of gain,
This mass collected with such toil and pain?
Since 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
To die with bags and coffers running o'er.

VER. 178. *With scanty measures, &c.*] The Romans weighed, or measured, out the food of their slaves. The ordinary allowance, Holiday says, was "about a quart of bread-corn for a day." The distribution seems to have been monthly.

VER. 183. ——————— *sets by a dish, &c.*] In the conclusion of this admirable picture of sordid avarice, Juvenal had Theophrastus in his mind: τα δε καταλειπομενα απο της τραπεζης ημισυ των ραφανιδων απογραφεσθαι, ινα αι διακονουντες παιδες μη λαθωσιν. Περι Θεολ.

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Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
They nurse th' eternal dropsy of the soul,
For thirst of wealth, still grows with wealth increas'd,
And they desire it less, who have it least.
Now swell his wants: one manor is too small,
Another must be bought, house, lands, and all;
Still "cribb'd, confin'd," he spurns the narrow bounds,
And turns an eye on every neighbour's grounds:
There all allures; his crops seem but a foil,
To the full produce of their happier soil.
"And that I'll buy," he cries, "and this sweet grove,
"And those hoar hills the fattening olives love!"
Then, if the owner to no price will yield,
Resolv'd to keep the hereditary field,
Whole droves of oxen, starv'd to this intent,
Amongst his springing corn, by night, are sent,
To revel there, till not a blade be seen,
And the field look like a close-shaven green.
"Monstrous!" yet I should vainly strive to tell,
What numbers, tricks like these, have forc'd to sell.

Var. 193. *Besides, while thus the streams, &c.*] So Ovid, very beautifully:

"Creverunt et opes, et opum furiosa cupido,
"Et cum possideant plurima, plura volunt;
"Quærere ut absumant, absumpta requirere certant,
"Atque ipsæ vitiis sunt alimenta vices.
"Sic quibus intumuit suffusa venter ab unda
"Quo sunt plus potæ, plus sitiuntur aquæ." *Fast. lib.* 1. 211.

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But what says Fame the while? her hundred tongues,
Have surely lash'd the author of such wrongs—
" And what care I?" he cries. " I value more,
" Th' addition of a bean-husk to my store,
" Than all the country's praise; if curs'd by fate,
" With the mean produce of a small estate."
'Tis well! disease, forsooth, the couch will flee,
And sorrow, and care; yes, thou, be sure, wilt see
Long years of happiness, till now unknown,
If as much ground pertains to thee alone,
As, under our first kings, Rome call'd her own!

Since then, the veteran, whose brave breast was gor'd
With the fierce Pyrrhic, or Molossian sword,
Hardly receiv'd, for all his service past,
And all his wounds, two acres at the last,
The meed of toil and blood! yet never thought
His country thankless, or his pains ill bought.
For then this trifling glebe, improv'd with care,
Largely supplied with plain and wholesome fare,
The good old man, the wife in child-bed laid,
And four hale boys that round the cottage play'd,
Three free-born, one a slave: while, on the board,
Huge porringers, with wholesome pottage stor'd,
Smok'd for their elder brothers, who were now,
Hungry and tir'd, expected from the plough.

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Now such a paltry spot, so chang'd the times,
Would scarce afford a garden: hence our crimes!
For not a vice that taints the human soul,
More frequent points the sword, or drugs the bowl,
Than the dire lust of an "untam'd estate;"
For he who covets wealth, disdains to wait:—
Law threatens, conscience calls; both, both he spurns,
And this he silences, and that o'erturns;

VER. 243. *For he who covets wealth, disdains to wait:—*]

" ——— nam dives qui fieri vult,
" Et citò vult fieri."———

This, Mr. Owen says, is a literal translation of an axiom of the Gospel; they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare. It is so; but even this might be taken from a heathen poet:

Οὐδεὶς πλούσιος ταχέως, δικαίως ὢν. *Menan.*

Not to multiply quotations, however, I would observe, once for all, that the ancients held that the good grew rich by slow and imperceptible degrees; the wicked rapidly, and, as it were, at once. The first, say the commentators, because if the good were to grow wealthy too suddenly, they might be suspected of cultivating virtue not for herself, but for what she brought them; the second, for a reason which I, shall not transcribe on account of its want of charity.

The ancients have conveyed this opinion, (as they have most of those which relate to the conduct of life,) in a very pretty apologue. "When I am sent to any one by Jupiter (says Plutus) I halt so that he usually grows old before I arrive." "That is hardly true, (replies Mercury,) for I have seen those who had not a groat yesterday, wallowing in riches to day." "You say right, (rejoins Plutus,) but I was not sent to those people by Jupiter, but by Dis!"

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Fear, shame—he bears down all, while, with loose rein,
He pours along the alluring paths of gain.
" Let us, my sons, contented with our lot,
" Enjoy in peace our hillock, and our cot;
(The good old Marsian to his children said,)
" And, from our labour, seek our daily bread.
" So shall we please the rural Powers, whose care,
" And kindly influence, taught us to prepare
" The golden grain, what time we rang'd the wood,
" A savage race, for acorns, savage food!
" The poor who, with inverted skins, defy
" The lowering tempest, and the freezing sky,
" Who, without shame, without reluctance, go,
" In clouted brogues, through mire and drifted snow,
" Ne'er think of ill: 'tis purple, boys, alone,
" Which lead to every crime, purple, to us unknown."

VER. 256. " *The poor who, with inverted skins, defy, &c*] Cicero makes an admirable use of this sentiment in his oration for Sex. Roscius. *Qua in re prætereo illud, quod mihi maximo argumento ad hujus innocentiam poterat esse, in hac horrida incultaque vita istiusmodi maleficia gigni non solere. In urbe luxuries creatur: ex luxuria existat avaritia, necesse est: ex avaritia erumpat audacia; inde omnia scelera.—Vita autem hæc rustica, quam tu agrestem vocas, parsimoniæ, diligentiæ, justitiæ, magistra est.* Pro. R. 27. And, indeed, the villagers of those days seem to have been a simple, and uncorrupt order of men: *Maximè pius quæstus consequitur*, says Cato, *de Re Rust. minimèque malè co-*

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Thus to their children spoke the sires of yore :
Now, autumn's sickly heats are scarcely o'er,
Ere, while deep midnight yet involves the skies,
Th' impatient father shakes his son, and cries,
" What, ho, boy, wake! up; pleas, rejoinders, draw;
" Turn o'er the musty rubric of the law :
" Up, up, and study; or, with brief in hand,
" Petition Lælius for a small command,
" A captain's; Lælius loves a spreading chest,
" Broad shoulders, tangled locks, and hairy breast.
" Up, and to battle! crush the Britons, Moors,
" That, if kind Fortune life and limb secures,
" At sixty, a rich Eagle may be yours.
" But if the trumpets, sounding to the fight,
" And the long labours of the camp affright,

gitantes, qui in agricultura occupati sunt. It was reserved for these monster-breeding times to see public evil produced by the plough, and the patriarchal and innocent pursuits of agriculture converted into the means of licentiousness, and the annoyance of every civil and religious establishment.

VER. 274. *At sixty a rich Eagle, &c.*] The eagle, or chief standard of the Legion, was committed to the charge of the first centurion. " This station," says Kennet, " was not only honourable, but very profitable too, for the primipilus (first centurion) had a special stipend allowed him, probably as much as a knight's estate, *(locupletam aquilam,)* and when he left that charge, was reputed equal to the members of the Equestrian Order."

Dryden translates the passage thus,

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" Go, traffic—look for wares of readiest vent,
" Which promise to repay you cent. per cent.
" Buy these, no matter what; the stuff is good,
" Though not allow'd on this side Tiber's flood;
" Hides, unguents, mark me, boy, are equal things,
" And gain smells sweet from whatsoe'er it springs.
" This golden sentence, which the powers of heaven,
" Which Jove himself might glory to have given,

" And when in service your best days are spent,
" Perhaps you may command a regiment;"

Which is accurate enough. For as the centurion answered to a captain, so did the primipilus to a general, in a modern army. A legion, not to be too nice, consisted of six thousand men, divided into three battalions, which were again subdivided into sixty companies. Every company had a centurion at its head, and every ten a primipilus. This was a post, therefore, of great importance, and very capable of tempting the cupidity of an avaricious father.

VER. 282. *And gain smells sweet from whatsoe'er it springs, &c.*] This good man may be thought to have borrowed his precious apothegm from Orestes

Δοκω μεν οὐδεν ῥημα συν καιρῳ κακον.

He alludes however to the answer given by Vespasian to Titus, who had remonstrated with him on the sordid nature of his tax on urine. The emperor very gravely held a piece of money to his nose, and asked him how it smelt. " Not bad at all," said Titus: " and yet," replied Vespasian, " this came from the very tax you reprobate."

But we shall lose much of the humour of the emperor's answer, as is justly observed in the History of Inventions, if we do not advert to the custom of the ancients in trying the purity of their money by the smell. Thus Arrian in Epict. I. 20. Ὁ αργυρογνωμων προσχρηται καὶα δοκιμασιαν τῳ νομισματῳ τῃ οσφρασιᾳ κ. τ. α. And habit, and indeed, necessity, (for they were not far advanced in chemistry,) had given them an acuteness of preception in these

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" Will never, never from your thoughts, I trust,—
" NONE CARE FROM WHENCE IT COMES, BUT COME IT MUST."

This, when the lisping race a farthing ask,
Old women set them, as a previous task,
The wondrous apothegm all haste to get,
And learn it sooner than their Alphabet.

But why this haste? Without thy care, vain fool!
The pupil will, ere long, the tutor school;
Sleep then, in peace; secure to be outdone,
Like Telamon, or Peleus, by thy son,
Be but indulgent to his tender years:—
The seeds of vice, sown by thy fostering cares,
Have scarce taken root; but they will rise at length,
" Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength."

matters, of which we can scarcely have an idea. I much question whether the precaution of a Scapha would be necessary at this time to deceive the keenest-scented lover:

" *Scap.* Cape igitur speculum—
" Linteum cape, atque exterge tibi manus.
" *Phil.* Quid ita, obsecro?
" *Scap.* Ut speculum tenuisti, metuo ne oleant argentum manus.
" Ne usquam argentum te accepisse suspicetur Philolaches."
Mostel. A. 1. *Sc.* iii.

The golden sentence mentioned in the next line, is taken from Ennius. It is introduced with admirable gravity and effect.

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Then, when the firstlings of his youth are paid,
And his rough chin requires the razor's aid,
Then he will swear, then to the altar come,
And sell deep perjuries for a paltry sum!
Yes, count thy step-daughter already dead,
If, with an ample dower, she mount his bed;
Lo! scarcely laid, his murderous fingers creep,
And close her eyes in everlasting sleep.
For that unbounded wealth which, with much pain,
Thou thought'st would be acquir'd by land and main,
He gets a readier way; the skill's not great,
The toil not much, to make a knave complete.
But thou wilt say hereafter, "I am free;
"He never learn'd those practices of me."
Yes, all of thee:—for he who, madly blind,
Imbues with avarice his children's mind,
Fires with the thirst of riches, and applauds
The attempt to double their estate by frauds,
Unconscious, flings the headlong wheels the rein,
Which he may wish to stop, but wish in vain;
Deaf to his voice, with growing speed they roll,
Smoak down the steep, and spurn the distant goal.
None sin by rule; none heed the charge precise,
Thus, and no farther, may ye step in vice;

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But leap the bounds prescrib'd, and, with free pace,
Scour far and wide the interdicted space.
So, when thou tell'st the youth, that FOOLS alone,
Regard a friend's distresses as their own,
Thou bidd'st him, in effect, rob, plunder, seize,
And gather riches by the worst of ways;
Riches, whose love is on thy soul imprest,
Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast;
Or Thebes on his, who sought an early grave,
If Greece say true, her sacred walls to save.
Thebes, where, impregn'd with serpent's teeth, the earth
Pour'd forth a marshall'd host, prodigious birth!
Horrent with arms, that fought with headlong rage,
Nor ask'd the trumpet's signal, to engage.
But mark the end! the fire, deriv'd at first
From a small sparkle, by thy folly nurst,
Rais'd to a flame, on all around it preys,
And wraps thee in the universal blaze.

VER. 330. *Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast; &c.*] For the Decii see Satire VIII. The person alluded to immediately after, is Menœceus, son of Creon, King of Thebes. He had learnt from Tiresias that the city, which was then closely besieged, could not be taken if he would devote himself to a voluntary death; which he readily did. All this, and more, is finely told by Statius.

Juvenal never forgets the verbiage and vanity of the Greeks; which he pleasantly imitates and ridicules in the succeeding lines.

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So the young lion rent, with hideous roar,
His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore,
"Tut! I am safe," thou cry'st; "Chaldæan seers
Have rais'd my scheme, and promis'd length of years."
But has thy son subscrib'd? will he await
The lingering distaff of decrepid Fate?
No—his impatience will the work confound,
And snap the vital thread ere half unwound.
Already, see! thy stag-like age annoys
His prospects, and procrastinates his joys.
Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare
An antidote, if life be worth thy care;

VER. 341. *So the young lion, &c.*] This alludes to a real incident, which took place under Domitian, and is thus related by Martial:

"Læserat ingrato leo perfidus ore magistrum,
"Ausus tam notas contemerare manus:
"Sed dignas tanto persolvit crimine pœnas,
"Et qui non tulerat verbera, tela tulit." *De Spect.* x.

From the mention of *verbera*, say the critics, it appears that the keeper had wantonly irritated the natural ferocity of the animal. This renders the application infinitely more striking.

VER. 351. *Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare, &c.*] Archigenes is frequently mentioned by Juvenal. The scholiast says he was "a very celebrated physician of his own time, who practised at Rome." It appears from Galen, that he was a native of Syria.

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If thou would'st see another autumn close,
And pluck another fig, another rose,
Take mithridate, rash man, before thy meat,
A father thou, and unprotected eat!
Come, my Fuscinus, come with me, and view
A scene more comic than the stage e'er knew.
Lo! with what toil, what danger, wealth is sought,
And to the fane of watchful Castor brought;

VER. 360. *And to the fane of watchful Castor brought.*] Εὖ γαρ, says an old scholiast on Thucydides, ταμιειον τα χρηματα εν τοις ἱεροις ταμιευειν. It was anciently the custom to deposit their money in the temples for the gods to keep. This was judicious enough; some unlucky wight, however, might have asked, with our author on another occasion—But who shall keep the keepers? for it appears that both gods and money were sometimes swept away together!

The public treasure was laid up at Rome in the temple of Saturn, because, (says Macrobius,) when Saturn reigned in Italy, robbery was unknown there; which, I dare say, it was: and, indeed, the money continued there pretty safe, unless from the clutches of such mighty robbers as Julius Cæsar, as a good guard was constantly stationed at the doors.

Individuals kept their money in the temple of Mars, which stood in the Forum of Augustus, hence our author says, in his tenth Satire,

" ——————— ut maxima toto
" Nostra sit arca Foro."———

After the misfortune which befel this poor god, they removed it to the temple of Castor and Pollux, it seems: here they were less secure than before. Mars was only stript of his armour, but these luckless beings, whose vigilance Juvenal notices, were absolutely flayed—*bracteolam de Castore ducat!*

I should imagine, that the temple of Peace succeeded to the credit of Castor and Pollux; for when that truly magnificent structure was destroyed by fire, in the reign of Commodus, treasures to an enormous amount perished in the conflagration.

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Since MARS THE AVENGER slumber'd to his cost,
And, with his helmet, all his credit lost!
Quit then the stage; the farce of life supplies,
A sight more sportive, in the sage's eyes.
For who amuses most?—the man who springs
Light through the hoop, and on the tight-rope swings;
Or he who, to a fragile bark confin'd,
Dwells on the deep, the sport of every wind?
Fool-hardy wretch! scrambling for every bale
Of stinking merchandize, expos'd to sale;
And proud to Crete, for ropy wine, to rove,
And jars, the fellow-citizens of Jove!
THAT skips along the rope with wavering tread,
Dangerous dexterity! which brings him bread;
THIS ventures life for wealth too great to spend,
Farm join'd to farm, and villas without end.

VER. 371. *And proud to Crete, &c.*] Crete, the commentators gravely tell us, was the native country of Jove, who was born and nursed on mount Ida! the bitter sarcasm of Juvenal totally escapes them. But Crete was not only the birth, but the burying place, of that deity, whose tomb the people of the island pretended to shew. Callimachus, indeed, seems inclined to deprive them of their claims in both instances. The first he disputes rather faintly; but for the second, he rebukes them with a solemnity that borders on the sublime. "The Cretans, and the Arcadians boast of having given thee birth," says he to Jupiter:

————πότμοι, Πατερ, εψευσαντο;
Κρητες αει ψευσαι· και γαρ ταφου, ω ανα, σειο
Κρητες ετεκτηναντο. Συ δ' ου θανες· εσσι γαρ αιει.

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Lo! every harbour throng'd, and every bay,
And more than half mankind upon the sea:
For where he hears the attractive voice of gain,
The merchant hurries, and defies the main.—
Nor will he only range the Lybian shore;
But, shooting Calpé, other worlds explore;
See Phœbus, sinking in the Atlantic, lave
His fiery car, and hear the hissing wave.
And all for what? O glorious end! to come,
After such toils, with purse replenish'd, home,
And, with a traveller's privilege, to boast
Of unknown monsters on an unknown coast.
How madness shews itself in different forms!
Orestes, safe within his sister's arms,
Sees, in idea, the pale Furies rise,
And wave their bloody torches in his eyes:
While Ajax strikes an ox, and, at the blow,
Believes he hears great Agamemnon low:
And surely he, (though haply he forbear,
His keepers and his clothes, like these, to tear,)
Is just as mad, who, to the water's brim,
Loads his frail bark; an inch twixt death and him!
When all this risk is but to swell his store
With a few coins, a few gold pieces more.

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Heaven lowers, and frequent, through the muttering air,
The nimble lightning glares, or seems to glare:
"Weigh! weigh!" the impatient man of traffic cries,
"These gathering clouds, this rack that dims the skies,
"Are but the pageants of a sultry day;
"A thunder shower, that frowns, and melts away."
Deluded wretch! dash'd on some barbarous coast,
This night, this hour perhaps, his bark is lost;
While he still strives, though whelm'd beneath the wave,
With teeth, or hand, his darling purse to save.
Thus he, whose wishes erst, not all the gold
Down the rich Tagus and Pactolus roll'd,
Sufficed, now bounds them to one poor request,
A scanty morsel, and a tatter'd vest;

VER. 400. *Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.*] This, which is merely a periphrasis for coined money, is thus rendered by Dryden:

"But silver makes him all this toil embrace,
"Silver with titles stampt, and a dull monarch's face."

I should not have noticed this, if his example had not seduced the last translator; whose book being designed for schools, should carefully avoid those gratuitous and illiberal reflections.

I must observe here, that the notes subjoined to this Satire by young Dryden, are ignorant, petulant, and licentious to the last degree. His father should have flung them into the fire.

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And shews, where tears, where supplications fail,
A daubing of his melancholy tale!
Wealth, by such hardships earn'd, requires more pain,
More care to keep it, than at first to gain;
Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind fate,
The sleepless Argus of a vast estate!
The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band,
Watch through the night, with buckets in their hand,
While their rich master trembling lies, afraid,
Lest fire, his ivory, amber, gold, invade.
The naked Cynic mocks such anxious cares,
His earthen tub no conflagration fears;
If crack'd, or broke, he soon procures a new,
Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.—
E'en Philip's son, when, in the little cell,
Content he saw the mighty master dwell,

VER. 415. *And shews, where tears, where supplications, fail,*
A daubing, &c.] Thus Persius:

" ———te fractâ in trabe pictum
" Ex humero portes."———

But Phædrus had said the same before him, in the shipwreck of Simonides:

" ——— Cæteri tabulam suam
" Portant, rogantes victum."

They carried about a coarse painting of their misfortune, to move pity, perhaps, in countries where their language was not understood.

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Own'd, with a sigh, that he who nought desir'd,
Was happier far than he who worlds requir'd,
And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
As vast, as boundless, as the object sought.
Fortune, advanc'd to heaven by fools alone,
Would lose, were prudence ours, her shadowy throne.
"What call I, then, ENOUGH?" What will afford
A decent habit, and a frugal board;
What Socrates, of old, sufficient thought,
And Epicurus: these, by Nature taught,
Squar'd, by her simple rules, their blameless life—
Nature and Wisdom never are at strife.

VER. 429. *Even Philip's son, when, in the little cell, &c.*] This circumstance in Alexander's history is alluded to by Butler, with his usual felicity of humour:

"The whole world was not half so wide,
"To Alexander, when he cry'd,
"Because he had but one to subdue;
"As was a paltry, narrow tub, to
"Diogenes, who ne'er was said,
"For ought that I could ever read,
"To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and sob,
"Because he'd ne'er another tub."

VER. 440. *And Epicurus, &c.*] No one could hold the theological tenets of Epicurus in greater contempt and abhorrence than Juvenal, and yet he never omits an opportunity of doing justice to the simplicity of his life. This is the more laudable, as few have lain under greater obloquy, (from the dissipated lives

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Thou think'st, perhaps, these rigid means too scant,
And that I ground philosophy on want;
Take then, (for I will be indulgent now,
And something for the change of times allow,)
As much as Otho for a knight requires:—
If this, unequal to thy wild desires,
Contract thy brow; enlarge the sum, and take
As much as two,—as much as three, will make.
If yet, in spite of this prodigious store,
Thy craving bosom yawn, unfill'd, for more,
Then all the wealth of Lydia's king, increas'd
By all the treasures of the gorgeous East,

of his followers,) than this philosopher, who, to say the least of him was no ordinary man. He has been represented as wallowing in sensuality! He placed, it must be confessed, the chief good in pleasure: but he meant by it, that calm and soothing delight which arises from a life spent in the contemplation of virtue. Diocles says that he was a perfect example of continence and simplicity; and Juvenal loves to dwell on his frugality—*parvis suffecit in hortis.* In a word the garden of Epicurus was a school of temperance: and would have afforded little gratification, and still less sanction, to those sensualists of our day, who, in turning hogs, fancy they are becoming Epicureans!

After saying thus much of the man, it is but just to add a word respecting his doctrines. With regard to the beauty of temperance and sobriety; and the strong necessity of restraining the tumultuous and disorderly passions, Epicurus may be listened to with advantage: but on the higher and more important subjects of life, there is not a more false and destructive system on earth than his; nor one so likely to make mankind worse by imitation. Perhaps he is the only philosopher, who never had one follower like to himself. *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.* All his imitators have been vicious, and the world has been ruined by his virtues.

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Will not content thee; no, nor all the gold
Of that proud slave whose mandate Rome controll'd,
Who sway'd the emperor, and whose fatal word
Plung'd in the empress' breast the lingering sword.

VER. 457. *Who sway'd the emperor, &c.*] The state of dependance in which this moon-calf (Claudius) was kept by his freedmen, is sarcastically alluded to by Seneca, in a passage of exquisite humour: *excandescit Claudius: quid diceret nemo intelligebat. Ille autem febrim duci jubebat, illo gestu solutæ manus, quo decollare homines solebat. Jusserat illi collum præcidi; putares omnes illius esse* LIBERTOS, ADEO ILLUM NEMO CURABAT." *Apokol.*

VER. 457. ——————— *and whose fatal word,*
Plung'd &c.] This is agreeable to history. Narcissus, the person here meant, though inferior in rank to Pallas, was the chief adviser, Tacitus says, in the whole affair.

But this is not all, for when Claudius appeared resolute, and shewed marks of returning fondness for Messalina, Narcissus gave the orders for her death, without consulting him: fearful of her resentment, if she recovered her influence, he would not even permit her to be heard. Such was the end of Messalina! Her two accusers were not much more fortunate. Pallas perished by the sword of Nero, as we have already seen, Satire I. Narcissus preserved his influence during the life of Claudius, but on the accession of Nero, Agrippina, whose designs he had endeavoured to thwart, threw him into prison; and, by a detestable refinement in cruelty, compelled him, through mere want of sustenance, to put an end to his life. A strange catastrophe for one who had seen the resources of the Roman world at his feet!

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SATIRE XV.

Argument.

IN this Satire, which was written after the Author's return from Egypt, he directs his ridicule at the sottish and ferocious bigotry of the Egyptians. The enumerati n of their animal and vegetable gods, is a fine specimen of dignified humour; and though he may be thought to treat the actors in the horrid transaction, which makes the chief subject of his poem, with too indiscriminate a severity, yet it should be considered that he had, for many justifiable causes, long regarded the country and the countrymen of Crispinus, with contempt and aversion: neither of which, we may presume, was much diminished by a nearer view of both.

The conclusion of the Satire, which is a just and beautiful description of the origin of civil society, (infinitely superior to any thing that Lucretius or Horace has delivered on the subject,) does honour to the genius, good sense, and enlightened morality, I had almost said, piety, of the Author. It is not founded in natural instinct, but on principles of mutual benevolence, implanted, not by Nature, as Mr. Gibbon carelessly or perversely asserts, but by NATURE'S GOD, in the breast of man, and of MAN ALONE.

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SATIRE XV.

TO VOLUSIUS BITHYNICUS.

v. 1—6.

WHO knows not to what monstrous gods, my friend,
The mad inhabitants of Egypt bend?
While These the ibis piously inshrine,
Those think the crocodile alone divine;
Others, where Thebes' vast ruins strew the ground,
And shatter'd Memnon yields a magic sound,

Ver. 6. *And shatter'd Memnon, &c.*] "The gigantic statue of Memnon, in his temple of Thebes, had a lyre in his hands, which, many credible writers assure us sounded when the rising sun shone upon it." *Darwin.* What credible writer says this? An old scholiast on Juvenal, indeed, mentions it; but he is totally unworthy of belief.

The history of this wonderful statue seems to be simply this: Herodotus, when he went into Egypt, was shewn the fragments of a Colossus, thrown down some years before by Cambyses. This he calls Memnon, but says not a syllable respecting its emitting a vocal sound: which appears to have been an after-thought of the priests of Thebes.*

* Savary observes with a simplicity that excites a smile: "Herodotus is the first who speaks of the statue of Memnon, and indeed, it is but a word he says

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Set up a glittering brute of uncouth shape,
And bow before the image of an ape!
Thousands regard the hound with holy fear,
Not one Diana: and 'tis dangerous here,

The upper part of this statue has been covered by the sand for ages: it is that which yet remains on its pedestal, which performs the wonders mentioned by so many travellers, who have perpetuated their credulity on the spot, by inscribing their names on the stone. One man, indeed, of high respectability, bears a kind of testimony to the common report of a sound proceeding, not from the harp of Memnon, for there never was any such thing, but from the statue. Strabo says he heard a sound, but whether it came from the Colossus itself, or the base, or from some one of the numerous standers by, he could not tell. "Indeed," adds he, "one would be inclined to suppose almost any thing, rather than to believe stones, however disposed, capable of producing a sound." Germanicus too, according to Tacitus, (Ann. II. 61,) was indulged with the same favour. If he listened with patience to the nonsense first read to him by the priests, he was not unworthy of it.

In a word, the whole appears to have been a trick not ill-adapted to such a place as Egypt, where men went, and still go, with a face of gaping wonderment, predisposed to swallow the grossest absurdities. The sound, (for some sound I suppose there was,) I am inclined to think, with De Pauw, proceeded from an excavation near the plinth, the sides of which might be struck, at a concerted moment, with a bar of sonorous metal. Even Savary, who saw nothing but prodigies in Egypt, treats this foolish affair as an artifice of the priests. So much for the harp of Memnon! which, though miserably out of its place in a work of philosophy, does very well in a poetic description:

"As Memnon's marble harp, renown'd of old
"By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch

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of it, because, when he was in Egypt, it had not been long mutilated! Since his time, a crowd of travellers have dwelt upon it with enthusiasm! Lett. sur l'Egypte, Vol. III. p. 175.

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To violate an onion, or to stain
The sanctity of leeks, with tooth profane.

" Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
" Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
" Unbidden strains." *Akenside.*

" But," says Dr. Darwin, who seems to have no objection to believe any miracle, provided it be not in Scripture, " the truncated statue is said, for many centuries, to have saluted the rising sun with cheerful tones, and the setting sun with melancholy ones." This gross and palpable invention of one Philostratus, (the scorn of every man of sense,) was scarce worth notice; the Doctor, however, thinks otherwise, he speculates profoundly upon it; and observes, among other things, that the sun's light possesses a mechanical impulse: a truism, it seems, which would have been proved by Mr. Michel, if the experiments had not totally failed!

I recommend this whole passage, (Botanic Garden, note IX.) to the curious. It contains such marvellous discoveries; and such ingenious and economical proposals for opening the glasses of melons and cucumber beds, as have not been equalled, since the never-to-be-forgotten plan of constructing parish sundials with eight-and-forty pounders!

VER. 11. *To violate an onion, &c.*] Yet Herodotus was told of the immense quantity of onions consumed by the workmen who were employed on the pyramids. How shall we reconcile this? In the book of Numbers, the children of Israel, now wandering in the Desert, regret, among other articles of luxury, the *onions* with which they were liberally supplied in Egypt. Were they then, the constructors of them? This is a subject for an essay, not a marginal note. One thing, however, I cannot avoid saying: the race of men who inhabited Egypt when Herodotus visited that country,) do not appear to be the descendants of those who produced the massy structures which encumber, rather than embellish it. Nay, I am tempted to think that they were not even the progeny of those for whom they were raised; a people, superior in every respect to the timid and boastful horde, (the aborigines of the country, which the historian found there, and which, with little variation, has continued to our times. One reason, and indeed a principal one, for this supposition, is the profound igno-

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O holy nations! Sacro-sanct abodes!
Where every garden propagates its gods!

rance of the natives respecting the purport of their sacred edifices, rites, &c. which, if ever known to them, could not possibly have been so totally obliterated from their minds as it appears to be. Not many years had elapsed between the invasion of Cambyses, and the visit of Herodotus; yet the origin of the pyramids, temples, statues, &c. were no better known to the priests of that period, than to the imans, and Coptic cenobites of the present day. Could this have been the case, if their predecessors had possessed any information in the time of the Persian monarch? Certainly not.

It is worse than trifling, therefore, to attempt, as many of the commentators do, to account for the practices Juvenal found amongst this people, which if they understood ill, he understood much worse. I do not think indeed it will ever be found in Egypt. A ray of light, however, is breaking upon us from another quarter; I mean India: there, at no very distant period perhaps, if the present learned race of investigators continue their researches, will a clue be found, to guide us through the hitherto inextricable maze of Egyptian history.

Meanwhile, the Egyptians have been fortunate. As few or none of their visitants understood their language; and as to those few, they could not explain what they did not know; all their absurd and bestial superstitions have been gratuitously supposed to be pregnant with sound sense, and a pure and enlightened system of morality. Ουδεν, says Plutarch γαρ αλογον, ουδε μυθωδες, ουδε ἑνεκα δεισιδαιμονιας, κ. τ. α. "The Egyptians have inserted nothing into their worship without a reason, nothing merely fabulous, nothing superstitious," *O bone!* "(as many suppose;) but their institutions have either respect to morals or to something useful in life; and many of them bear a beautiful resemblance of some fact in history, of some appearance of nature, οιον το περι χρομμυα," &c. And the very ingenious translator of the Hymn to Ceres: "The Egyptian priests threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites, and having enjoined silence and secrecy as indispensable terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and solemnity to institutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were absurd."

This is too much. The Egyptians of profane history were neither a wise, nor a moral people: nor did their priests give an air of pomp and solemnity to their religious rites, which, on the contrary were sottish, ludicrous, and ob-

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From mutton they abstain, and think it ill,
The blood of lambkins or of kids to spill;
But human flesh—O! that is lawful fare,
And you may eat it without scandal there.
When, at th' amazed Alcinoüs' board, of old,
Ulysses of so strange an action told,
He mov'd of some the mirth, of more the gall,
And for a lying vagrant pass'd with all:
" Will no one seize this knave, and, for his pains,
" On some true Scylla dash him;—while he feigns
" Monsters unheard of since the world began,
" Cyclops and Læstrigons, who feed on man!
" For I should less demur at Scylla's train,
" At rocks that float and jostle in the main,
" At bladders fill'd with storms, at men, in fine,
" By magic chang'd, and driven to grunt with swine,

scene. To talk therefore, as some do, of their being the teachers of the old world is truly ridiculous. What could Pythagoras learn from a nation, whose knowledge is not proved in a single instance? What did Herodotus learn? Milesian tales. What Plato? To sell oil, perhaps:—in short, it is time to have done with the prejudices of childhood, and to think for ourselves.

VER. 19. *When at the amaz'd Alcinoüs' board, &c.*] All the wonders recorded in the subsequent lines, and more, are to be found in the tenth book of the Odyssey, to which the reader, if they are not familiar to him, should have recourse: they form perhaps, the most bewitching narrative that ever came from the tongue of man.

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" Than at his cannibals....The fellow lies,
" As if he thought Phæacians not o'er wise."
Thus one, a little sob'rer than the rest,
Observ'd, and rightly, of their travell'd guest,
Who spoke of prodigies till then unknown;
And brought no attestation but his own.
—And I, too, have my wonders: I can tell,
Of what, in Junius' consulship, befel,
Near Coptus' walls; tell of a nation stain'd
With deeper guilt than tragedy e'er feign'd;
For search all buskin'd strains from Pyrrha's time,
No poet will be found, to charge a crime
On a whole people; take then, what the stage
Yet never dar'd; a scene of barbarous rage,
Collectively perform'd, and in our age!
Between two neighbouring towns, a deadly hate,
Sprung from a sacred grudge of ancient date,
Yet flames; a hate no lenients can assuage,
No time subdue, a rooted, rancorous, rage!
Blind bigotry, at first, the evil wrought;
For each despis'd the other's gods, each thought

VER. 38. *Of what, in Junius' consulship, &c.*] For Junius see the life of Juvenal.

VER. 50. *Blind bigotry, &c.*] The Ombites worshipped the crocodile, the Tentirites the ibis, whose respective claims to superiority are not yet settled.

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Its own the true, the genuine, in a word,
The only deities to be ador'd.
And now the Ombite festival drew near:
When the prime Tent'rites, envious of their cheer,
Resolv'd to seize the occasion, to annoy
Their feast, and spoil the sacred week of joy.
It came: the hour the thoughtless Ombites greet,
And crowd the porches, crowd the public street,
With tables richly spread; where, night and day,
Plung'd in the abyss of gluttony they lay:
(For savage as the country is, it vies,
In luxury, if I MAY TRUST MY EYES,

I hold them both to be very excellent gods, and, as Lucian, says, αληθως αξιοι τω σεβεσθαι, but do not feel inclined to fight or to dispute for either.

The singularity here is, that the critics will not allow Juvenal to know his own meaning. De Pauw seems to think, (I say, seems, for it is not always easy to discover his real meaning,) that this was not a religious war. It is owing to the corrupt text of Juvenal, he says "that the false opinion prevailed of the Ombites having fought with the Tentyrites for a crocodile." These two towns were near an hundred miles distant, and therefore not likely to have great interests to promote such vain pretexts. The dispute really took place between the Tentyrites and the inhabitants of Coptus, and was occasioned solely by a jealousy of trade!"

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* But why must the inhabitants of the two capitals be the people who fought? Each of them had a considerable district lying around it, and the borderers, therefore, might not be very remote neighbours. Even if this be disallowed, a voyage of fourscore miles up the Nile is no very tedious or difficult matter. Superstitious frenzy has frequently impelled its votaries to more laborious undertakings.

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With dissolute Canopus.) Six were past,
Six days of riot, and the seventh and last,
Rose on the feast. And now the Tent'rites thought,
A cheap, and bloodless victory, might be bought,
O'er such a helpless crew; nor thought they wrong:
For, could the event be doubtful? where a throng
Of drunken revellers, stammering, reeling-ripe,
And capering to a sooty minstrel's pipe,
Coarse unguents, chaplets, flowers, on this side fight;
On that, keen hatred and deliberate spite!

This is a little hard upon Juvenal: though we grant that he (or his transcribers) might have written Ombos for Coptos, still he could not well have mistaken the motives of the fray.

Bruce, who seems to have read our author, as he read "Peter Paez," and indeed every other writer, as far as I have followed him, *i. e.* "rapidly, and looking for things only where they ought to be;" has another fancy. "It is remarkable (Vol. I. p. 142,) these two parties were anthropophagi as late as Juvenal's time; yet no author speaks of this extraordinary fact! which cannot be called in question, as he was an eye witness, and resided at Syenne. A chain was stretched across the Nile, and as the Ombites and Tentyrites could only meet on that river, either one or the other possessing it, could hinder his adversary from coming nearer him. As the chain is in the Harmonthic nome, as well as the capital of the Ombi, I suppose it to be the barrier of this last state, to hinder those of Dendera from coming up to EAT THEM.

As Bruce is very generally read, it is not amiss to notice his errors. I am not hostile to his fame; though a careless reader, he was a curious observer; and though a mere pretender to literature, a most indefatigable, enterprising, and sagacious traveller.

VER. 73. *On that, keen hatred, &c.*] Holyday, supposes that the Tentyrites envied the good cheer of the Ombites; and therefore fell on them with such

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At first both sides, though eager to engage,
With taunts and jeers, the heralds of their rage,
Blow up their mutual fury; and anon,
Kindled to madness, with loud shouts rush on;
Deal, though unarm'd, their vengeance blindly round,
And, with clench'd fists, print many a ghastly wound.
Then might you see, amid the desperate fray,
Features disfigured, noses torn away,
Hands, where the gore of mangled eyes yet reeks,
And jaw-bones starting through the cloven cheeks!
But this is sport, they think, mere children's play,
As yet beneath their feet no bodies lay;
(And why, forsooth, should two such armies fight
The cause of heaven, if none be slain outright?)
Rous'd at the thought, more fiercely they engage,
With stones, the weapons of intestine rage;
Yet not precisely such, to tell you true,
As Turnus, or as Ajax whilom threw;
Nor quite so large as that two-handed stone,
Which bruis'd Æneas on the huckle-bone;
But such as men, in our degenerate days,
Ah! how unlike to theirs, make shift to raise.

fury. But *inde* in the text, is opposed to *binc*. Each word is placed at the head of the muster-roll of the respective armies. This personification of the combatants, is spirited and pleasant in the original; but necessarily loses much of its effect in the translation.

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E'en in his time, Mæonides could trace
Some diminution of the human race;

VER. 95. *Ah! how unlike to theirs, make shift to raise,*] "There prevailed," says Dr. Johnson in his life of Milton, "an opinion in his time, that the world was in its decay, and that we have the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature." The Doctor probably meant to confine his observation to this country only: the opinion, however, was universal, and prevailed many thousand years before Milton was born; and seems derived from a natural predilection in the aged for the companions of their youth; or perhaps from an unconscious recurrence to the longevity of the antediluvian world. "Few and evil," says the patriarch, with pathetic simplicity, "few and evil have been the days of the years of my life, and have not attained to the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage."

Homer seems to place the *maximum* of human strength and activity at the period of the Trojan war, when Nestor had already observed a decline of both. Where it really should be placed, we shall never know, though we all agree, as we advance in years, that it must be thrown back a little. As for Juvenal, he is pleased to be facetious, as usual. I am glad, however, that while he was indulging a smile at Homer's expence, he did not overlook Virgil, who, in copying him, manifests a lamentable deficiency of taste. These are the passages:

———Αιας πολυ μειονα λαων αειρ' ως
Ηε' επιδινησας. *Il.* H.

———ὁ δε χερμαδιον λαβε χειρι
Τυδειδης, μεγα εργον, ὁ ε δυο γ' ανδρε φεροιεν,
Οιοι νυν βροτοι εισι. *Il.* E.

"——————— saxum circumspicit ingens:—
"Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus." *Æn.* XII.

I do not know how it is; but generally speaking, Virgil's heroes have always appeared to me less striking, in their qualities both of body and of mind, than Homer's; yet they perform greater feats upon occasion.

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Now earth, grown old and frigid, rears with pain,
A pigmy brood, a weak and wicked train;
Which every god, who marks their passions vile,
Regards with laughter, though he loaths the while.
But to our combatants. With arm'd supplies
Inforc'd, the Tent'rites feel their courage rise,
And wave their swords, and, kindling at the sight,
Rush on, and with fell rage renew the fight.
The Ombites flee; they follow:—in the rear,
A luckless wretch, confounded by his fear,
Trips, and falls headlong: with loud yelling cries,
The pack rush in, and seize him as he lies.
And now the conquerors, none to disappoint
Of the dire banquet, tear him joint by joint,
And dole him round; the bones yet warm they gnaw,
And champ the flesh that heaves beneath their jaw.
They want no cook to dress it—'twould be long,
And appetite is keen, and rage is strong.
And here, Volusius, I rejoice at least,
That fire was unprofan'd by this curs'd feast,

VER. 116. *And here, Volusius, &c.*] I cannot see the purport of this apostrophe to Volusius. It is not, indeed, unusual with our author, when he is ridiculing one species of superstition, to manifest something like tenderness for another; but even this caprice could not influence him here; for the Romans cared little for fire, and the Egyptians, I believe, still less.

The mysteries of Mithra were neither unknown, nor unpracticed at Rome, when Juvenal wrote; if his friend was attached to those, a compliment might

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Fire, rapt from heaven! and you, I think, will join
Your greetings to the element, with mine.
But least you doubt, if those who came in time,
First at the bloody banquet, and the crime,
Relish'd the treat; know those who came the last,
And when the rest had finish'd the repast,
Stoop'd down, and scraping where the wretch had lain,
With savage pleasure lick'd the gory plain.
The Vascons once (the story yet is rife)
With such dire aliment sustain'd their life;
But then the cause was different: Fortune there,
Prov'd adverse. They had borne the extremes of war,
The rage of famine, the still-watchful foe,
And all the ills beleagur'd cities know.

be intended; though even in that case, the introduction of Promethus would shew a want of judgment. I can think of nothing to the purpose.

VER. 126. *The Vascons once, &c.*] The Vascons were a people in the north-east of Spain, who took part with Sertorius, and stood a long and severe siege from Cn. Pompey and Metellus. Holyday says that Sertorius compelled these two chiefs to raise the siege, after their capital had been reduced to a state of the most dreadful necessity; but Val. Max. (lib. VII. 6,) who also mentions the calamities of the besieged, speaks of that general as already dead. *Horum* (the Numantines) *trucem pertinaciam in consimili facinore Caliguritanorum execrabilis impietas supergressa est; qui, quo perseverantius interempti Sertorii cineribus fidem prestarent, (quia nullum jam aliud in urbe eorum supererat animal,) ad usum nefariæ dapis verterunt.*

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(And nothing less, should prompt mankind to use
Such desperate means.) This then was their excuse.
For after every root and herb were gone,
And every creature yet to hunger known;
When their lean frames, and cheeks of sallow hue,
Struck e'en the foe with pity at the view,
And all were ready their own flesh to tear,
They first adventur'd on this horrid fare.
And surely every god would pity grant,
To men so worn by wretchedness and want,
And e'en the very ghosts of those they ate,
Absolve them, mindful of their dreadful state.
True, we are wiser; and, by Zeno taught,
Know life itself may be too dearly bought;
But how should this be to the Vascon known,
And in an age so distant from our own?
Now, thanks to Greece and Rome, in wisdom's robe,
The bearded tribes rush forth, and seize the globe:
Already learned Gaul aspires to teach
Your British orators the art of speech;

VER. 150. *Already learned Gaul, &c.*] Could any one suppose that a writer of eminence would seriously fix on a passage like this, to prove the migration of oratory from France to Britain? Yet this is done by La Bletterie, in his observations on the life of Agricola!—and the Frenchman seems to derive no little vanity from the circumstance. Certainly, "if two men ride upon a horse, one must ride behind:" and yet I doubt whether Gaul, with all her boasted pre-

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And Thulé, blessings on her! seems to say,
She'll hire a good grammarian, cost what may.
The Vascons then, who thus prolong'd their breath,
And the Saguntines, true, like them, to death,
Like them, too, brave, but by worse ills subdued,
Had some small plea for this unnatural food.
Diana first, (and let us doubt no more,
The barbarous rites we disbeliev'd of yore,)
Rear'd her dread altar near the Tauric flood,
And ask'd the sacrifice of human blood:
Yet there, the victim only lost his life,
And fear'd no cruelty beyond the knife.

eminence, passed in Juvenal's mind for a much more enlightened spot than Britain. The fact is, that he laughs at both.

But apropos of La Bletterie. How would his patriotic triumph have increased, if it had luckily occurred to him that, near a thousand years after our author's time, "learned Gaul" had still the advantage of Britain! One of Abelard's correspondents, (about the middle of the twelfth century,) compliments him upon the general resort to his lectures; and adds, as the most extraordinary event of all, that even Britain purposed sending her brute beasts to be instructed by him—*remota Britania sua animalia erudienda destinabat!*

VER. 155. *And the Saguntines, &c.*] Saguntum was destroyed by Hannibal, after one of the most dreadful sieges on record. Juvenal speaks of its fidelity to the Romans, so does Valerius Maximus, and in a way which shews that he felt it. After observing that the citizens made a flaming pyre of their most valuable effects, on which they voluntarily threw themselves, and were consumed; he adds *Crediderim tunc Ipsam Fidem, humana negotia speculantem, maestum gessisse vultum; perseverantissimum sui cultum iniquae fortunae judicio, tam acerbo exitu damnatum cernentem.* Lib. VI. Ex. XI.

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Far, far more savage, Egypt's frantic train;
They butcher first, and then devour the slain.
But say, what cause impell'd them to proceed,
What siege, what famine, to this monstrous deed?
What could they more, had Nile refus'd to rise,
And the soil gap'd with ever-glowing skies,

VER. 168. *What could they more, the guilty flood to shame,*]

" —— anne aliam (terra Memphitide sicca)
" Invidiam fecerent nolenti surgere Nilo?"

" None of the commentators," Dr. Jortin observes, " at least none of those whom Henninius hath published, understand the sense of this phrase." The same may be said of the translators; Holyday, always learned, seldom incorrect, thus renders it:

" ———————— by what fact
" Could they have more made their kind Nilus slow
" To rise, and their parch'd Memphian land o'erflow?"

Stapylton,

" For which methinks their Memphian Nile should grow
" Into a rage, and cease to overflow."

Dryden follows Britannicus:

" Or did the miscreants try this conjuring spell,
" In time of drought to make the Nile to swell?"

It is the more extraordinary that the meaning should have been so generally mistaken, as it is completely ascertained by a passage in Ovid:

" Utque parum justæ nimiumque in pellice sævæ,
" Invidiam fecere Deæ." *Met. lib.* IV. 546.

They excited the public odium against the goddess for her excessive cruelty; this is the precise sense of the phrase in Juvenal; and this I have endeavoured to express in the translation.

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Woo to one spot the scatter'd hordes of men,
From their old forest, and paternal den;
Rear the fair dome, extend the social line,
And, to our mansion, that of others join,
Join too our faith, our confidence to theirs,
And sleep, relying on the general cares:
In war, that each to each support might lend,
When wounded, succour, and when fall'n, defend;
At the same trumpet's clangor rush to arms,
By the same walls be shelter'd from alarms,
Near the same gate the foe's incursions stay,
And trust our safety to one common key.
—But serpents now more amity maintain:
E'en leopards from their kindred spots abstain;
No lion drinks a weaker lion's gore,
No boar expires beneath a stronger boar;
Tigers with tigers join'd in peace we see,
And savage bears with savage bears agree;
But man, vile man, flesh'd in the dreadful trade,
Forges without remorse the murderous blade,
On that curs'd anvil, where primæval skill,
As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill,

Ver. 222. *E'en leopards from their kindred spots abstain, &c.*] "This is prettily said, but without truth: since the male beasts of every kind fight together, when hunger or lust stimulates them; and act, in this respect, just as if they were men." Jortin. Crit. Rem. And this too is prettily said.

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Wrought only what rude nature would allow,
Goads for the ox, and coulters for the plough.
E'en this is trifling; we have seen a rage,
Too fierce for murder only to assuage;
Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear,
And count each quivering limb delicious fare.
O! had the Samian view'd an act so dread,
What would the sage have thought, and whither fled?
He who the flesh of animals declin'd,
As piously as man's; and could not find
A will to feed on pulse of every kind!

VER. 240. ——————— *and could not find,*
A will to feed on pulse of every kind!] Juvenal alludes to the popular story of Pythagoras forbidding his followers the use of beans.

I do not intend to enter into the various conjectures of the learned respecting the origin of this singular, and superstitious piece of abstinence: no two of them agree together, and all seem equally vague and unsatisfactory. For myself, when I consider many parts of this man's character, as it is to be collected from a variety of writers, and find him, in mathematics, in astronomy, in theology, many centuries beyond his age, I am almost tempted to regard these tales, respecting his veneration or abhorrence for this or that particular kind of pulse, as the invention of later times. Instead, therefore, of wasting our ingenuity on endless conjectures, we should do better, perhaps, to call to mind the history of the golden tooth, and be previously certified of the existence of the fact!

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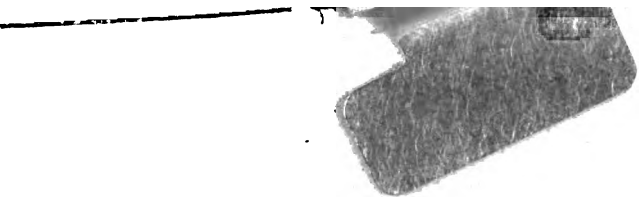

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